



SATURDAY 20 JUNE 1998

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(1R70P) 70p

## 32-PAGE NEWS SECTION

Iran vs USA - this time it's football

11 PAGES OF SPORT

## 32-PAGE BROADSHEET REVIEW



He's back, and he's angry

RALPH STEADMAN, C

## 56-PAGE MAGAZINE

Cool by the pool

SUMMER SWIMWEAR

## Rare antelope sacrificed for Europe's rich and fashionable

A RARE breed of antelope is in danger of becoming extinct because the animals are being killed in their thousands to fuel an illegal trade in one of the world's most expensive materials, favoured by rich women.

A shawl, made from shatoosh which comes from the underbelly of the Tibetan antelope, or Chiru, can cost more than £1,000. The antelope has to be killed to secure the raw

BY ANNE HANLEY, GLENDA COOPER AND JOHN LICHFIELD

wool, which is then hand woven over several months.

The shawls can be bought in fashionable boutiques in Rome and Paris, and are said to be on sale in Britain - a consignment worth £300,000 was seized by police in Mayfair just over a year ago. Dealers also advertise the material on the Internet.

*The Independent* was yesterday offered a scarf said to be made from shatoosh in the back room of a tiny shop in central Rome. An assistant unlocked a tall cupboard and pulled out a bundle wrapped in unbleached calico. The price was £1,000.

Italy, along with Britain, is one of the world's major markets for the banned wool, according to Massimiliano Rocco of World Wide Fund Italia.

Mr Rocco says there is no shortage of people willing to pay high prices. "It has become a status symbol. If you're going to make a splash at the first night of La Scala, a shatoosh shawl is pretty much de rigueur."

In Paris, the owner of a boutique selling other Kashmiri products said: "There is a demand for shatoosh, sadly, amongst women in high society in France. I have no absolute proof that a market for shatoosh exists. But I hear many things which makes me believe that if it does, not in shops but in more private ways."

"We have every reason to believe the trade goes on in France, as it does in Britain and many Western European countries," said John Sellars of the Geneva-based United Nations agency which enforces the international convention on trade in endangered species. "Shatoosh is one of our top 10 enforcement problems, up there alongside tigers and elephants."

Sites on the Internet openly offer shatoosh shawls, and there have been high-profile raids on shops in London and Paris in the last couple of years.

Hilal Ahmed Hakim of Uzama Arts, in Delhi, confirmed that shatoosh shawls could be available: "Yes, shatoosh is banned but we can export it without a name so it will look like an ordinary shawl."

Bobbie Jo Kelso, of Traffic International at the World Wide Fund for Nature, said that shatoosh was being sold blithely in Hong Kong and it was likely that shawls were being passed on to Europe. "The trade is very secretive," she said.

Last December, more than 100 shatoosh shawls were seized in Hong Kong.

## Fury over Swiss Nazi gold offer

BY LOUISE JURY

THREE MAJOR Swiss banks brought the bitter dispute over Nazi gold to the brink yesterday with a \$600m (£360m) "best offer" for a final global settlement.

The move was greeted with anger by representatives of tens of thousands of Jews fighting for compensation for assets that the Swiss failed to return at the end of the Second World War.

Faced with a potential billion-dollar lawsuit, Credit Suisse Group, Swiss Bank Corp and the Union Bank of Switzerland - with total assets of more than \$12bn - began talks two months ago with the World Jewish Congress (WJC).

All sides agreed to keep the talks secret, but claiming the WJC was in "dramatic violation" of the confidentiality agreement, the banks yesterday issued their "best offer" of \$600m. They said they would not consider "unfounded and excessive" demands for more money and accused lawyers and Jewish representatives of "seriously jeopardising" the possibility of a settlement. There has been speculation that demands totalling more than \$1bn had been made against the banks.

The banks' joint statement said: "By all legitimate criteria, this is a fair offer. The banks view this offer to be at the upper limit of what can be justified, based on the facts and circumstances." Rainer Gut, chairman of the Credit Suisse Group, said it was their final word.

But there were immediate signs that the brinkmanship could backfire. Abraham Burg, chairman of the World Jewish Restitution Organisation that links the WJC with other Jewish bodies, said the amount

was "robbery and an evil deed. The three banks ... hid the stolen property for years and now are trying to earn interest."

Ed Fagan, a New York lawyer spearheading a class action for 31,000 Holocaust victims or their families, said: "When they are prepared to make a full offer we are prepared to consider it."

The surprise offer suggests the banks have decided to fight back in the face of continuing criticism. After initial denial of the scale of the assets which banks failed to return, they eventually admitted fault and placed around \$70m in a fund set up in Switzerland for needy Holocaust survivors.

But a mood has developed in

Switzerland that the "Nazi gold affair" has gone too far. A threat - which could still be carried out by the financial controllers of several American cities and states to withdraw investments from Swiss banks has provoked widespread anger.

Some Swiss politicians believe a large payout by big banks would encourage demands against the Swiss central bank, which handled gold looted by the Nazis, and against the government, which turned back thousands of Jewish refugees at its borders.

A question mark must now

hang over the talks, which were set up by Stuart Eizenstat, the US Undersecretary of State. If they collapsed, lawyers could push for a class action to be heard as quickly as possible at the federal court in Brooklyn, New York, where the claims have been filed.

Rainer Gut said: "If the other side walks away ... that would be the end of negotiations of a settlement and we would be back to square one."

Eldred Tabachnick QC, president of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, who have no direct involvement in the American class action, nevertheless welcomed the banks' offer as a "step in the right direction". But he said: "Whilst this is a sizeable sum, representing a sizeable admission of guilt, it is clearly up to the claimants ... to decide whether it is sufficient to constitute a full global settlement."

The \$600m figure would not include repayments to victims or their families from any dormant war-time accounts still held in Switzerland and identified in the current round of independent auditing. The banks say they have included what it would cost if the case went through the courts.

Edgar Bronfman, president of the World Jewish Congress, said last year that Switzerland should be paying billions of dollars in restitution to settle Jewish claims.

Switzerland has been accused of two separate but related "crimes" - of accepting gold and other assets from Nazis when it may have known they were looted, and of putting insurmountable blocks in the way of people attempting to reclaim assets sent for safe keeping.

However, a recent report in the United States showed Switzerland was not the only country guilty of doing so.

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A question mark must now

## Television mogul is youngest-ever life peer

BY FRAN ABRAMS

Political Correspondent

Northern Ireland, and Peter Mandelson, the Minister Without Portfolio. Mr Smith received a researcher and the loan of computer equipment from Mr Ali's Planet 24 company, which makes Channel 4's *The Big Breakfast*, when he was Shadow Health Secretary.

Among the other well-known new Labour peers are Melvyn Bragg, the broadcaster; Chris Haskins, chairman of Northern Foods; and Tom Sawyer, the general secretary of the party, who has announced he will step down later this year.

Mr Bragg said he would speak about arts, broadcasting and Cumbria, but urged people to keep calling him "Melvyn".

Tom Sawyer said he was looking forward to supporting the Labour Party in the second chamber.

Two Labour MEPs, Christine Crawley and John Tomlinson, also received peerages. Norman Lamont, John Major's chancellor between 1990 and 1993, finally received his seat as a Conservative peer after being rejected for the hon-

nour last year by his former boss, Current Conservative leader William Hague, who was Mr Lamont's Parliamentary Private Secretary at the Treasury.

Also among the Conservatives five new peers are Sir Tim Bell, known as Margaret Thatcher's favourite PR man, and Peta Buscombe, vice-chairman of the party and a South Oxfordshire district councillor.

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Lord Neill, appointed to clean up standards in politics, is to represent Dame Shirley Porter in court

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Lloyd's names claim corporate members were trying to buy them out of the market "on the cheap"

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Jonty Rhodes hit a century as South Africa scored 360 in their first innings in the Second Test

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Vintage Clicquot



Veuve Clicquot  
CHAMPAGNE OF THE SEASON

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Deputy headmaster Sian Jenkins stood before a jury yesterday and told them he was not the murderer of his 13-year-old foster daughter, Billie-Jo. Page 11

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UBS, the Swiss bank, is looking to sell PDMF, its UK fund manager, in a deal worth up to £1.8bn. Page 20

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The dollar continued its fall against the yen as Japan said both the US and Japan would continue to intervene in the foreign exchange markets. Page 20

**BT in talks with AT&T**

BT is believed to be in detailed negotiations with AT&T, the US long-distance giant. It has also held talks with Bell Atlantic, the local operator. Page 20

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Victor Ikpeba (acute on ei) scored the only goal of the game as Nigeria qualified for the second round of the World Cup by beating Bulgaria. Page 32

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Anna Kournikova pulled out of the Direct Line Insurance Championships at Eastbourne because of a hand injury but said she expected to be fit to play at Wimbledon next week. Page 23

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A court that is not independent of the major powers, that cannot operate without the assent of the country it wishes to investigate, is in danger of becoming a toothless irrelevance. Page 3

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Could the 20th century be more accurately described as the European instead of the American century? Page 5

**Profile:**

On his appointment as prime minister, Zhu Rongji vowed that, "No matter what is awaiting me, whether it be landmines or an abyss, I will blaze my trail." And, as millions of Chinese are discovering, the trail-blazing Mr Zhu is doing just that. Page 5

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Cryptic crossword, Weekend Review, page 32

# Standards chief to defend Porter

**LORD NEILL**, the man appointed by Tony Blair to clean up standards in public life, is to represent the former Westminster Council leader Dame Shirley Porter, in her bid to overturn a multi-million pound surcharge imposed on her for the homes-for-votes scandal.

Lord Neill confirmed that he would be representing Dame Shirley in the Court of Appeal but he insisted that he was following "the cab-rank principle" whereby barristers take cases as they emerge. "Members of the Bar do not pick and choose their cases on the basis of the popularity or unpopularity of the case or the client," he said.

A Downing Street spokesman indicated that there was no concern at No 10 about Lord Neill's acceptance of the brief. "It is nothing to do with the Government whatsoever," he said. "Lord Neill is a barrister. Whatever briefs they [barristers] take have no reflection at all on their personal views."

The spokesman added: "I don't think anyone has called into question his probity or ability to perform his duties as chairman of the committee in any way. There's no reason to believe that situation has altered."

But news of Lord Neill's involvement in the case has outraged Dame Shirley's opponents. Andrew Dismore, the former leader of the Labour group on Westminster Council and now Labour MP for Hendon, raised the issue in the Commons yesterday, saying it was a "clear conflict of interest".

He later said: "Lord Neill's job is to look into issues of honesty in local as well as national government and Lady Porter's action has been characterised

BY IAN BURRELL  
Home Affairs Correspondent

as the greatest act of corruption in local government history.

"I think that irrespective of Lord Neill's personal qualities, which are above suspicion, the question must be raised in anybody's mind as to whether it's appropriate for him to do both jobs."

The £27m surcharge controversy resulted from Dame Shirley's and officials' and colleagues' responses to a poor showing by the Conservatives in May 1996 local elections.

In the summer of that year, Dame Shirley and a trusted team began developing a strategy which became known as the homes-for-votes gerrymandering scandal.

She and her colleagues earmarked council houses and flats for sale to young professionals with a view to filling key wards with people likely to vote Tory rather than homeless people or those on waiting lists who might vote Labour.

District auditor John Magill found six councillors and four officers guilty of wilful misconduct and imposed a preliminary surcharge of £21m.

A final report in May 1997 found Dame Shirley and five others guilty of wilful misconduct and "jointly and severally liable" for a surcharge of £21.6m.

In December, a panel of High Court judges upheld the auditor's decision and said that Dame Shirley and David Weeks, her former deputy, had "lied to us as they had done to the auditor because they had the ulterior purpose of altering the electorate". The pair were ordered to repay the council £27,023.376.

The six who are to receive between £3,500 and £30,000, will pare the way for up to 40 other similar cases to claim compensation.

The successful claimants were teacher Paul Andrews, 32, from Putney, south-west London who is to receive around £300,000; former factory worker Neil Scanlon, 36, from Ebbw Vale, Cardiff, who is to receive £160,000; jockey David Lockhart, 27, from Newmarket, Suffolk, who was awarded £13,000; nurse Philip Johnston, 25, who is to receive £26,000 and his sister Claire, 29, both from Staffordshire, who is to receive £16,000; and chef Justin Parkes, 27, from Essex who was awarded £3,500.

None has yet contacted CJD, but Mr Justice Morland said: "For an individual plaintiff the risk may be remote or if it eventuates, may not occur for decades. But it is a real

risk." An earlier hearing was told between 1959 and 1985 nearly 2,000 children in the UK whose growth was stunted because of a growth hormone deficiency were treated with a hormone taken from the pituitary gland of corpses.

The judge said it was only natural that those at risk would worry if they suffered any episode such as dizziness or faintness - fearing it was the first symptom of the condition.

In his judgment, he stressed that the plaintiffs had had to prove that, on the balance of probabilities, they had suffered a genuine psychiatric illness caused by becoming aware of the risk of CJD.

It was not enough to be upset, distressed or worried by the risk, he said.

"A recurring theme is the sense of betrayal and anger. Each plaintiff trusting their parents who, in turn, had trusted their clinician and had undergone a long period of unpleasant therapy."

The human growth hormone programme was ended in May 1985 after several children who had been treated in the United States died of CJD.

In July 1995, Mr Justice Morland ruled that the Department of Health was negligent in not heeding the warning of Dr Alan Dickinson, who in 1977 told the Medical

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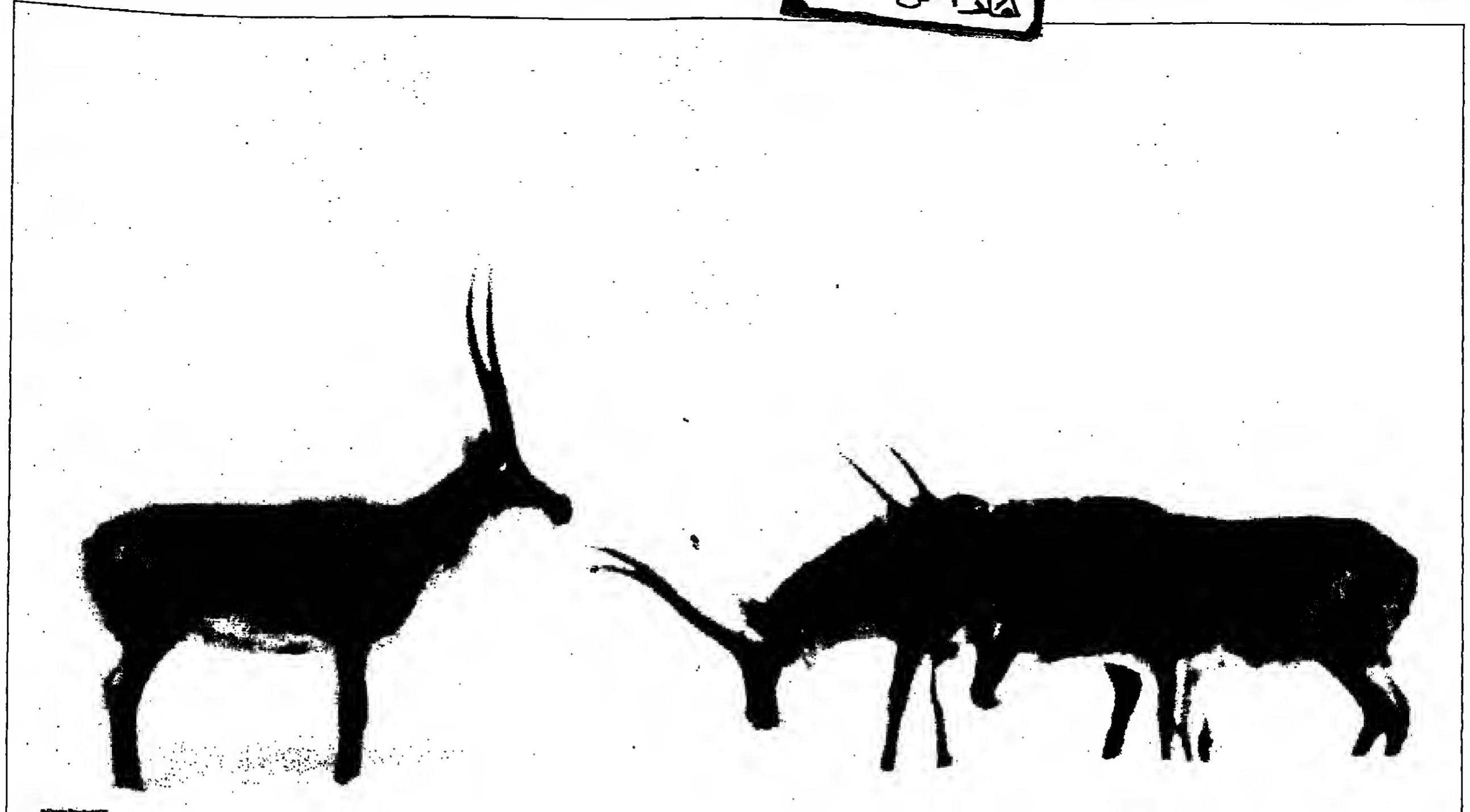
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## These animals are dying out. And all because the lady loves shahtoosh



Shawls made from shahtoosh, the trade in which is leading to a steep decline in the numbers of Tibetan antelope (top). Main picture: Wildlife Conservation Society

Tibetan antelope wool is one of the world's most sophisticated status symbols. The problem is that the animals are slaughtered to produce it

THE MEN who weave it can spend months producing a single shawl, and then need a holiday to restore their eyesight. It is the world's most sophisticated emblem of wealth: weight for weight, the wool is more valuable than gold or platinum, and in a Mayfair store that shawl which cost the weaver his eyesight can cost the consumer \$11,000.

The burgeoning trade in shahtoosh is leading to the extinction of the remaining herds of Tibetan antelope, or chiru, from which it comes.

But although the trade has been illegal for 22 years - that \$11,000 shawl was one of 138, worth more than £300,000, seized in a Metropolitan Police raid on "Kashmir", in Mayfair central London, in February 1987 - it remains legal in the Indian state on which it is centred.

Kashmir lent its name to shahtoosh's humbler but ecologically friendly relative, cashmere, and it is the immensely skilled artisans of the state who spin and weave both wools.

Last week, confronted by legal moves from the Wildlife Protection Society of India to shut down the trade for good, the chief minister of Jammu and Kashmir, Dr Farooq Abdullah, was defiant.

"As long as I am the chief minister," he declared, "shahtoosh will be sold in Kashmir."

BY PETER POPHAM  
in New Delhi

The campaign to ban the trade, he went on, "maligned the people of the state", and he averred that there was "no evidence of Tibetan antelope being reduced in number or their being shot to acquire wool for shahtoosh".

Shahtoosh means "king of wool" and for centuries it has been one of the most prized items in an Indian trousseau.

But for a long time confusion has reigned about its provenance. Even today a web site in the United States propagates the notion that "twice a year (the Tibetan antelope) moult, rubbing their fleece against rocks or bushes. Wind blows the hair into little clumps. Tibetans and Nepalis trek through the mountains for weeks to return with little handfuls of wool."

This bucolic scene is worthy of Lewis Carroll's "aged, aged man a-sitting on a gate". ("He said, 'I search for haddock's eyes among the heather bright, and sew them into waistcoat buttons in the silent night...'" But it is pure invention.

As Dr George Schaller, director of America's Wildlife Conservation Society, discovered during long expeditions on the bleak and arid Tibetan plateau in the past few years, chiru are trapped and shot, usually during the winter months, when the undercut-

which yields shahtoosh, is at its thickest.

This is the only verified way in which shahtoosh can be obtained. Tibetan herdsmen pluck the wool from the hides of the dead animals to sell to local dealers. "In the courtyard of one such dealer," Dr Schaller reported in 1988, "were sacks of wool ready for smuggling into western Nepal and from there to Kashmir, where the wool is woven into scarves and shawls."

Shahtoosh has been culled, spun and woven in this way for centuries. But in the past 10 years it has finally arrived in the West as the ultimately opulent fabric. The huge new demand has been answered by ruthless and large-scale killings of chiru by organised gangs, driving on to the Tibetan plateau from the Chinese side and shooting the chiru from vehicles, killing as many as 500 animals in a hunt.

The Chinese estimate that between 2,000 and 4,000 chiru are poached every year. Enforcement of the ban on killing to which China is a signatory, is especially difficult

because of the huge area of the plateau, its remoteness and the bitter cold of the winter months when most hunting takes place.

There have, however, been impressive Chinese successes. In 1996 the director of the Arjin Shan Reserve, Song Binglan, received information about a gang of poachers at work on the

plateau and confronted them. After a lengthy gunfight more than 20 poachers surrendered.

In their possession were seven rifles, 10,000 rounds of ammunition and 1,100 antelope carcasses. The leader of the gang was jailed for seven years.

But the poaching goes on, and the number of chiru is in steep decline. When the British explorer Captain CG Rawling travelled through Tibet in 1903, he wrote afterwards of seeing "as far as the eye could reach

... thousands upon thousands of deer antelope with their young. We could see in the extreme distance a continuous stream of fresh herds steadily approaching; there could not have been less than 15,000 or 20,000 visible at one time."

Today there are few herds of more than 2,000 animals, and in 1995 the remaining chiru population was estimated to be about 75,000. Dr Schaller fears that, if large-scale poaching is not halted, the chiru "will within a few years be reduced to tragic remnants."

An additional, sinister twist to the decimation of the chiru is its connection to the illicit trade in tiger bones. This was uncovered in 1993 when three shahtoosh traders confessed to investigators in India that tiger bones and skins were bartered for raw shahtoosh, yielding high profits on both sides; on the Kashmiri side it was claimed,

the profits were used to buy arms for militants in the state's long-running insurgency.

Another trader revealed that for one bag of tiger bones - the result of poaching in India's game reserves, and immensely prized in Chinese traditional medicine - he would receive two bags of raw shahtoosh.

The Wildlife Protection Society of India, which was founded by the wildlife photographer and film-maker Belinda Wright in 1994 in response to the new menace from the Chinese medicine trade to India's dwindling number of tigers, has been fighting the shahtoosh trade every way it can.

According to Ms Wright, who was born in India of British parents, the people with most to lose from a successful choking off of the shahtoosh trade are about a dozen wealthy businessmen.

The artisans who spin and weave it would continue with their customary trade in cashmere, which is produced from a domestic goat.

And for those who hawk for filigree shawls but recoil from the massacre shahtoosh entails, she recommends "shahmina": a wool that has been developed recently in India, with virtually the same weight, texture and warmth as shahtoosh, produced from pure strains of high-altitude goats. With no bloodshed involved.

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# Children of Holocaust return to give thanks to Britain's forgotten Schindler

BY GLENDA COOPER

ON HIS finger, Nicholas Winton always wears a gold ring. It is inscribed with a text from the Jewish Talmud: "Save one life, save the world." It is the same text that grateful Jews inscribed on a ring for Oskar Schindler, the German industrialist who saved 1,000 Jews from the Nazis.

Through Steven Spielberg's film, *Schindler*, became world famous. Yet Mr Winton's achievement is equally great. He was a British banker whose courage and persistence meant that more than 600 Jewish children escaped from the Nazis in Czechoslovakia and made their way to safety in Britain.

Last night, some of "Winton's children" arrived again in Britain, nearly 60 years after they were plucked to safety from Prague as war clouds gathered over Europe. On Thursday, the Czech embassy held a "Thank You Britain" reception where Mr Winton, now 89, was reunited with some of the children he had helped save.

Among them was Vera Gissing, one of the children on "Winton's List". She has written a book, *Pearls of Childhood*, which recounts her experience of escaping from Prague.

"His incredible efforts... resulted in 664 children escaping Hitler's clutches," she declared. "I was one of them. Not all but most of us were Jewish and had we remained in our own country we would have been bound not for Britain but for a concentration camp and an almost certain death... To him we owe our freedom and life."

Mr Winton ensured that these children were transported out of Prague and found homes in Britain at a time when politicians were unconvinced there was to be a war.

In December 1938, Czechoslovakia faced a flood of refugees and political enemies of the Third Reich who had fled to Prague after the occupation of the Sudetenland. Asked by a friend of his on the British Committee for Refugees, Mr Winton went to Prague. His task, in the aftermath of the pogrom of Kristallnacht sparked by a Goebbels' speech - was to compile a list of the most vulnerable children. Hearing of him, Jewish parents formed long queues outside his office overnight. "It seemed hopeless," he said



Vera Gissing (above left), who was among more than 600 children (above right), mostly Jewish, on 'Winton's list' of escapees



years later. "Each group felt that they were the most urgent. How could I or anyone else in London choose the most urgent cases?"

Mr Winton returned to London armed with his list, to convince British politicians that war was imminent. "The politicians in England didn't realise what was going on. It was the time of appeasement and...

it was difficult to convince them that I was right and they were wrong."

The government stipulated that Czechoslovakian children would be admitted only if financially able British guardians could be found for everyone, with a guarantee of £50 each (more than £1,000 today).

Mr Winton's masterstroke was to have photographs of all of the chil-

dren, sure that the sight of these young victims of war would convince potential guardians. "If someone wanted a child, they wanted to know what they would look like," he said. "It was efficacious and quick. You could show people a few pictures and then they could see."

Among the children he saved were acclaimed film director Karel

Reisz and Dagmar Simova, cousin of the Czech-born United States Secretary of State Madeleine Albright. It was not until the Eighties when one of the children contacted Mr Winton through the sheltered homes charity Abbeyfield Homes, which the former banker worked for. Other reunions followed. "It was very, very emotional," said Mr Winton. "It is always very emotional when I see them. I cannot go to the jamboree this weekend but I saw them on Thursday night at the embassy and it was very good."

Mr Winton has been honoured by Czechoslovakia and Israel for his work, but he has yet to be honoured in Britain, which many of the "children" are now pushing for. "He has saved the major part of my generation of Czechs," said Ms Gissing. "That is an incredible achievement. It was a mammoth task."

"I was in the right place at the right time. And it was obvious that something had to be done," is all Mr Winton will say. "It is good to get a chance to do the right thing."

Nicholas Winton: 'Incredible' efforts helped save 664 children

## The banker who never forgot

**NICHOLAS WINTON** was born in 1909 and from his early life seemed destined for a life in business. He became a banker and worked on the Stock Exchange before the war.

After his work in Czechoslovakia and then war duty, he returned to Britain and his work as a banker and businessman. However, he never gave up pursuing humanitarian projects and

sought the return of gold stolen from Jews by the Nazis.

He married and had three children, but his own life was touched by tragedy - the youngest of his three children had Down's syndrome and died in childhood.

When he reached his fifties, Mr Winton took early retirement and helped found the sheltered housing charity Abbeyfield, and also devoted

extensive time to the charity Mencap. In 1983, his charity work was rewarded by an MBE for services to the community.

Mr Winton had been 30 when he went to Czechoslovakia to help evacuate children at risk from the Third Reich. But afterwards, he put what he saw as a wartime gesture behind him and never told his wife or three children that he had organised the Prague rescue.

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# Opera House ultimatum angers Smith

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BY DAVID LISTER  
Arts News Editor

THE THREAT by the board of the Royal Opera House to close down the House permanently if its £15m grant is not doubled looks likely to backfire and push Covent Garden into further crisis.

A senior source at the Department of Culture, Media and Sport told *The Independent* yesterday that the Secretary of State for Culture, Chris Smith, would not sanction a doubling of the grant. Mr Smith was also said to be furious at the board's effort to pre-empt the report by Sir Richard Eyre into the future of opera in London.

That is being published on 30 June. It is likely to call for better funding of the arts as well as cheaper ticket prices and wider access to Covent Garden when it reopens after rebuilding work next year.

On Thursday the board, under new chairman Sir Colin Southgate, wrote to Mr Smith and to the Arts Council which funds the Opera House saying the board would close it down permanently if the grant was not doubled. They added that there was a danger of trading insolvently.

Yesterday a DCMS spokesman said: "No Arts Council client can seriously request a doubling of its grant without that request being subject to the most minute scrutiny."

A senior source at the department later added that Mr Smith was not going to "have a gun put to his head" by the Opera House board, and there was no chance of extra money being given to the Arts Council for a doubling of the grant.

The DCMS and Arts Council will also be looking at the legalities of a closure now that the House has benefited from £78m of lottery money towards its redevelopment costs.

The ROH is back in a state of crisis as public as when the Culture Select Committee published its devastating report last year saying it was a "shambles" and would be better run by a "philistine" with business sense than the then management. That reported to the resignations of chairman Lord Chadlington, chief executive Mary Allen and the entire board.

One insider at the Opera House said staff yesterday were in a state of shock, wondering what the House's and their own future would be.



Children peer into the site of the Royal Opera House redevelopment in Covent Garden yesterday

John Voos

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## False imprisonment claims to cost £24m

BY JASON BENNETTO  
Crime Correspondent

THOUSANDS OF former prisoners could be paid up to a total of £24m compensation for being held in jail too long, following a Court of Appeal ruling yesterday.

The governor of Brockhill Prison, Redditch, Worcestershire, was ordered to pay 25-year-old Michelle Evans £5,000 damages for false imprisonment after she served 59 extra days as a result of confusion over calculating release dates.

A spokesman for the Prison Service, which is struggling to cope with a record jail population, admitted yesterday: "Claims for damages will probably be in their hundreds."

The case stems from a ruling in November 1996 that the method used for calculating inmates' release dates was unlawful and that hundreds of prisoners, going back six years, had spent too long behind bars.

The problem affected prisoners given consecutive sentences where the time they spent in custody awaiting trial was not correctly deducted.

Following that decision, hundreds of inmates were re-

leased. The number eligible for compensation is as yet unknown - there are at least 40 cases lodged with the courts, but the total could reach 4,600.

If the average payout is £5,000, that would mean the Prison Service would have to find an extra £24m plus legal costs - at a time when it has been pleading with the Home Office for extra resources.

Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, recently sanctioned an extra £43m to pay for more cells. Now he could be forced to further increase funding.

The Prison Service is considering whether to appeal to the House of Lords against yesterday's judgment, which also reversed an earlier ruling that governors could not be held liable for paying compensation.

Mrs Evans had been jailed for two years for terrorising an 18-year-old stranger in a Cardiff street, tearing off the young woman's engagement ring and two gold chains.

She was convicted on

### IN BRIEF

#### Christie's spot-check fury

LINFORD Christie launched a "continuous verbal assault" on two drug testers who visited him at a training camp in Lanzarote just months before he won Gold in the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. The High Court was told yesterday.

Christie was asked for a urine sample in a 10pm spot-check by the Sports Council. But his former coach Ron Roddan, 67, told the hearing the sprinter was angry because the testers had spent all day on the beach.

The libel case continues.

#### £400m student grant call

BY BEN RUSSELL  
Education Correspondent

GOVERNMENT ADVISERS yesterday called for a £400m programme of grants to offer young people a second chance of gaining an education, and condemned the current lottery of discretionary grants awarded by local authorities.

They said a national system of grants for teenage college students was vital to give school leavers from poor backgrounds the opportunity of further education or training at college.

At present, grants for further education students vary considerably from one local authority to another. Many councils have abandoned their discretionary grants altogether.

Proposals put to David Blunkett, Secretary of State for Education and Employment, include doubling the current £200m council grants budget to give all sixth-formers free travel to college, and offering £300-a-year grants to those on Income Support.

Graham Lane, chairman of the DfEE's advisory group on student support, said ministers should also consider scrapping child benefit for 16- to 19-year-olds to release an extra £800m to help students.

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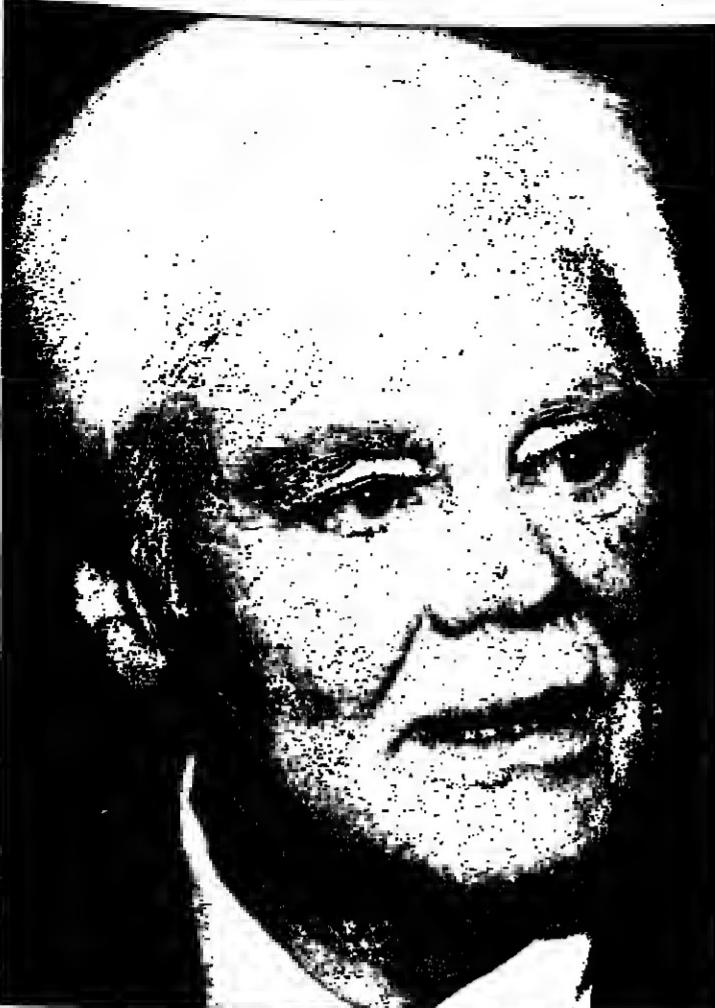
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**KEF**



Tony Booth, leading light of the breakaway hard-left clique

## Booth's old guard lead Equity putsch

BY DAVID LISTER  
Arts News Editor

IT WOULD make a deliciously surreal comedy if it were put on television. Tony Booth, the Prime Minister's father-in-law and once the scouse git in BBC's *Till Death Us Do Part*, is organising a hard-left clique to overthrow the moderates of the actors' union Equity.

Determined to stop him is an impressive cast list of the old guard. They include the playwright Sir David Hare, actors Sir Derek Jacobi, Timothy West, Juliet Stevenson and Sheila Hancock, and comedians Dawn French, Roy Hudd, Roger Lloyd Pack and Julie Walters. Their names are on an advertisement in today's issue of *The Stage* supporting Equity's moderate ruling group.

Denouncing Booth openly is former *EastEnders* actor Michael Cashman, who wants to join the Labour National Executive Committee and become a Euro MP. He has started his campaign in novel fashion by rubbishing the Prime Minister's father-in-law as "a table thumper who wants to overturn atempis of modernisation".

And trying to keep the peace is Baldie, the lovable nincompoop from the BBC's television series *Blackadder*, although in the guise of his alter ego actor Tony Robinson, Equity vice-president - tipped as the next president when the election results are announced next month.

Booth has been a member of Equity's ruling group for four years, but has now formed a breakaway group to oppose modernising plans. In his election address yesterday he attacked the ruling moderates for "their sell-out on residuals, their inept handling of the recent television commercials dispute, and risking collective funds on the Stock Exchange".

Some see the elections, contested by five main groups, as a microcosm of Labour Party in-fighting of the Eighties. The Representative Conference Group - the equivalent of new Labour - which includes Tony Robinson and the other celebrities, has ruled Equity since 1994. The soft-left reforming faction replaces the

union's old-style acrimonious annual general meetings with a new-look representative conference.

The Independent List, with Tony Booth is "an anti-slate" made up of people who promise to act and vote independently if elected. It is disillusioned with current policies, particularly the abandonment of residual payments for cable and satellite repeats.

Act for Equity is a right-of-centre grouping which controlled the union until 1994 but has now been marginalised; Tory MP Roger Gale is one of its representatives. Equity Left Alliance is a socialist grouping of long-standing which seeks to repeal anti-trade union legislation.

A fifth slate, as yet unnamed, is a single-issue group campaigning for restoration of the closed shop. They urge solidarity with the late Dame May Whitty, "the amiable, dotty, wobbly-chinned secret agent in Hitchcock's film *The Lady Vanishes*", who with other actors in the late Twenties put Equity on its feet, refusing to act with anyone who was not a member of the union.



Juliet Stevenson, supporting the moderate ruling group

## Anger at call to ban heart surgeon

BY JEREMY LAURANCE  
Health Editor

THE PRESIDENT of the Royal College of Surgeons yesterday accused Frank Dobson, the Secretary of State for Health, of ignoring the principles of justice in demanding tougher penalties for the three doctors at the centre of the Bristol heart surgery disaster.

Sir Rodney Sweetnam said Mr Dobson's comments had been made without "having the benefit of listening to eight months of evidence". His comments put heart surgeon Julian Dhasmana, 58, who is still permitted to carry out heart surgery on adults, in a "virtually untenable position".

The General Medical Council ruled on Thursday that Mr Dhasmana was guilty of serious professional misconduct and banned him from performing heart surgery on children for three years.

Senior heart surgeon James Wisheart and former chief executive of the United Bristol Healthcare NHS Trust, Dr John Roylance, were also found guilty and struck off the medical register following the inquiry into the deaths of 29 children and babies at Bristol Royal Infirmary.

None of the three doctors was materially affected by the decisions, however.

Speaking hours after the verdict, Mr Dobson said the GMC had made a mistake. On Thursday he told BBC2's *Newsnight*: "I think under the circumstances and from what I know of the evidence, if they struck off the two doctors they should have struck off all three."

He added that he intended to use whatever powers he had to remove merit awards paid to Mr Wisheart and Dr Roylance. In Mr Wisheart's case, his A merit award was worth almost £40,000 at the time of his retirement earlier this year. Dr Roylance also

had an A merit award at the time of his retirement in 1995.

Sir Rodney said yesterday: "I am surprised at Mr Dobson's comments. Before making judgement one needs to know the facts and the evidence which took the GMC eight months to hear. I am surprised anyone would pass judgement without hearing the evidence."

Sir Rodney said he did not believe that the merit awards held by the two retired doctors should be removed.

Parents of children who died at Bristol were bemused by Sir Rodney's remarks. "I am appalled," said Maria Shortis, spokeswoman for the Bristol Heart Children Action Group. "You cannot maintain an award given for worldwide contributions to cardiac surgery to one of the most incompetent surgeons in the country. Mr Wisheart is only famous for his disastrous record... He did not stop when he should have."

Sir Rodney said over four million operations were performed each year and patients could have confidence in their surgeons. "We have to be careful not to extrapolate from the tragic events at Bristol. It was very much a failure of local auditing procedures," he said.

Sir Rodney's remarks ran counter to the GMC's judgement, which listed more than a dozen issues concerning the practice of medicine and surgery that "will have to be addressed by the medical profession". They included the need for clearer standards, better training and improved monitoring of performance.

Mrs Shortis said: "They are desperate to present Bristol as a local problem. Damage limitation is what they are up to."

## Cup medal to be sold

GEORGE COHEN will today become the first member of England's 1966 World Cup side to sell his winner's medal. The 58-year-old, who played at right back during the 4-2 win against West Germany, said that he needs the cash to boost his pension fund.

The sale is expected to fetch between £60,000 and £80,000 at an auction by Christie's in Glasgow.

The former Fulham star,

now a property developer, said: "I would be lying if I said I wasn't upset to lose it, but I didn't earn enough money as a footballer to retire on. I hope whoever finally gets it is able to display it to the public; it is an important part of our heritage."

It is feared that the medal will be bought by a private collector.

Kevin Moore, director of the National Football Museum, which opens next year, said he had not made a bid for it.

HOWARD JACOBSON

*Where I come from, dung is dung, however long it's been hanging about, but to the scientist it's a coprolite'*

— THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 5 →

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Hague, a year on: in an age of soundbites and snapshots, the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition didn't quite get it right



AUGUST 1997: The picture from a Cornwall water adventure park that said it all. That cap, that grin, that, er, squintiness  
David Brenchley



APRIL 1998: When even spin supremo Max Clifford (see story below) is stumped by the problem of making Hague look less of a idiot, the chances of Sir Jim (pictured here at the Top Tie Wearers of the Year awards) fixing it look rather remote. Peter Jordan



MAY 1998: Hague gurns for the camera again, on a visit to a dairy in his constituency Keith Taylor



AUGUST 1997: Hague's image-makers blow it. Ffion and William are surrounded by groovy festival-goers at the Notting Hill Carnival Kieran Doherty



SEPTEMBER 1997: Hague curries favour with Birmingham's Asian business community in the Balti Prince restaurant Jamie Jones

## After a year of gaffes, Hague celebrates with a day in bed

HE HAS been described, variously as a foetus, a squat, a lightweight and a prat. The political party he leads once spelt his name as William Haguz. He travelled down a waterside in Cornwall wearing a baseball cap with his surname on it in large white letters.

He attended the country's coolest outdoor festival amid a fanfare of publicity - a skinny, bald middle-aged-looking bloke surrounded by men and women who make Sid Vicious look bland. And he married a woman so charismatic and curvy that the contrast made calling him a squat an insult to amoebas everywhere.

He is, in other words, a fairly typical English bloke. He'd make a great dentist, a good branch manager of Ryman's or a building society assistant manager.

But this man is Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition and the potential prime minister of the United Kingdom, and this week he celebrates a year of being the number one of the

BY DARIUS SANAI

party that was just a landslide election away from staying in power.

In typical Hague form, in the attempt to celebrate his anniversary something had to go wrong. Instead of making a grand tour of his native Yorkshire and dropping in at a Lincolnshire school, the leader was, a Conservative party spokesman said, ill, and spending the day at home in bed.

It is not William Hague's fault that he doesn't look like a potential prime minister. Most men go bald, his height can't be helped, and as for being slim - well, what's wrong with that, exactly?

But Mr Hague's first year has been riddled with gaffes, blunders and chunks of sheer lucklessness that mean he is even less prime ministerial now than he was when "William Who?" was elected to lead the Tories on 19 June, 1997.

Last August, Mr Hague's version of Alastair Campbell,

chief Tory spinmeister Alan Duncan, arranged for his boss to visit a theme park in Cornwall. The setting was perfect for a man wanting to woo Middle England: a typically jolly watersports centre in Middle England's most traditional summertime playground.

The leader would pose for pictures while barrelling down a waterslide - perhaps not the ideal stunt for a 36-year-old desperate to win the respect of the grandesse of the Carlton Club, but certainly something designed to entertain the notorious Tory youth vote.

Mr Hague looked relaxed and happy as he shot down the chute, trying to project an image almost everyone who knows him insists is the true William: intelligent, confident and mature. This, after all, was the boy who lectured the Tory Party conference on "rolling back the state" when he was just 16.

Unfortunately, the pictures conveyed a different image. Just who decided that wearing

baseball caps (the right way round) with HAGUE written on them was "in", has remained a mystery. Perhaps Mr Duncan wanted to capture the young black vote, but someone failed to tell him homeboys don't wear caps with SMITH pasted on them.

There was one more attempt to be cool. Nobody can deny a Tory leader the right to attend any sort of legal entertainment he wants. But to summon the press to the Notting Hill Carnival was asking for trouble; like Tony Blair asking photographers to capture a meeting with the North Yorkshire Unreconstructed Socialists' Association. Mr Hague

was seen surrounded by thousands of healthy, tanned, tough, colourful bodies.

His fiancée, Ffion, carried it off: she is more Welsh than him, cooler, more fun. William, with his delighted grin, looked the dorky boy in the class who has his first car of Heldemrau and then careens down to the rave club thinking he is Liam Gal-

agher. There was an attempted remedy in Ffion's appearance in a clinging dress two weeks later, but Mr Hague's spin doctors (who on the evidence appear to be more spin quacks, and should be struck off by the BMA) rather ruined it (again) by comparing her to Liz Hurley. The British people know Liz Hurley, and Ffion is no Liz Hurley.

Mr Hague's other gaffes were fairly minimal by the standards of British politics, but the poor man seems to suffer even when other people make gaffes when talking about him. Earlier this year Labour's sports minister, Tony Banks, called his honourable friend a foetus and implied he should have been aborted; although Banks was reprimanded by Tony Blair his comment stuck.

Mr Hague's problems may be terminal. *The Independent* contacted Max Clifford, who had performed poorly as shadow Chancellor; with Francis Maude, a political heavyweight who has both leadership potential and the huge advantage with the public of not having been part of the 1992-97 government.

He prevented the party imploding after the general election. He skilfully extracted the Tories from their opposition to a London mayor. It didn't collapse to third place in the local elections. And his transformation of the party into something closer to a modern democratic organisation was carried out with the minimum of fuss.

He is probably the most natural platform speaker to lead the Tory party since Harold Macmillan. And apart from one or two lapses - like concentrating on Europe on the day the Bernie Ecclestone affair broke - he has performed consistently well at Commons

more gravitas, nous and dignity, and less, er, squintiness, than in his first.

There was silence as the normally garrulous Mr Clifford plunged into contemplation. He admitted he was nonplussed. "Um, it's very difficult." He threw the question out to his entire office. Three PR people descended into silence (possibly the only time so far Mr Hague can claim truly to have made history).

Ten minutes later Mr Clifford called back. "Yes, I've got it," he said. He pronounced the only course of action for the Leader of the Opposition.

"He has to have had an affair with someone beautiful, intelligent and respected, who sells the story to the papers. Gwyneth Paltrow that's it. She has to tell the *Daily Mail* that she was drawn to him by his sheer physical presence, his animal magnetism, and his power. Since he left her" - before, Mr Clifford adds, he met Ffion - "no man measures up. She is destroyed."

1

## So far so good, but Europe remains a minefield

ONE YEAR on, does William Hague ever wish he hadn't taken the job? That he hadn't woken up that morning last June and unscrambled the deal he had sealed over champagne the previous evening to run as Michael Howard's No 2?

Sometimes surveying his lack of impact on the opinion polls, wondering at Tony Blair's dominance of the political landscape, and weathering the back-biting from a handful of well-connected and contemptuous Commons tearoom malcontents, he probably does. Wouldn't it have been easier, he must occasionally feel, to let someone else lose the next election and be in pole position to grab the leadership in time for the one after that?

Well yes and no. Some perspective is needed here. Margaret Thatcher's first year as Opposition leader was if anything rather grimier. She had to face the constant carping of Tory grandees who assumed

BY DONALD MACINTYRE

she wouldn't last. There were jokes about her ignorance of foreign affairs. There were laments that the country hadn't warmed to her. By these standards, Hague has actually done rather well.

The presentational gaffes early in his leadership were exaggerated. Maybe the baseball cap didn't work; but it's baffling why he should have been criticised for turning up at the Notting Hill carnival. He has more ability to charm the party faithful than his two most recent predecessors, and he may even be cleverer than either of them.

He is probably the most natural platform speaker to lead the Tory party since Harold Macmillan. And apart from one or two lapses - like concentrating on Europe on the day the Bernie Ecclestone affair broke - he has performed consistently well at Commons

Question Time. While this doesn't play in the country - as the polls clearly demonstrate - it doesn't half cheer up his troops in Westminster.

He has made the prosaic but probably correct remark to one or two of his colleagues that the organisation needed to rebuild his shattered party would do better to focus on this summer's agricultural shows and October's university freshers' fairs than on Westminster.

He prevented the party imploding after the general election. He skilfully extracted the Tories from their opposition to a London mayor. It didn't collapse to third place in the local elections. And his transformation of the party into something closer to a modern democratic organisation was carried out with the minimum of fuss.

He has been indulgent on occasions. Allowing his Northern Ireland spokesman Andrew Mackay to holiday in Namibia during the Good Friday talks in

Belfast was a mistake. But he showed some steel in his first, skilfully presented, Shadow Cabinet reshuffle. He was bold but right to replace Peter Lilley, who had performed poorly as shadow Chancellor, with Francis Maude, a political heavyweight who has both leadership potential and the huge advantage with the public of not having been part of the 1992-97 government.

He was more than a touch ruthless in dumping Alastair Goodlad, a nice man and unmistakably one of the old school Tory toffs. He was sensible to promote the brainy David Willetts to the Shadow Cabinet and to dispatch the high-risk Alan Duncan out of his command hunker to a junior frontbench job. And it was astute to bring one or two MPs like Damian Green from the highly capable 1997 intake.

So far so good. The real problems lie in the future. Over

some of them he has little control. The prospect of electoral reform, if the British people vote for it, could hardly be more daunting. Given his own and the Tories' current rightish, non-centrist bent, he could find himself leading the one party incapable of taking power because no one wants to form a coalition with it.

But on others he does have some influence - and has not yet shown much sign of exercising it. Of these, by far the greatest is Europe. It's understandable that after John Major's heroic failure to hold a divided party together, Hague decided to bow to the majority and take a clear position against British EU entry in this or the next Parliament. But it leaves him dangerously boxed in.

Which is why the leading pro-Europeans in the party may still prove a long-term threat if they turn out to have been right all along. Not just Stephen Dorrell who, newly liberated from the Shadow Cab-

inet, sees himself as a contender in a future contest with Michael Portillo, but Ken Clarke, who at 57 can't be written off, and just happens to be giving the keynote speech at the Tory Reform Group today.

There are just the faintest signs, despite his ill-judged, deeply Euro-sceptic speech at Fontainebleau last month, that Hague is willing to allow Maude to steer the party to a more pragmatic stance on Europe. But the big question is how far the Eurosceptic fundamentalists - Michael Howard, David Heathcoat-Amory, John Redwood and others - will allow it to happen.

If the party stance does change, he may yet show the skill and intelligence to grow into a credible prime ministerial candidate.

If it doesn't, and British membership of the single currency becomes a reality, almost any other leader might be better placed to lead a post-EU Tory party.

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# Consent age for gays to be set at 16

MPS ARE expected to vote by a margin of two to one on Monday to lower the age of consent for gays to 16.

However, moves by a group of Labour MPs to put an age limit of 18 on all relationships between teenagers and authority figures will muddy the waters of the debate.

The vote to equalise the age of consent seemed a foregone conclusion last night, with many MPs promising to return from constituency weeks to vote in favour of the move. But an amendment, signed by more than 30 members, calls for a new ban on all sexual relationships where one party is in a position of "authority, influence or trust".

Gay rights campaigners said the move would criminalise young adults unnecessarily, and that a definition of what constituted influence or trust would be hard to reach.

But Joe Ashton, the Labour member for Bassettaw, who is proposing the amendment, said it would reflect the aims of Sir William Utting's report on children in care.

"If a teacher has an affair

**HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS**  
BY FRAN ABRAMS  
Westminster Correspondent

with a 17-year-old boy or girl, that's fine, except if the pupil is at his school. That's the distinction which I think parents would be very much in favour of," he said.

Anne Keen, the Labour MP for Brentford and Isleworth, will propose the amendment to the Crime and Disorder Bill which will reduce the age of consent to 16. "Let's get real," she said. "What right have we got to interfere with people's lives?"

She said the Home Office had agreed to review the law on adults in positions of trust in the light of the Utting report.

Gay rights campaigners say their fight for equality will go on, though. They will continue to argue for legal rights for unmarried partners, for an end to the ban on homosexuals in the armed forces and for new laws to prevent homophobic bullying.

Outrage! will now step up a campaign to lower the age of consent to 14. Its director, Peter

Tatchell, said gay men were still being prosecuted under the provisions of the 1885 Criminal Law Amendment Act, which was used to imprison Oscar Wilde for his relationship with the Marquess of Queensberry.

The law against buggery, which originated in 1533, was still used regularly, he said, while a vagrancy law passed in 1888 to protect young girls from older men was now mainly used to prevent gays from "cruising" in public places.

"MPs planning to vote against the new age of consent should ask themselves this question: If you had a 16- or 17-year-old gay son, would you want him put in prison for a consenting relationship?"

Ann Widdecombe, the Conservative frontbencher and MP for Maidstone and The Weald, said she would be voting both against the move to cut the age of consent and against Joe Ashton's amendment.

"We all know little boys are attractive to the sort of older men who have those sort of inclinations, and I am not sure this will do anything to protect them," she said.



Chancellor Gordon Brown, with Donald Dewar, Secretary of State for Scotland, and Alastair Darling, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, enjoys some less taxing work on a visit to Edinburgh

David Moir

## Tories hit at new peers

LABOUR'S EFFORTS to redress the balance in the Conservative-dominated House of Lords take a step forward today as Tony Blair creates 18 new life peers.

The Prime Minister's second list of working members for the upper house has almost three times as many Labour names as Conservative on it. The Tories have five new peers, while the Liberal Democrats have four.

At this rate, it would be a long time before the party of government overtakes Her Majesty's Official Opposition in the Lords. Before yesterday's change, the Conservatives had 474 peers while Labour had 156, the Liberal Democrats 67, cross-benchers 323 and others 119.

Plans to abolish voting rights for hereditary peers should help to balance the figures, but even after that the Conservatives will still have significantly more clout in the upper house. After today's list the Conservatives will have 174 life peers to Labour's 157.

Although several of the highest profile new peers, including

**Hansard row is defused by editor**

**LABOUR'S LORDS**  
BY FRAN ABRAMS

Waheed Ali and Melvyn Bragg, are well-known Labour supporters. Downing Street was at pains to stress that they had been chosen for their work on behalf of the party.

A spokesman said they would be expected to attend regularly to vote and speak in the House. "They are very much working peers – and the word 'working' is there for a very good reason," he said.

The Conservative deputy chairman, Michael Ancram, dubbed the new Labour peers "Tony's Cronies". Mr Blair's spokesman had already explained after a defeat earlier this year that the working peers' job was "to represent the party, not snub the Prime Minister. We'll be more careful who we appoint in future."

"New Labour have made no secret of their intention to turn the House of Lords into the Government's poodle," said Mr Ancram, a hereditary peer and MP.

## Those to be elevated

LABOUR: Christine Crawley, MEP for Birmingham East; Mary Goudie, pro-Europe campaigner and public affairs consultant; Glenna Thornton, former Fabian chair and public affairs consultant; Pola Uddin, quality manager for the London Borough of Newham; Nazir Ahmed, business development manager; Waheed Ali, managing director, Planet 24; William Bach, barrister; Melvyn Bragg, broadcaster; David Brookman, general secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation; Anthony Christopher, chairman of Trades Union Fund Managers Ltd; Anthony Clarke, former deputy general secretary of the Union of Postal Workers; David Evans, chairman of Centurion Press Group; Toby Harris, Labour leader of Haringey Council and chairman of Association of London Government; Chris Haskins, chairman of

Northern Foods; Brian Mackenzie, former chief superintendent of Durham Constabulary; Tom Sawyer, general secretary of the Labour Party; John Tomlinson, MEP for Birmingham West; Norman Warner, senior policy adviser to the Home Secretary, Jack Straw.

LIBERAL DEMOCRAT: Tim Clement-Jones, solicitor; Sue Miller, Somerset County Councillor; Andrew Phillips, solicitor; Margaret Sharp, former civil servant and academic.

CONSERVATIVE: Peta Buscombe, vice-chairman of the Conservative Party; Sir Tim Bell, chairman of Chime Communications; Norman Lamont, former Chancellor of the Exchequer; Philip Norton, professor of government at University of Hull; Paul White, leader of the Conservative group on Essex County Council.

CHRISTIAN: Dobson, chairman of

long-established role of special advisers."

### Harvest time

THE HOLDER of the only Home Office licence to grow cannabis is expected to harvest the weed in about 18 months, according to George Howarth, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office. The cannabis is for clinical trials.

the NHS on 16 June. In reply to a question from Philip Hammond (Con, Runnymede and Weybridge) he said: "Every aspect of this activity is entirely consistent with the

### Dobson defends special adviser

FRANK DOBSON, Secretary of State for Health, defended the role of his special adviser in the production of a document for Labour MPs.

A briefing document for backbenchers was written, produced, photocopied and distributed by his departmental special adviser, prior to the Government's debate on

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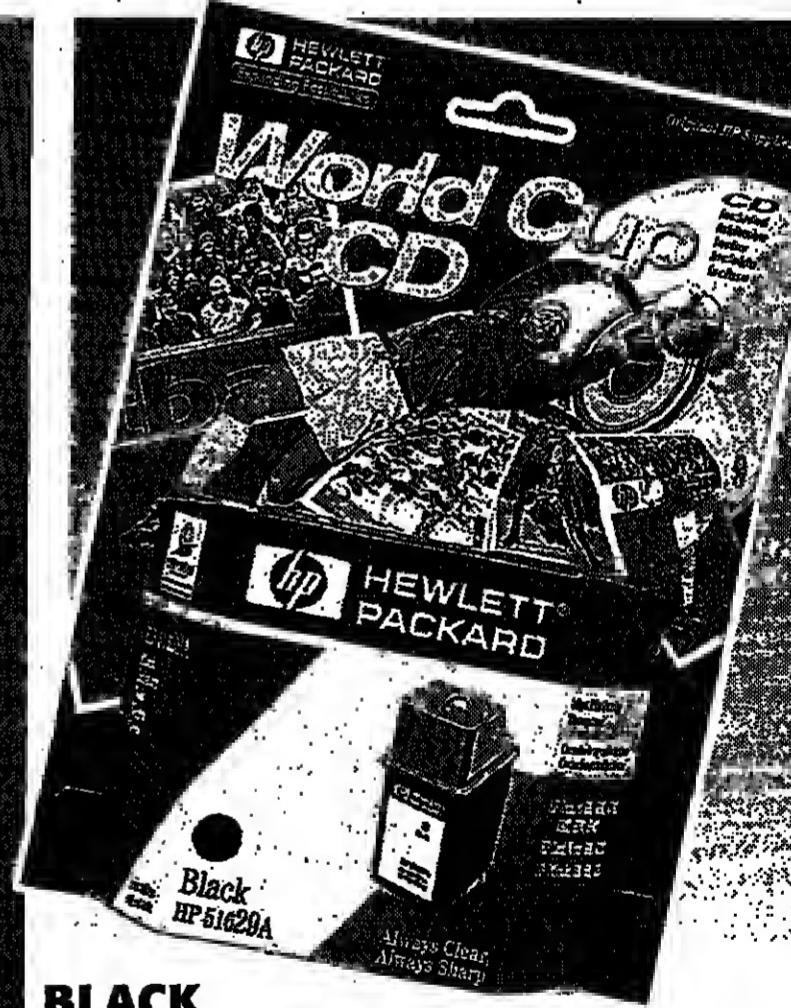
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# Water firms told: Stop draining rivers

**K**  
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THE GOVERNMENT is to crack down on water companies whose drawing of water from boreholes causes rivers and wetlands to dry up.

Michael Meacher, the environment minister, said yesterday that thousands of abstraction licences, which allow large amounts of water to be taken without any regard to the environmental consequences, are to be scrapped.

The controversial licences are to be replaced by time-limited ones, while the companies' rights to compensation if a licence is revoked will also be stopped.

The water firms will be made liable for civil action for damages to rivers and wetlands that have been damaged by over-abstraction from 1 January 2000.

The changes outlined in a consultation paper yesterday to be introduced through an Act of Parliament, were promised last year by Mr Meacher at the Government's much-vaunted Water Summit.

The announcement is in response to the recent very dry periods of 1989-1992 and 1995-1997, when so much water was taken from some aquifers or water tables, that whole rivers such as the Darent in Kent and the Ver in Hertfordshire, dried up. Even more substantial rivers like the Kent net in Berkshire ran dry at the top of their courses.

The Act is also aimed at securing the estimated 100-plus protected wildlife sites across England and Wales which are thought to be at risk through water abstraction.

It drew a warm welcome yesterday from the Environment Agency whose head of water resources, Dr Giles Phillips, said he "strongly supported" the thrust of the proposals.

The water companies took a much more frosty view and indicated that the Government was in for a fight, particularly over the ending of compensation. "It is the view of the companies that they must be compensated if they are forced to stop abstractions at particular sites," said Gordon Simmonds, of Water UK, the

**BY MICHAEL MCCARTHY**  
Environment Correspondent

industry's umbrella body. "The industry has invested millions of pounds in treatment and pipe networks tied to these licences, and it's not just a matter of turning a tap off."

"Aside from the assets becoming redundant, companies will need to invest in alternative facilities and locations to meet their statutory obligations to provide a water supply to their customers."

Announcing the proposals, Mr Meacher said that the present water abstraction licensing regime was set up in the 1980s when there was no knowledge of climate change and droughts were virtually unknown. "There is no doubt there was over-abstraction during the last drought, and in some rivers volume was reduced by up to a third, which meant that a large number of habitats on which wildlife depends were put at risk if not destroyed," he said.

The Government will frame a new Water Bill for which Mr Meacher hoped there would be legislative time in the current Parliament. He took a sanguine view of the water companies' likely response about the proposals to withdraw their compensation rights, which he agreed might amount to "many millions" of pounds.

"I don't think anyone can believe that property rights should be continued into perpetuity irrespective of environmental damage," he said.

"I think the water companies are responsible. They do know the reasons why we are doing this."

"They know the need for conservation and leakage control and all that should reduce the pressure on them to increase abstractions."

Of the 48,000 abstraction licences in England and Wales, a large proportion are not time-limited. But though there have been powers to revoke them in case of environmental damage since 1983, they have never been used because of the fear that the resulting compensation would be enormous.



The Moors in Hampshire - a wildlife haven whose future rests on a water company borehole

Generation Golf

كلا من الأصل

## Beauty spot that could be lost forever

**BY MICHAEL MCCARTHY**

other sources. It's not in regular use."

The company and the agency have come to a provisional agreement that the company, which has 650,000 customers, will try to seek a replacement source - but its estimated cost is £3.5m.

This could be afforded if the director-general of water services, Ian Byatt, allows Portsmouth to pass this cost on to its customers in their bills; but he may not. In which case, Hoe Road will still have to be used.

"We don't have that kind of money," Mr Neve said. He said he was "disturbed" by the Government's proposals to scrap compensation rights when licences are revoked.

"We feel we've been very careful with our abstraction," he said. "What we have done over the years is to create sufficient resources so that we don't have to impose restrictions on our customers and if people take these resources away we might have to do that."

Mr Murchie, of the Environment Agency, was adamant, however.

"The fate of The Moors hangs on the future of that borehole," he said.

"They have a 'licence of right'. They can take water legally up to the licence limit, which is 11,000 cubic metres per day. If they did, it would destroy the site in a few weeks."

"They've only used it for a week or so in recent years, but their priority, of course, is to supply their customers so they will use it if necessary."

"We consider that unacceptable. It should not be used at all."

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# Jenkins: 'I didn't murder Billie-Jo'

SION JENKINS stood before a jury yesterday and told them that he was not the murderer of his 13-year-old foster daughter, Billie-Jo.

After 11 days of evidence at Lewes Crown Court, Sussex, the 40-year-old deputy headmaster finally had his chance to tell the eight men and four women jurors of his innocence.

Jenkins is accused of killing Billie-Jo as she painted the patio windows at the family's home in Hastings in February last year. He denies the charge and has paid constant attention to the claims made against him, passing frequent notes to his defence team.

Yesterday, called by Anthony Scrivener QC, appearing for the defence, he walked from the dock to the witness stand and, in a slightly croaky voice, took the oath.

Mr Scrivener asked: "Did you kill Billie-Jo Jenkins?" Jenkins replied: "No - I did not kill Billie-Jo." Asking no further questions, Mr Scrivener told the judge, Mr Justice Gage, that he had finished and sat down.

It was left to Camden Pratt, appearing for the prosecution, to extract the story of last year's events from Jenkins, as Billie-Jo's natural parents watched from the public gallery upstairs.

The court has already heard transcripts of police statements taken from him at the time.

Jenkins sipped from a cup of water as he denied bludgeoning Billie-Jo with a metal tent spike.

Mr Pratt asked if Jenkins was often left alone with Billie-Jo. After a long silence he replied: "Yes."

Mr Pratt then asked Jenkins to describe his foster child, who had lived with him, his wife

BY LOUISE JURY

Lois and their four natural daughters for four and a half years.

Jenkins said first: "She could be impatient." Asked to elaborate on this, there was a long silence before Jenkins replied: "She would simply say so. She would display her impatience."

Pressed by Mr Pratt on whether Billie-Jo could be a difficult girl, Jenkins said: "That was when Billie first came to us, and she had many difficulties and she had many problems and many things that she had to cope with, and over the years those receded."

Jenkins was questioned about events on the Friday before the murder. He said his wife had gone to London to work and he was at home because it was half-term. Billie-Jo had been out with a friend for most of the day.

He had gone to Do It All to buy some paint and a paintbrush so the girls could do some painting, one of several jobs planned for the week.

He and the children had discussed a list of jobs they could do and he said it was "a fun activity". The jobs included washing cars, painting, sweeping and gardening. He told the court: "I was not bothered about the jobs but they wanted to earn extra money."

He said the painting was the "more glamorous job" because it was something they had not done before. The job consisted of painting two French window doors, and Jenkins agreed it was a "difficult job" to get a straight line by the glass.

Mr Pratt asked if Billie-Jo had called Lois a "bitch", and Jenkins replied: "No."



Billie-Jo Jenkins: 'she could be impatient'

Billie-Jo had made the remark: "Lois had said to me she thinks Billie might have called her a bitch under her breath. I thought - well, I could not believe it," said Jenkins.

He added: "I questioned the situation. I said, 'If Billie-Jo has called you a bitch we need to do something.'"

Jenkins told the court: "If Billie had called her mother a bitch, certainly Billie would be grounded, and she would not be able to go out with her friend that particular day."

The court heard that Billie-Jo and 10-year-old Annie both wanted to paint the patio doors, but Jenkins gave the job to Billie-Jo.

Mr Pratt asked Jenkins why he had not reported any attempted break-in to the family home when a pane of glass had been broken in the patio windows and the door forced open. Jenkins replied: "Because I think we had had so much trouble and nothing had been done."

The trial was adjourned until Tuesday.

He said: "I came into the bedroom from the bathroom and Billie-Jo was organising to go out with a friend on Saturday. Lois said she had been in a conversation with Billie. Billie walked away and she thinks Billie might have called her a bitch under her breath."

Jenkins questioned his wife and she said she was not sure



Sion Jenkins, accused of murdering his foster daughter, arriving at Lewes Crown Court yesterday Nigel Bowles

## Image problem dogs Welsh

BY ROGER DOBSON

aging stereotypes of the Welsh character and people. In combination they amount to a form of racism," it says.

"The Welsh are perceived as variously clannish and ultra-nationalistic, unfriendly and hostile, verbose and argumentative, and unduly devoted to beer-drinking, hymn-singing, rugby, and moreover, given in the recent past to burning holiday homes. The general message that comes across is that the Welsh are not to be trusted. Unlike the Scots, the Welsh have a reputation for being workshy and unreliable. They are seen as collectivist, militant and lacking in company loyalty."

Many English people, it suggests, still carry the damning images of Wales acquired from *How Green Was My Valley*, a film regarded by many as the Welsh equivalent of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Others retain negative images from childhood of wet holidays in resorts such as Llandudno or Rhyl.

But while Wales suffers negative racial stereotyping by the English, foreign investors are more than happy with the principality. They see the language as an asset and point out that the working days lost through industrial action in Wales are among the lowest in the UK.

"There is increasing concern that distorted outside impressions of Wales continue to be counterproductive to encouraging inward investment, especially from the English South-east. This is compounded by widespread prejudices by the English about the Welsh people," says the institute's director, John Osmond.

The report itself, written by John Smith, the Labour MP for the Vale of Glamorgan, spells out some of the problems and inaccurate perceptions.

"Welshness presents a negative image because it is so closely associated with dam-

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'It was without doubt the most frustrating encounter of my journalistic career'

THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 3 ➤



# Ukraine 'loses' West's \$5bn aid

ALMOST five billion dollars (£3.1bn) which was supposed to be spent dealing with the terrible aftermath of the Chernobyl disaster - on medicine and rehousing for victims - has been squandered, it emerged yesterday.

A probe by the Ukrainian government has unearthed massive misuse of the money which was earmarked for tens of thousands of victims, including salting cash away into illegal accounts in order to pocket the interest.

There have long been suspicions in the West of widespread abuse of Chernobyl money. But the scale of the scandal will cause consternation, not least because Ukraine has been lobbying for Western funds to fulfil a pledge to close Chernobyl down by 2000.

Ukraine has also been pressing for more international cash towards rebuilding the dangerous, leaking 74-metre-high sarcophagus which covers the remains of the exploded reactor, including 34 tons of highly radioactive dust.

Western sources in Ukraine, who have been closely involved in the 12-year operation to cope with the after-effects of the world's worst environmental disaster, confirmed earlier this year to *The Independent* that considerable amounts of Chernobyl money had disappeared. Much had gone on flats for people who were largely unaffected by the accident.

But the suggested figures did not run into the billions of dollars. The Ukrainian government said the scandal came only to light after its Finance Ministry checked 5,000 enterprises which handle money from the Chernobyl Fund set up after the 1986 disaster. Businesses in the former Soviet

BY PHIL REEVES  
in Moscow

republic are obliged by law to pay into the fund. In the capital city of Kiev alone, the inspectorate's officials found im Ukrainian hryvna, (£310,000) had been misspent.

Examples included money which was supposed to provide apartments for victims of the disaster but which ended up buying housing for others. Another £1bn, which was for food, medicine and other health services, ended in pockets elsewhere.

The Ukraine said yesterday it had launched 70 criminal investigations. It claimed it had already forced culprits to pay back \$1bn, and said 94 officials had been fined.

The government of President Leonid Kuchma chose to release details of the scandal as it halved mandatory payments by employers to the Chernobyl Fund, part of a move to avert the worsening fiscal crisis.

Ukraine, like most ex-Soviet republics, has been engulfed by corruption since the end of the USSR, with many millions disappearing into foreign bank accounts or country mansions on the Black Sea.

The fate of its Chernobyl money will cause little surprise, but will complicate its troubled relationship with the West over the disaster, which sent a radioactive cloud across the northern hemisphere.

Earlier this month, Ukraine's Prime Minister, Valeri Pustovoitenko, criticised what he said was the West's slowness in putting up the cash needed to make the Chernobyl nuclear plant safe before its planned closure in 2000. "We don't agree to the fact that we may have to wait for two years for aid," he said.

## Russian threat over Kosovo

BY RUPERT CORNWELL

ahead with strikes for all their tough rhetoric and the intimidatory air exercises in the southern Balkans staged by Nato this week.

Britain now stands in a minority of one within the European Union in its belief that the formal blessing of the UN is desirable, but not essential, before taking military action against the Serb forces in the province.

The dilemma is only deepened by the official stance of the Western powers that - whatever the brutality of a crackdown which has taken over 300 lives and made 50,000-plus homeless - independence for Kosovo is a non-starter.

That however is now very much the demand of Ibrahim Rugova, the moderate leader of the Kosovo Albanians who hitherto has opposed force.

Nato's action without the backing of the UN would lead to the start of a new Cold War, the Tass-Istar news agency quoted Gen Ivashov as saying. There were a thousand ways of solving the conflict peacefully, "the military option is only the 1,001st, which we cannot allow."

Russia, in other words,

would use its Security Council veto to block any such resolution, a prospect which makes most Western countries even more uneasy about going

AN AWARDING-WINNING columnist for the Boston Globe resigned yesterday after she admitted fabricating people and quotes in four columns this year.

Patricia Smith, in a column being published in today's *Globe*, apologised to her readers. "From time to time in my

mémo column, to create the desired impact or slam home a salient point, I attributed quotes to people who didn't exist," she wrote in this, her final column.

"That's one of the cardinal sins of journalism: Thou shall not fabricate. No exceptions. No excuses."

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY

"Ten years ago a Japanese bank would ask to lend you money. Now you have to go to them, and they take a lot of convincing"

WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 10



Workers at the Chernobyl nuclear power plant

## D-mark birthday party that became a wake

GERMANY yesterday began saying farewell to the symbol of the nation: the money that restored pride and prosperity to the defeated country.

It was 50 years ago today that the mighty Deutschemark had its humble beginnings, as the first crates of banknotes printed abroad were split open by Allied soldiers and the contents distributed among the pauperised population. Thus began the German "economic miracle".

In any other circumstances, the anniversary would have been a cause of wild celebrations, but yesterday joy seemed to be in short supply. The commemorative event at Bonn's History Museum, was more of a wake than a birthday party.

The slogan emblazoned on the rostrum did not help. "With the D-mark towards Europe," it proclaimed, unwittingly begging the question: "What then?"

The answer was given on the commemorative posters, which depicted a one mark coin mutating into a euro. The speakers

BY IMRE KARACS  
in Bonn

had come to praise the mark, not to bury it, but the awkwardness of the moment could not be concealed. These wretched banknotes, woven into the tapestry of Germany's astounding rags-to-riches story, will soon be no more than fodder for the shredding machines.

Twice this century, Germans had lost all their belongings to wars and hyperinflation. The birth of the mark banished such fears, opening the gate to a steady future of perpetually-swelling bank accounts. And now, all these certainties are to be sacrificed on the altar of European integration.

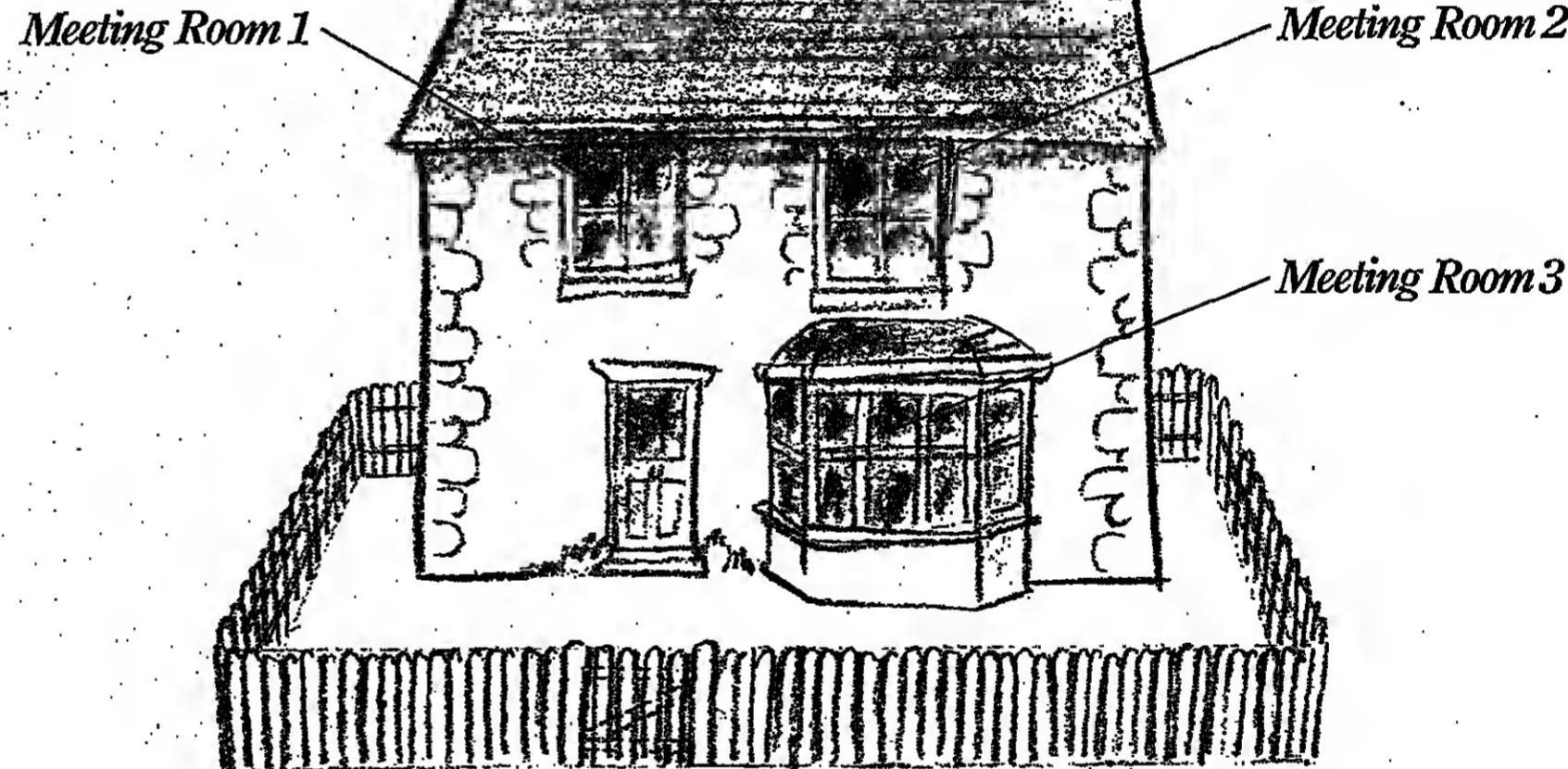
Theo Waigel, the finance minister, sought to soften the blow. "Germany is not losing the D-mark, but rather, gaining a stable currency of a vast internal market," he chirped.

Hans Tietmeyer, custodian of the mark in his capacity as president of the Bundesbank, reminded the audience of some

historical facts, including British opposition at the time to an independent German central bank. Mr Tietmeyer praised at length the culture that made the mark such a stable currency, though he did admit that not all Europeans had shared the Germans' awe.

"The DM is both - beauty and the beast," he said. And then the sponsor's message, to be broadcast to every European capital: "If the euro is to gain a similar or greater reputation, it must be built on the stability of the D-Mark."

The baby was thus handed over to Wim Duisenberg, the president of the European Central Bank, who will shortly be doing Mr Tietmeyer's job. It is a tough act to follow, the Dutchman conceded. "It is no easy task to make the euro as stable and well-regarded in the world as the D-Mark," Mr Duisenberg said. "Nevertheless," he added in a solemn voice, "I can assure you that my colleagues and I will do our utmost to attain this goal."



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## Tidal wave threatens millions

EARTHQUAKES HAVE caused cracks to appear in the Pamir mountains of eastern Tajikistan where a huge lake threatens to flood hundreds of square miles and up to 5 million people.

The president of Tajikistan, Imomali Rakhmonov, has requested help from Russia and the three other neighbouring states - Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan and Turkmenistan - which would be affected if the natural dam holding Lake Sarez is breached.

Scientists have warned for years that Lake Sarez is unstable but their concerns have been heightened by the recent earthquakes in Afghanistan, which killed between 3,000 and 5,000 people and caused cracks in the Pamir mountains.

Tajikistan, a mountainous country of 5.7 million inhabitants and with an economy that has been ruined by civil

BY STEVE CONNOR  
Science Editor

war and natural disasters, is in no position to deal with the crisis by itself and needs the help of its neighbours, a spokesman for President Rakhmonov said.

"They should consider the possibility of sending specialists or financial assistance to put the Sarez lake into a safer condition. This [problem] will also threaten the lives of the population of these countries," he said.

Lake Sarez is the youngest lake in central Asia. It was formed by a huge landslide in February 1911 which led to a dam 600 metres high blocking the entire valley of the river Murgab.

The dam completely stopped the flow of water in the river and the result was Lake Sarez. Since its formation it has filled

up with 17 cubic kilometres of water.

The lake now stretches back about 70km up the former river valley, and the surface area is 88 square kms.

There have been more than 30 earthquakes in the region since 1990 which have shaken the dam and the huge slab of overhanging rocks on the mountainsides above the lake.

The recent Afghan quakes have revived worries that Sarez Lake could be living on borrowed time. What an earthquake creates, an earthquake could yet take away.

Since the collapse of the Soviet Union there has been little scientific study of Sarez Lake and its dam. Recently a conference was held to discuss the dangers posed by the lake, but scientific study is hampered by the lake's remoteness, and the poor state of

the Tajik economy.

Scientists fear that either the dam itself will be destroyed or that a landslide into the lake would result in a tidal wave sending large volumes of water over the dam into the inhabited valleys below.

Some of the overhanging rocks are the size of five-storey buildings.

Last year a relatively small landslide sent millions of cubic feet into the lake and created a wave six metres high.

Samuel Grigorian, a professor of geology at Moscow State University has warned: "If a powerful earthquake occurs, and it will definitely occur because quakes happen there all the time, rocks will collapse and this mass will fall into the lake, pushing the water out."

If the dam were destroyed the whole lake could spill out and threaten a 20,000-square-mile area inhabited by 5 million

people. About 1,500 people live directly below the lake. There are more villages about 18 miles away from the dam but a flood wave moving at 15ft per second would reach them in less than an hour.

Dozens more villages would be obliterated downstream on both the Afghan and Tajik sides of the Pyandzh before the floodwater burst out onto the Central Asian plains. In total it is estimated 32 thousand square kilometres would be affected.

Scientists have noticed that the dam appears to be less stable than in recent years, probably because of the pressure caused by the increased build-up of water in the lake. There is a noticeably increased filtration of water through the dam which appears to be moving down the valley.

Geologists who have studied the problem believe it is im-

possible to strengthen the dam to make it safe.

They have suggested instead that attempts are made to relieve the pressure on it by siphoning off water from the lake.

Such a project, however, will cost millions of pounds - one estimate suggests more than £1bn - because of the problems of bringing pipes and equipment to this isolated and mountainous region.

Delegates at an international conference last year on the problems of Lake Sarez said that any such project should aim to preserve as much of the lake as possible because it has become the source of freshwater for the many communities it now threatens.

Environmentalists also want to preserve the lake because of the unique plant and animal life that thrives in its pristine water.

LOCAL SHEPHERDS taking donkey loads of EU aid up to the high pastures above Sarez lake

raise up in 4 or 5 hours, but it took me all day to get there. A thin path leaves the valley floor and climbs up the side of the rubble dam, hugging the junction with the mountainside. The dam chokes the valley with a huge turbulent mass of rock and rubble - 4 kilometres wide and covering 15 square kilometres. Walking up it is shattering.

Nothing quite prepares you for the sight of Sarez Lake. It appears quite suddenly from behind the shattered moon-scape, a shimmering vibrant almost unnatural blue. Steep cliffs plunge straight into the water, and it is completely barren. Above the dam, a giant scar marks the spot where the mountain fell away and dammed the valley.

On a cold February night in 1911, the village of Usay was wiped out when the huge landslide - triggered by an earthquake - filled the valley to a depth of 300m. 180 people died that night. Within days the blocked river began to fill behind the new dam - eight months later the village of Sarez went under, and the lake got its name.

If Sarez bursts its dam, the death toll will be in the tens of thousands. A 70 metre wall of water would sweep down the Bartang valley, carrying dozens of villages away. The flood would smash into Afghanistan at the T-junction where the Bartang joins the Pyandzh (known to history as the Oxus) - the main river through this part of Central Asia, and also the border with Afghanistan.

Aid workers in Khorog, the regional capital, (luckily upstream of the danger zone) reassure themselves that there have been numerous earthquakes in the Sarez area, before setting off up the valley. It is a favourite assignment - the potential danger notwithstanding.

Below the dam the river winds for more than a hundred kilometres, hemmed in by bare, honey-coloured cliffs which soar towards snow-capped 6,000-metre peaks. Strung along the valley floor are a succession of pretty villages, oases of vivid green amid the austere grandeur of the mountains. Each village is surrounded by fields - lush green at this time of year - irrigated from long channels which hug the hill-sides, bringing meltwater from the mountains. Shepherds take sheep and goats up side valleys to high summer pastures.

Everyone in the valley knows about the danger lurking at the top of the valley but they appear phlegmatic. There is nothing they can do to stabilise the dam. The inhabitants of the original Sarez village were resettled before the flood waters reached them.

But the extremely rugged mountain territory does not have the capacity to absorb thousands of displaced farmers from the land downstream from the lake.

The villagers are stuck where they are. All they can do is pray that their misfortune ended with the 1911 earthquake. If their luck fails, the outside world will bear much more about their fate than the unfortunate inhabitants of Usay 87 years ago.

## Pure water of Lake Sarez holds Tajik horror

BY JONATHAN RENOUF

regional capital, (luckily upstream of the danger zone) reassure themselves that there have been numerous earthquakes in the Sarez area, before setting off up the valley. It is a favourite assignment - the potential danger notwithstanding.

Below the dam the river winds for more than a hundred kilometres, hemmed in by bare, honey-coloured cliffs which soar towards snow-capped 6,000-metre peaks. Strung along the valley floor are a succession of pretty villages, oases of vivid green amid the austere grandeur of the mountains. Each village is surrounded by fields - lush green at this time of year - irrigated from long channels which hug the hill-sides, bringing meltwater from the mountains. Shepherds take sheep and goats up side valleys to high summer pastures.

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Wouldn't it be nice if everyone's body could be guaranteed for the next twelve years?

10 on all bodywork

Generation Golf



re Water  
Lake  
re/ holds  
lik horro

هذا من الأصل

73

Sainsbury's  
Microban

Page 25

Daily Mail, Thursday, June 11, 1998

# Microbe wave food

## Chopping boards breed bugs

By DAVID DERBYSHIRE  
Science Correspondent

In fact, a chopping board  
look spotlessly clean but it harbours a host  
of potentially deadly bugs.

In fact the kitchen, with  
its combination of food,  
dampness and heat, is  
the prime breeding  
ground for bacteria, say  
scientists.

Astonishingly, more bugs  
are found on chopping  
boards than on lavatory  
seats.

And a drop of water  
wringed from a dishcloth  
is home to a million times  
as many bacteria as the  
surface of a lavatory, according  
to a survey into household  
cleanliness. Scientists say  
their findings show how lit-

tie most people know about  
basic hygiene.

The research was carried  
out by a team from the Uni-  
versity of Arizona in Tus-  
con, but health experts said  
the same results would be  
found in British homes.

Dr Pat Rusin and col-  
leagues studied the bacte-  
ria living in 15 homes over  
30 weeks, taking samples  
from kitchens and toilets.

They also tested the  
homes after the owners had  
disinfected surfaces. 'What  
we found, and we are still  
theorising as to why, is that  
even before we introduced  
any disinfectant, the toilet  
seat was always the clean-  
est site,' Dr Rusin told New  
Scientist magazine. 'Bacte-  
ria thrive in damp, warm  
conditions,' she said. 'It was  
likely that lavatory seats were  
more heavily contaminated than

should be disinfected once  
a day, while dishcloths should  
be washed three times a  
week. Dishcloths should be  
cleaned with bleach at least  
once a week.

The bacteria found in  
most dishcloths and chop-  
ping boards, including sal-  
monella and E.coli, can  
cause stomach upsets and  
vomiting.

The number of food poi-  
soning cases in the UK has  
soared in recent years, with  
poor food hygiene - and  
intensive factory farming -  
thought to be to blame.

WHERE DANGER LURKS

DAMP DISHCLOTH:  
Up to 1 million  
bacteria

CHOPPING BOARD:  
Up to 50,000 bacteria

DISHCLOTH FLUID:  
Up to 500,000  
bacteria

Clean cut. But bacteria are lurking unseen

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# Israelis banish tribe to a dump

**ISRAEL IS** moving bedouin who used to graze their flocks of sheep and goats in the Judean desert between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea to a 50-acre shanty town of corrugated iron huts on a stony hilltop beside Jerusalem's main rubbish dump. The aim is to empty the area of Palestinians in order to expand Jewish settlements and make it easier for Israel to claim in negotiations on the future of the West Bank.

"They came with helicopters, police and soldiers and destroyed our tents," says Suleiman Mazara, a member of the 7,000-strong Jahalin tribe of bedouin who used to encamp beside the road to Jericho. "People were dumped on this hilltop, where it is too rocky to drive in a tent peg. We live in houses made out of corrugated iron. It is very hot in summer and cold in winter."

On the road into the camp Bedouin children were scrabbling through rubbish, apparently brought from Jerusalem's main dump 500 yards away. There is a single water pipe, but no sewage system. In one place somebody had tried to build a garden, but had succeeded in growing only a few dried-out weeds. Some 20 goats were fenced inside a barn made out of old pieces of scrap metal.

"The general intent to take over the Judean desert is an important part of the policy of the government," says Shlomo Lecker, a lawyer in Jerusalem who is trying to stop demolition of the Jahalin homes. "It is ethnic cleansing. It is easier to get rid of the bedouin than other Palestinians, because they are



Netanyahu: wants areas empty of Palestinians

weaker. They don't care whose authority they live under so long as they have the right to live."

Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli Prime Minister, makes the point that the areas on the West Bank Israel wants to keep are "98 per cent empty of Palestinians". What he does not say is that Israel has adopted a conscious policy of driving out Palestinians who do live there. All told, Israel captured the West Bank in 1967 much of the desert between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea was declared a military area. No building permits were issued. When the bedouin erected tents or shacks, demolition orders were issued. Shlomo Lecker says: "There is no way for the bedouin to remain within the law except to leave."

Some of the bedouin's old encampments have already been

BY PATRICK COCKBURN  
in Jerusalem

engulfed by the Jewish settlement of Maaleh Adumim, whose red roofs house 22,000 people, and is spreading across the hilltops to the east of Jerusalem. From the hilltop camp beside the rubbish dump Suleiman Mazara has a clear view of this rapidly expanding settlement. He says bitterly: "When you look at Maaleh Adumim you see people living there who have just arrived from Russia and Ethiopia. But the people like us, who lived there before, get nothing."

In fact the Jahalin have not always lived east of Jerusalem. Before 1950 they lived in the Negev desert near present-day Beersheva, a semi-settled tribe, which grew flowers as well as herding sheep and goats. Chiewi, a 90-year-old member of the Jahalin, recalls: "One day the Israelis arrived and gave us three days to get out. When we didn't go they came and set fire to our tents. We came to live between Jerusalem and Jericho which was then under Jordan."

When Israel occupied the West Bank in 1967, half the Jahalin fled across the Jordan valley further into Jordan and half stayed where they were. But they found themselves under pressure, because Israel did not recognise their right to live and build their homes in the desert, which was viewed as belonging to the government. It was set aside for military use or for settlements.

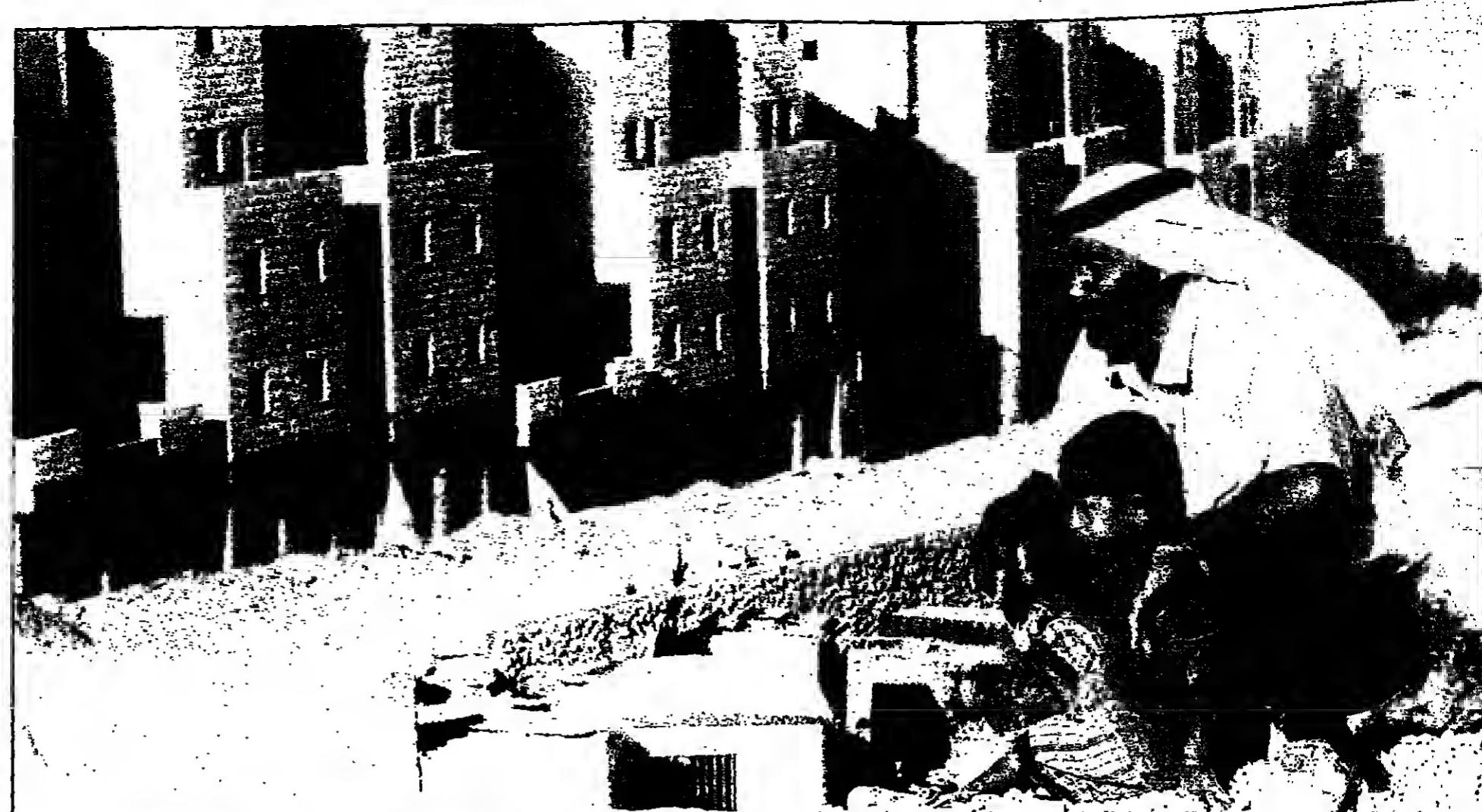
"My father was still hoping we can go back to our homes in Beersheva," says Suleiman Mazara. "When he heard of the Oslo accords [between Israel and the Palestinians in 1993] he welcomed it. Two weeks after Oslo, the Israelis told us to move from where we had been living since 1950. They stopped us grazing our flocks. They immediately started expanding Maaleh Adumim. They say it is military land and then use it for settlers."

The demolition orders and forced evictions have been stepped up. In February bulldozers demolished 100 shacks and tents in which 200 people were living. A foreign diplomat, who happened to pass at the time, says: "I saw children coming home from school to find their houses gone. I saw them burst into tears."

The Jahalin's mood is generally despairing. "My father used to have 90 sheep, but now he has only 10 because there isn't enough grass," says one man. "Our job is tending our animals. Now we must sell them and go and work as labourers in Israel."

The campaign against the Jahalin is only one aspect of an Israeli effort to rid the Judean desert and the Jordan valley of as many Palestinians as possible.

However, the Jahalin say they would accept being moved from the Jericho road, if Israel would find them somewhere other than Jerusalem rubbish dump. Suleiman Mazara points out that the land at Beersheva from which they were expelled in 1950 is still unused by Israel and there is no practical reason they should not go back there.



A bedouin shepherd and his son by houses built for the new Jewish settlers. They were expelled from the area by the Israeli authorities

Ariel Jerozolimski



## Warplanes raise tension in Cyprus

BY SULEYMAN ERGUCLU  
in Lefkoniko

The Turkish move was in retaliation for a visit by four Greek F-16s and two C-130 transport planes to the southern Cypriot air base of Paphos earlier this week. They have also left. The Turkish newspaper *Mutluluk* said yesterday that Turkey was planning to hold naval exercises near its western border with Greece.

Greece yesterday sought to play down the chances of a clash with Turkey over Cyprus, describing the presence of the Turkish F-16 fighters on the island as simply grandstanding by Ankara.

THREE TURKISH F-16 warplanes left Cyprus yesterday after a one-day stay that has added to heightened tension on the divided island, following a Greek air force visit earlier in the week.

Witnesses said the three F-16s took off from a small Turkish Cypriot airport in Lefkoniko and circled before heading north towards Turkey. Local people cheered and waved at the jets as they flew past.

Six F-16 warplanes arrived in the northern sector of the Mediterranean island on Thursday amid growing strains between Nato allies Greece and Turkey. The other three jets left on Thursday afternoon.

# Eskimos surrender to lure of oil

BY KATHERINE BUTLER  
Nuuk

EVERYBODY at Greenlandair has a sense of humour. The film the fight between Copenhagen and the farthest out-of-the-Danish Kingdom is *Willy*, the US-made horse hit about a boy whose best friend is a whale.

Half of the passengers are wearing whale-tooth pendants round their necks. Some are carrying sealskin bags. Old Inuit men with ocean-going rifles watch in bemusement as the 20,000kg Orca evades another slaughter.

Every fishing boat in the harbour at Nuuk, the capital of Greenland, is equipped with a harpoon gun. Here, the mention of *Willy* makes people smile with resentment: "Yes I saw it. A boy and a killer whale," Anthon Siegstad, head of the national hunters association says, shaking his head as he looks out across the ards. "This is the kind of emotional and cultural dishonesty which has destroyed a way of life for many people here. We



The port of Nuuk (right) could make a fortune from oil, while the eskimos' traditional lifestyle is under threat  
Katherine Butler

don't make films about your factory pigs and cows."

Sentimentality about the environment or its inhabitants is alien to the Inuit psyche. Animals, like the land and the ocean, are held in a reverence and respect bordering on the

spiritual. But the Eskimo has never seen a conflict between this and the expectation that a whale or a seal should from time to time give itself up to sustain human life.

On the street corners of the capital people gather with rifles

over their shoulders ready for a day hunting seals. Under the rules of the International Whaling Commission, aboriginal whaling is still permitted but the quota of around 120 minke (unendangered) whales a year is too small to meet Greenland's

domestic demand (whale was never exported) and even this is under sustained international attack.

No Greenlander has ever clubbed a baby seal to death, yet they were tarred by Greenpeace with the same brush as

the commercial hunters of Newfoundland. Greenpeace later apologised but the damage was done. The markets for sealskin have been wiped out, with huge social and economic consequences. Greenpeace has been renamed Greenshirt in

many Inuit villages. Commercial fishing, the only industry, is also under threat. Lucrative cod stocks have all but disappeared after a two-degree drop in the ocean temperature.

Other economic hopes are remote. Tourism is almost non-existent as there is no infrastructure and Greenland remains dependent on Danish grant aid for 60 per cent of the national income.

But Greenlanders could be sitting on a gold mine. The helicopters of multinational oil companies and mineral prospectors are swarming over the biggest island in the world. And the rumour is that after years of inactivity - the last cryolite mines closed in the mid-1980s, Greenland is on the brink of a mining explosion.

Two weeks ago, the Prime Minister, Jonathan Motzfeldt, signed off-shore exploration licences for the Scandinavian oil giants Statoil and Phillips in the Danish Strait, the waters between Canada and Greenland. Seismic testing has shown exciting results. Potential oil and gas basins cover 400,000 square kilometres. New technology means drilling at 1,200 metres is possible, reducing the danger of collision with icebergs.

In a key political development meanwhile on 1 July, after a long battle with their ultimate rulers the Danes, Greenlanders will secure full control of the administration of mineral resources. That will almost certainly lead to a big surge in Arctic mining activity. The revenue would release Greenland from its economic

of mining companies and we have a continent full of minerals on our hands. This could be the basis for a new relationship," says Lars Vesterbirk, the man who negotiated Greenland's secession from the then EEC, in 1985.

But mining risks bringing Greenlanders into conflict once more with environmental groups and radical animal rights movements. The Arctic environment and ecological balance is "extremely vulnerable", says John Walter, a Greenpeace International spokesman. "Pipeline technology is untested in these conditions," he says, adding that there would be huge risk of spills. Oil running through the pipe radiates heat and destabilises ice. And if there is a spill, it would be frozen for nine months of the year which would be an ecological disaster.

Apart from the environment, a Klondike scenario opens up the prospect of cultural and social upheaval. Studies comparing what happened in Alaska have been commissioned by the government.

Meanwhile, public support for mining is growing. Twenty-five years ago when Lars Vesterbirk went around Greenland's outlying communities to talk to Inuit people about mining, he was met with stones and rotten eggs. Now he says: "Resistance has crumbled. Younger ones know it is the key to political independence and prosperity and all the political parties are now agreed it is the only way to broaden our economic base. The cod are not coming back."

Adrian Redmond believes the potential for mistakes is enormous. "The consequences could be colossal. It would be very worrying if Greenland was to go the same way as Alaska. That is why everyone must be involved in deciding on the choices."

Nuuk, a sleepy, port town of 13,000 people, a church, a hotel, a couple of bars and a few shops, would be at the centre of an oil boom. It could become Las Vegas overnight he says, and the rest of the country could go down hill. "This is a



A fisherman slaughters a seal Katherine Butler

dependence on Denmark. Political ties with Copenhagen could be severed leaving Greenland to decide its own terms for international negotiations such as the US airbase at Thule.

"For years people have been saying there's gold in them thar hills," says Adrian Redmond a British consultant, "but the geologists now believe they are on the verge of something big."

Other mineral-rich parts of the globe might be easier to access but they lack political stability. The big question is whether the resources here can be extracted profitably.

Canadian prospectors sitting in the bars of Nuuk speak with wide eyes of the gold, diamonds, rubies and opals they have seen. Big Canadian names such as Falconbridge, Cominco and Platinova have taken out licences to explore along most of the western coast. US and Australian interests have also arrived.

Greenland's leaders are confident they could interest the European Union in a major mining deal. "Europe has a lot

moral political and ideological dilemma for Greenland because the nation could simply drown if the wealth comes too quickly."

Extraction of minerals would seriously challenge the Inuit concept that it is not possible to privately own land. Another question is how would the wealth be managed. Would Greenlanders wisely hold spending at today's levels or would they spend it all and become the sheiks of the Arctic?

The debate will put immense strain on the Inuit desire to be a modern independent people with the necessary self-determination to protect their culture and ethnic uniqueness.

"We are living in the modern world and have the same economic needs as everyone else. We are not here to live out the fantasies of white people about Eskimos," says Aqqaluk Lynge, chairman of a pan-Inuit movement.

But how the Inuit will hold on to their cultural heritage and even their language, in the face of the inevitable new colonialism of the oil and mining giants remains unanswered.

TERESA POOLE

'He was nick-named "One Chop Zhu" for cutting through the bureaucracy for foreign investors'

— WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 5

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF  
VLADIMIR STASYUK, SIBERIAN MINER

## Waiting for Boris to give me my salary

**Vladimir Stasyuk** has done very little this week. He has sat in the sun, taken the occasional stroll, swatted flies, chatted with friends. Yet his time has been well spent. He and 250 other miners are camping outside the White House, the headquarters of the Russian government, in the middle of Moscow. For months the nation's coal miners have been protesting about late wages, dangerous conditions, and pit closures. They have blocked the Trans-Siberian railway and held directors hostage. But Mr Stasyuk and his colleagues decided to take their grievances to the heart of the capital. This month they set off by train from his home in Vorkuta, a gulag Arctic city built by Stalin in the 1930s, and arrived - three days later - to set up a makeshift encampment. As he and his work mates sat there all week, a knot of human indignation, they whiled away the hours by reading the papers.

**MONDAY'S HEADLINE:** "Moscow suffers record-breaking heat." Mr Stasyuk is not used to this. Temperatures have reached 35 degrees. When he and his work mates left Vorkuta it was only just above freezing. Now the miners are getting sunburnt. They have made hats out of newspapers, and are wearing home-made paper nose shields. It would be tempting to start drinking, but this protest is tightly disciplined. The men know one intoxicated outburst would provide an excuse to the police

to move them out. Alcohol is banned. Instead Mr Stasyuk drinks kvass, a soft drink made from fermented rye bread. Gallons have been delivered by the capital's mayor, Yuri Luzhkov. The mayor, who wants to be president and knows a voter when he sees one, has also sent along pies and salad. This does not impress Mr Stasyuk. He does not much like Moscow. Its wealth - the new Jeeps and Mercedes, the casinos and boutiques - serves as a harsh and constant reminder that his wages have ended up in someone else's pockets. The contrast between the capital and his own monotonic city is vast.

**TUESDAY'S HEADLINE:** "Clearing up after English jobs riot at the World Cup". The paradox has not escaped Mr Stasyuk. Drunk and porcine youths from Britain, a rich and stable country, storm through the streets for no good reason, while the people of Russia - a vast nation on its knees - calmly struggle on. Yet few have more reason to riot than he. He only ended up in Vorkuta because of a nasty trick of history. In 1944, Stalin's secret police sent his father to the Arctic mines, along with every other male in his home town in Ukraine, after they were swept up in a mass arrest sparked by the murder of a Russian soldier. Mr Stasyuk had little choice but to spend his life literally hacking a livelihood for his wife and two daughters out of the ground, more than half a mile beneath the tundra. When he

started work two decades ago, the miners had become the elite of the Soviet work force. The pay was good; his apartment was cheap, and he got 43 days' holiday a year. Now the industry has collapsed; seven of Vorkuta's 13 mines have closed. As conditions deteriorate, there have been accidents. In 27 January, miners died in a shaft explosion in Vorkuta.

**WEDNESDAY'S HEADLINE:** "Anatoly Chubais, chief architect of Russia's economic transition, returns to power". Mr Chubais, back in the government after being sacked in March, has long favoured a radical overhaul of Russia's coal mining industry, which is hugely subsidised. The government, helped by the World Bank, is closing about half Russia's 200 pits. Tens of thousands of jobs have already gone, and many, many more

are for the chop. The Kremlin's message is the same as Margaret Thatcher's in the early 1980s: miners in loss-making pits must find something else to do. Mr Stasyuk, 44, has tried that. He has a passion for making plastic model American and British war planes. A few years back, he tried to sell them in the local market. It was a flop: his stall was no sooner laid out than the mafia pitched up, demanding a fee. "I wasn't in the business for very long," he said. He tells his story to illustrate a larger point: that it is far harder for Russian miners to find a new job than the government seems to realise. There's not much choice in the Arctic.

**THURSDAY'S HEADLINE:** "Russia Buys Time by raising \$2.5bn on the international bond market". The government urgently needs the money to pay back short-term

loans which it needs, in turn, to pay wages. Billions are flowing in and out of the coffers every week as the Kremlin carries on this desperate balancing act. Will any of this money ever reach Mr Stasyuk? A few days ago, a minister told him and his friends that their wages had been sent to Vorkuta. They checked. No one at home knew anything about it. Last month, Mr Stasyuk was actually paid. But his wage packet - 3000 roubles (£300) - was for September 1997. He does not expect the situation to improve - "I see no prospects in life, in the economy or in the government" - but his gloom is briefly relieved by today's two small triumphs: a free lunch in a factory canteen and the arrival of dozens of banner-waving scientists, who join their protest.

SOME OF them have been marching to Moscow from out-

lying towns since Monday. Later, the leader of the Russian Communist Party, Gennady Zyuganov, also turns up. He gets a less ecstatic welcome. The Vorkuta miners have fallen out of love with Boris Yeltsin - once their hero - but they don't much like the Communists either. Their home is, after all, the burial ground for Stalin's victims.

**Friday's headline:** "Miners break into Parliament". About a dozen of them, to be exact. They banged their helmets on the floor and handed in a petition demanding Boris Yeltsin's impeachment. It coincided with a decision by parliamentarians to set up a commission to consider the issue. But such threats have come and gone before, and are largely symbolic. Mr Yeltsin's chances of keeping his job are - as Mr Stasyuk and his friends know very well - far stronger than their own.

PHIL REEVES



Associated Press

# Chinese warm to Clinton visit

BY TERESA POOLE  
in Peking

Mr Clinton's trip might promote more liberalism in China. He was impressed by the plan for Mr Clinton to host a live radio phone-in programme in Shanghai, and was curious to hear what he would say. "Sooner or later a Chinese president should do that, it is natural," he said. He thought the Tiananmen Square welcoming ceremony was "also controversial in China. Some people are in favour of that, some are against".

Whether the Chinese government likes it or not, Mr Clinton's arrival and his public addresses here will turn the world's spotlight on the country's human rights record and some see this as an opportunity. Peng Ming, who runs an independent policy research institute, said: "The US government and Western governments should put some human rights requirements to the Chinese government." He hoped the state visit would encourage China to sign the UN Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, which Peking has said it will.

China is gearing up for its most important state visit since the bloodshed which ended the June 1989 Tiananmen Square demonstrations. Unlike many right-wing American politicians, most ordinary Chinese welcome the President's venture. "His visit is extremely helpful for improving China's economic development," said one man. "Clinton's visit is conducive to improving the human rights situation in China," said an assistant in a department store.

Last weekend, the US Senate Majority Leader, Trent Lott, warned that Mr Clinton faced a "public relations disaster" if he visited Tiananmen Square during the visit, from 25 June to 3 July. The US House of Representatives earlier passed a non-binding resolution urging him not to attend the welcome ceremony.

Some dissidents and the families of June 1989 victims have spoken out against the ceremony. Ding Zelin, whose son was killed in the crackdown, and who has campaigned for others who lost relatives, said: "The red carpet is dyed with the blood of our relatives who have fallen."

Leading article, page 3

A Peking businessman said

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	Aberdeen/Dyce	O	Skene Ohu	AA ***
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	Llandrindod Wells	O	Glen Usk	HB £30
	Moffat	O	Mercury	HB £34
	Newcastle	O	County Thistle	AA *** HB £32
	Newcastle	O	Hospitality Inn	AA *** HB £32
	Newcastle	O	Northumbria	HB £32
	Plymouth	O	Astor	HB £37
B&B £29	Birmingham	O	Strathallan Thistle	AA ****
	Bristol	O	Grand Thistle	AA ****
	Glasgow	O	Tinto Fir Thistle	AA ***
	Glasgow (Milngavie)	O	Black Bull Thistle	AA *** HB £42
	Harrowgate	O	Holiday Inn	AA *** HB £43
	Haydock	O	Haydock Thistle	AA *** HB £42
	Irving	O	Holiday Inn	AA *** HB £40
	Leeds	O	Merrion Thistle	AA *** HB £40
	Llangollen	O	Hand	AA *** HB £40
	Teeside Airport	O	St George	AA *** HB £42
B&B £35	Aberdeen	O	Caledonian Thistle	RAC **** HB £47
	Carlisle	O	Crown & Mitre	RAC *** HB £48
	Glasgow	O	Macdonald Thistle	AA *** HB £49
	Harrogate	O	Holiday Inn	AA *** HB £47
	Nottingham	O	Strathdow Thistle	AA *** HB £47
	Windermere	O	Windermere Hydro	HB £45
B&B £39	Basingstoke	O	Audleys Wood Thistle	AA *** HB £47
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	Brands Hatch	O	(A Thistle Country House Hotel) Brands Hatch Thistle	AA *** HB £54
	Castle Donington	O	Donington Thistle	AA *** HB £56
	Grasmere	X	Prince of Wales Thistle	AA *** HB £56
	St Albans	O	Nook Thistle	AA *** HB £50
	Wellingford/Oxford	O	George Thistle	AA *** HB £50
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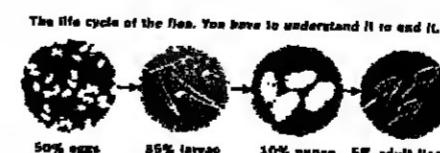
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PROGRAM® is given once a month in your pet's food, or alternatively, just for cats, as a six-monthly injection by your vet. There is no mess or residue. Nothing can be washed off,ugged off or rubbed off onto furniture. That's why PROGRAM® is so effective.

Ask your vet about PROGRAM®.

PROGRAM® is made by Novartis, the world's leading life sciences company. Its high safety profile is proven on over 50 million cats and dogs worldwide. That's why it's strongly recommended, even for puppies, kittens and pregnant females. See your vet to make sure your pet's protection is assured with PROGRAM®.



Now available from your vet!  
PROGRAM® Injectable for cats:  
Six months' protection in one injection

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# BUSINESS

## BRIEFING

### RAC members approve spin-off

THE ROYAL Automobile Club yesterday moved closer to demutualisation as its members overwhelmingly endorsed a proposal to spin off its roadside assistance service. The vote at an extraordinary general meeting was the first step in a two-stage process to sell RAC Motoring Services to US direct marketing group Cendant for £250m. Following the reorganisation, members plan to vote again in August on whether to complete the sale.

### Results snag hits Claremont

**CLAREMONT GARMENTS**  
share price, pence

Source: [JASONJFMAM](http://www.jasonjfmam.com)

Spencer had been hit by a combination of negative factors, including a report in *Investors' Chronicle* that Claremont shares faced suspension by the Stock Exchange if the company failed to file its results by 27 June. Claremont had planned to release its results in March, the report said, but while the accounts were being compiled the accountants found a "black hole" of unpaid import duty. Since then, auditors have been trying to establish the scale of the tax burden Claremont faces. The tax bill will come on top of a significant loss for the year, outlined by Claremont in a profits warning in March.

### Torotrak to raise £50m

BTG SAID its shareholders will receive one share in its Torotrak engineering subsidiary for each share they already own in BTG after the company goes ahead with a planned spin-off of the unit on 24 July. BTG, which specialises in patents for new technologies, will retain a 5 per cent stake in the company. It added that Torotrak plans to raise £50m in a rights offer following the spin-off to provide capital for the development of Torotrak's infinitely variable transmission system, which reduces vehicle fuel consumption by at least 20 per cent. The demerger requires the approval of BTG shareholders.

### STOCK MARKETS

**FTSE 100**

**DOW JONES**

**NIKKEI**

Source: [JASONJFMAM](http://www.jasonjfmam.com)

BRITISH TELECOM is on the verge of signing a major strategic alliance in the US which would go some way to making up for the failure of its merger with MCI. An announcement is expected to be made next month.

BT is believed to be in detailed negotiations with AT&T the US long-distance giant. It has also held talks with Bell Atlantic, the local operator

Shares in BT rose above 700p for the first time in their history yesterday on reports that BT's chief executive, Sir Peter Bonfield, and Michael Armstrong, his counterpart at AT&T, had agreed to form a joint venture which would include the two companies' international businesses.

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

Both companies refused to comment. Shares in BT firmed 5.5p to 700p in a falling market as analysts welcomed the prospect of the company finally finding a US partner. "It's all very well being a strong player in Europe, but you have to make your mark in the US," said one.

However, analysts were unsure how an international alliance would be structured. British Telecom executives are particularly keen to find a way for Concert, the subsidiary which specialises in offering specialised telecommunications services to multinationals, to gain access to businesses in the US.

Although Concert has been successful at picking up business in the UK and Europe, the US market offers much more potential because most multinationals are based there.

However, a partnership with AT&T would raise potential conflicts. The US group has a 36 per cent shareholding in World Partners, the global telecoms alliance which includes KDD, the Japanese giant, Singapore Telecom and Australia's Telstra. World Partners offers similar services to Concert.

Meanwhile, AT&T also offers similar services to large companies in Europe through its joint venture with Unisource, the alliance of Dutch, Italian and Swiss telecoms operators.

As a result, an alliance between BT and AT&T would involve BT winding up Concert and switching its customer base to World Partners. Alternatively, AT&T would pull out of Unisource to join Concert.

Analysts said the move would ease the fierce competition in the multinational telecoms market. "Structurally, for the multinational market it wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing if two of the largest players decided to collaborate rather than compete," said Deborah McCutcheon, telecoms analyst at Robert Fleming. "But it would require an enormous amount of back-tracking by both companies."

Any deal between BT and AT&T -

the dominant players in their respective markets - would be subject to detailed scrutiny from competition authorities in the US and EU.

Nevertheless, BT is shortly expected to announce a US partner ship of some kind. Its strategy is still officially on hold until it receives the \$7bn (£4.3bn) cash payment from MCI which will only arrive once the MCI-WorldCom deal is completed, probably towards the end of July.

However, this does not stop BT from unveiling other partnerships. Analysts believe that the company may choose to make further announcements around the time of its annual general meeting on 15 July.

## PDFM set to be sold for £1.8bn

BY LEA PATERSON

Rumours about the identities of potential bidders were rife yesterday. Speculation focused on the large US banks, in particular Goldman Sachs. Some analysts predicted a deal with one of the larger European banks could be on the cards.

A UBS spokeswoman confirmed that the board was reviewing the role of PDFM. She said: "We are reviewing a number of activities. PDFM is one of those. Selling is one of the options, but it is not the only one." The spokeswoman added that she expected the UBS board to come to a decision about PDFM "in July sometime".

Sources said any deal would need to have the backing of the PDFM management.

Mr Dye, PDFM's chief investment officer declined to comment. Mr Dye achieved a degree of notoriety after PDFM took up a strong cash position at a time when stock markets were booming.

Fund managers are currently attracting steady stock market valuations, following the sale of Mercury Asset Management (MAM) to Merrill Lynch of the US for £1.1bn.

One analyst, who declined to be named, said: "MAM was sold for around 3 per cent of its assets under management. If you applied a similar figure to PDFM, that gets you to £1.8bn, although, to be frank, PDFM is unlikely to fetch that price. I would expect the price to be nearer to 2 per cent of assets under management (around £1.2bn)."



Names go through a security check to attend the Lloyd's annual general meeting yesterday Neville Elder

BY ANDREW VERTIY

### Lloyds Names dig their heels in

make money and not to be bought out on the cheap."

Names at the annual general meeting said managing agents had made alarmist statements about tough conditions in the market. This reduced the value of their holdings, so that corporate members could buy them out.

Lady Rhona Delves-Broughton, a Name, said: "Many Names are here for the long term. We are here to

make money and not to be bought out on the cheap."

Members' agents such as Roberts & Hiscox have recently urged Names to leave the market by next year, claiming premiums are so low there is little profit to be made.

But the Names complain that members' agents, who look after the interests of individual Names, are also managing agents for corpo-

rate members, which could benefit from a cheap sale.

Michael Deeny, another Name, said: "It is being asked whether a few individuals are trying to panic Names into leaving the market so they can buy their capacity at the bottom of the underwriting cycle. Experienced Names will reject this black propaganda."

The comments followed a speech by Max Taylor, chair-

man of Lloyd's, in which he reassured Names there were no plans to get rid of the annual venture, the costly means by which Names get exposure to Lloyd's every year.

But he said Lloyd's had to adapt to the future. The trend was to permanent corporate capital, he said.

Sir David Berriman, chairman of the Association of Lloyd's members, said: "In the past there was no corporate capital and it was the individual members who bailed out Lloyd's of London. We represent the implication we are holding back Lloyd's of London. We are not Luddites."

### US deal frees Astra to pursue mergers

ASTRA, THE Swedish pharmaceuticals group, yesterday moved a step closer to a merger with one of its rivals as it regained control of its US joint venture with drugs group Merck in a deal worth a minimum of \$4.4bn (£2.6bn).

The agreement frees Astra from a requirement to sell all its new products in the US through Merck. The arrangement was seen as one of the biggest barriers to a tie-up between Astra and another player in the rapidly-consolidating pharmaceutical industry.

Zeneca of the UK has been mentioned as a possible partner for the Swedish group, although the company would not comment yesterday.

If Astra were to merge or be taken over, Merck would lose

any right to income from new products but would receive compensation of up to \$1.5bn.

The deal will boost Astra profits by more than 5 per cent after 2000 and save \$100m a year in costs, although it would lead to a fall in earnings in the first two years of operation.

Merck's senior vice-president, Judy Lewent, said the deal would improve her company's profits from day one.

The Swedish company, the world's 18th-largest drug group, said it would merge Astra Merck with its existing US subsidiary and rename it Astra Pharmaceuticals. The new entity will have 3,800 employees. It will be headed by Carl-Gustaf Johansson, Astra's executive vice-president.

DIAGEO, THE drinks business formed from the merger of Guinness and Grand Metropolitan, found itself at the centre of a jobs row yesterday after it announced 850 job losses and the closure of the group's Edinburgh head office.

The company is closing two bottling plants, one in Lezzen, Essex with the loss of 220 jobs, and another in Strathleven in Dumbarton with 560 redundancies. The closures are set to take place by autumn 2000.

However, the most controversial move is the decision to close Distillers House, the Edinburgh head office which employs 250 staff. More than half of these will be made redundant with the rest either moved to the operating businesses or

located in a new, smaller head office in the centre of Edinburgh.

It is a decision even Ernest

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Guinness chairman, did not dare make after he finally won the bitter takeover battle for United Distillers in 1986.

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### Fury over Diageo job losses and closures

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### TOURIST RATES

AUSTRALIA (\$)		MEXICO (nuevo peso)	
2,6330		13.72	
Austria (schillings)	20.40	Netherlands (guilder)	3.2718
Belgium (francs)	55.97	New Zealand (\$)	3.0729
Canada (\$)	2,3902	Norway (kroner)	12.35
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8468	Portugal (escudos)	295.15
Denmark (krone)	11.13	Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0751
Finland (markka)	8,6714	Singapore (\$)	2,6498
France (francs)	9,7397	Spain (pesetas)	245.60
Germany (marks)	2,9135	South Africa (rand)	8,7744
Greece (drachma)	490.04	Sweden (korone)	12.94
Hong Kong (\$)	12.53	Switzerland (francs)	2,4337
Ireland (pounds)	1,1489	Thailand (bahts)	56.88
Indian (rupees)	64.70	Turkey (tlras)	422227
Israel (shekels)	5,6731	USA (\$)	1.6302
Italy (lira)	2873		
Japan (yen)	223.01		
Malaysia (ringgit)	6.2892		
Malta (lira)	0.6305		

[www.bloomberg.com/uk](http://www.bloomberg.com) SOURCE: Bloomberg

Rates for indication purposes only

Source: Thomas Cook

### AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

#### LONDON

WORRIES THAT interest rates will be forced higher unsettled the stock market, and Footsie lost an early gain to end 64 points down at 5,748.1. Second and third-line shares were also in the doldrums. Superstores were boosted by evidence of strong food sales in the weekly John Lewis Partnership survey, while drug stocks strengthened on the deal between Sweden's Astra and Merck of the US. BT was at one time up 25.5p in response to the rumoured link with America's AT&T; the shares ended 5.5p higher at 700p, a closing peak.

#### NEW YORK

BLUE CHIPS turned mildly negative in choppy early trading, weighed down by weakness in Walt Disney

# Is it time the DTI was disbanded?

MARGARET BECKETT, President of the Board of Trade, has had a bad week. First of all, she was very publicly outmanoeuvred over the minimum wage. She wanted the Low Pay Commission's recommendations fully implemented, but she was overruled, apparently because Tony Blair and the Chancellor thought the commission's proposals might result in job losses at a critical point in the economic cycle.

Behind the scenes, the Treasury also put the kibosh on DTI proposals to introduce profit sharing into economic regulation of the privatised utilities. This was once a fully fledged policy for government when Labour was in opposition, proposed as a way of targeting supposedly excessive profits among the utilities. Since then it has been watered down and watered down. I'm told it has now been quietly buried altogether.

Then there was Mrs Beckett's speech to the British Chambers of Commerce annual meeting in Birmingham in which she chose to defend her record mergers policy. This went down like a lead balloon, not because anyone wildly disagreed with what she was saying, but because the subject of global mega mergers is about as relevant to the ordinary everyday concerns of small to medium sized business as a teabag note.



JEREMY WARNER

*It looks like Mrs Beckett is about to get a final slap in the face before being put out to pasture in the summer reshuffle*

Now it looks as though she's about to get the final slap in the face before being put out to pasture in the summer reshuffle. This comes in the form of the coal review, about which there was heated toing and froing between the Treasury and the DTI all this week. There could hardly be a more poignant old versus new Labour issue

than this one. At stake are 5,000 jobs in the coal mining industry. This is obviously a large number and for many of these people, there is no alternative employment near the pits where they work. Furthermore, mining has a special place deep at the heart of the Labour tradition.

In the scale of things, however, these jobs are a drop in the ocean. Certainly they wouldn't seem to justify the sort of intervention in the energy market needed to save them. Nonetheless, Margaret Beckett supported by the Paymaster General Geoffrey Robinson, who has clung to the coal review like a rock in the midst of all his other troubles, think the price worth paying. They want the present moratorium on all new gas fired power stations extended indefinitely. The effect of this would be to save remaining coal fired power stations from absolute extinction and thus guarantee a continuing market for the pits.

An ingenious way has been found for dressing up the policy. This would not actually interfere in the market, it is claimed, but rather an attempt to make the market more competitive. The new gas fired capacity hasn't increased competition at all, it is argued. Because most of it has been built on the basis of sweat heart deals with electricity distributors, it has instead dis-

torted the market and prevented coal from getting a fair hearing.

All the same, an absolute ban on gas fired stations when there are still plenty of companies around who want to build them cannot in the end be seen as anything other than an infringement of free market principles, whichever way the argument is cut. The result is likely to be a messy compromise, a partial ban which allows both sides of the debate to claim partial victory.

But underneath the rhetoric, Margaret Beckett and the forces of old Labour will have lost again. Ironically, given how many policy disagreements there seem to have been between the Trade Secretary and the Chancellor, Gordon Brown may be the only one who can save her. They are old political allies and Mr Brown is nothing if not loyal. Alternatively, the time may have come to disband the DTI altogether and subsume its functions into the Treasury and elsewhere.

Given the regularity with which the Trade Secretary is losing the policy battle, it does rather leave you wondering what purpose the department now serves. The Treasury has always harboured after a wider role in the UK economy than that of controlling the nation's purse strings. Its time may finally have come.

I'M INFORMED by our New York correspondent that press coverage of the Goldman Sachs flotation in the US has been but a tiny fraction of the huge quantity of column inches devoted to it here in the UK, even though Goldman Sachs is a US based investment bank.

Moreover, the tone of the reporting has been quite different. In the US the \$35bn float has tended to be treated as a straight business story and the analysis has concentrated on the merits or otherwise of converting from a partnership into a joint stock company. In the UK, a vast amount of space has been devoted to the story outside business pages, and usually it has been reported as City fat catery.

This tells you a lot about the continuing cultural differences between the US and the UK. Despite the Thatcher reforms of the 1980s, we are still generally suspicious and jealous of unherited wealth, unless it is made by sports and rock stars, which seems to make it somehow alright.

I don't want to act as a mouthpiece for Goldman Sachs (I'd get paid a lot more than I am if that were my role), but personally I can see nothing wrong with the firm's partners and employees enriching themselves in this way. The *raison d'être* of an investment bank is to make money. Some in-

vestment bankers pretend to a higher purpose - we're there to help advance the general prosperity of the world and other such guff - but actually the most successful investment bankers are those wholly focused on the fee and the turn.

In the case of Goldman Sachs, this is their own business which is about to be floated; it is their hard work, commitment and expertise which has helped make it into the world's most profitable and successful investment bank, and nobody, apart perhaps from future generations of aspiring Goldman Sachs partners, is being disadvantaged or ripped off by the change.

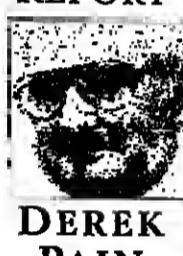
The moral point about whether anyone "deserves" such wealth is an irrelevance. Nobody "deserves" wealth on this scale for it is surely more than anyone could sensibly spend in a lifetime.

Nonetheless, we work within a tried and tested economic model. A system that encourages the concentration and realisation of wealth through honest endeavour seems to be better capable of creating wealth for all of us than any of the alternatives.

There is still a lot of hypocrisy in Britain when it comes to money. The Goldman Sachs partners should be held up as a role model for all, not pilloried as City fat cats.

## Witching hour passes quietly as shares slip

### MARKET REPORT



DEREK PAIN

THE FEARED double witching was completed without even a hint of excitement.

During the often-frantic 20 minutes when there can be a scramble to influence the Footsie calculation, as futures and options expire, trading was described as "quiet and orderly".

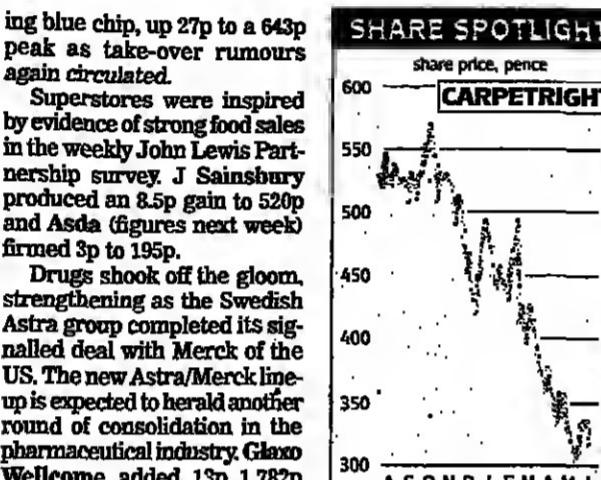
It was all a sharp contrast to the March double witching when Footsie swung violently as expiry pressure and the vagaries of the order-driven trading system created 20 minutes of chaos.

The Stock Exchange was so apprehensive this time that it took the unusual step of contacting firms to underline the dangers of volatile trading and the need to take care when dealing for clients.

Footsie, however, had a poor session as fears of higher interest rates eroded confidence. The index ended 64 points off at 5,748.1. Earlier it managed a 19.2-point gain.

Supporting indices were again in the dumps with the mid cap down 60.7 at 5,598.5. This sector has had a calamitous time since peaking at 5,906.6 last week, falling for eight consecutive days.

Compass, the contract caterer, was the best perform-



ing blue chip, up 27p to a 643p peak as take-over rumours again circulated.

Superstores were inspired by evidence of strong food sales in the weekly John Lewis Partnership survey. J Sainsbury produced an 8.5p gain to 526p and Asda (figures next week) firmed 5p to 195p.

Drugs shook off the gloom, strengthening as the Swedish Astra group completed its signal deal with Merck of the US. The new Astra/Merck line-up is expected to herald another round of consolidation in the pharmaceutical industry. Glaxo Wellcome added 13p to 1,782p and SmithKline Beecham 4p to 785p. But Zeneca, thought to be Astra's favoured partner, failed to build on its Thursday gain, falling 15p to 2,610p. BT Alex Brown, unsettled by news of a take-over, hit 220p.

Cable & Wireless, withstanding its legal action against MCI, once BT's chosen partner, rose 1.5p to 675p. British Petroleum fell 28p to 831p but Lehman Brothers has put an 1,100p price-tag on the shares.

THE TWO quoted shares of Young & Co's Brewery rolled to new highs, the "A" gaining 40p to 790p and the non-voters 30p to 652.5p. The ferment stems from moves by financial group Guinness Peat to streamline the family controlled group's old-fashioned share structure.

It has tabled resolutions to be considered at next month's shareholders meeting. GP has 17.7 per cent of the voting "A" shares; another class of voting equity is the unquoted "B" shares through which the company is controlled. GP director Blake Nixon says the "A" shares command a net asset value of 983p. "Few other listed pub groups' shares trade at any discount to net asset value".

SEAG VOLUME: 925.6m SEAG TRADES: 75,523 GILT INDEX: n/a

This notice is issued in compliance with the requirements of London Stock Exchange Limited ("the London Stock Exchange"). It does not constitute an offer or invitation to any member of the public to subscribe for or purchase any shares.

Application has been made to the London Stock Exchange for all of the New Ordinary Shares, New Income Shares and New Zero Coupon Preference Shares in Exmoor Dual Investment Trust PLC to be issued pursuant to the Placing and Offer to be admitted to the Official List. It is expected that listing will become effective and that separate dealings in the New Ordinary Shares, New Income Shares and New Zero Coupon Preference Shares will commence on 20 July 1998.

The Offer and Cash Election are not being made directly or indirectly, or in or into the United States, Canada, Australia or the Republic of Ireland. Accordingly, copies of the Prospectus containing details of the Placing and Offer, Application Form, Form of Election and any other related documents must not be sent by mail, facsimile transmission, telex or any other method to persons resident in the United States, Canada, Australia or the Republic of Ireland.

### Exmoor Dual Investment Trust PLC

(Incorporated in England and Wales under the Companies Act 1985, No. 2237536)

Recommended Capital Reorganisation and

#### Placing and Offer

of up to 34,592,500 New Ordinary Shares of 25p, and up to 34,532,500 New Income Shares of 25p and up to 63,935,000 New Zero Coupon Preference Shares of 25p

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HOARE GOVETT LIMITED

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#### Share Capital

The authorised and issued share capital of the Company immediately following completion of the Reorganisation and Placing and Offer (on the basis of the Company's net asset value on 16 June 1998 and assuming full subscription of the Placing and Offer) is expected to be:

Authorized

Number £ Ordinary Shares of 25p each Number £ Income Shares of 25p each Number £ Zero Coupon Preference Shares of 25p each

55,425,833 13,856,458.25 40,000,000 10,000,000.00 77,865,833 19,466,458.25 40,000,000 10,000,000.00 108,601,664 27,150,416.30 50,000,000 20,000,000.00

Copies of the Prospectus dated 19 June 1998 relating to Exmoor Dual Investment Trust PLC, which has been published, may be obtained during normal business hours (Saturdays and public holidays excepted) until 3 July 1998 by collection only from the Company Announcement Office, London Stock Exchange, Old Broad Street, London EC2N 1HP and until 13 July 1998 from:

Exmoor Dual Investment Trust PLC 23 Cathedral Yard Theodore Goddard 150 Aldersgate Street London EC1A 4EJ

Hoare Govett Limited 4 Broadgate London EC2M 7LE

20 June 1998

## Maxwell man's injunction fails

BY JOHN WILLCOCK

ROBERT BUNN, former finance director of the private side of Robert Maxwell's business empire, yesterday lost his attempt to block transmission of a BBC documentary on Sunday which contains details of a confession he made to police in 1992.

Mr Justice Lightman ruled in the High Court yesterday that Mr Bunn's confession to dishonest behaviour was in the public domain as it had been referred to in court during the first Maxwell trial.

Mr Bunn's lawyers issued a writ on Wednesday seeking an injunction against the BBC over its programme *Nightmare on Elm Street*, the second in the BBC2 series "Fraudbusters".

Mr Bunn's writ claimed that the confession which he made to police in 1992 and which was subsequently obtained by the programme was confidential.

Mr Bunn's writ had also sought an injunction against Gollancz, publishers of a book "Fraudbusters" by the series producer and writer Mark Kishl. Mr Justice Lightman rejected this application as well.

A transcript of the interview, which took place at Snow Hill Po-

lice station in London in October 1992 with Detective Inspector Stephen Morgan, shows that shares in Berlitz International were pledged illegally as collateral for bank loans by the Maxwell private companies in order to raise funds.

D1 Morgan states "... So that would amount to an illegal use of the Berlitz shares?" Mr Bunn replies: "That's correct". D1 Morgan: "You were in effect deceiving the Toronto Dominion Bank" Mr Bunn: "Yes".

D1 Morgan continues: "On the face of it, you've been involved here on a series of occasions in deceiving banks by telling them that shares that you believe are owned by Maxwell Communications are in fact owned by Robert Maxwell Group?" Mr Bunn: "That's right". D1 Morgan: "And you'd accept that you acted dishonestly on these occasions?" Mr Bunn: "Yes".

In the first Maxwell trial Mr Bunn was among a series of defendants, including the tycoon's sons Kevin and Ian Maxwell, who were accused of fraud and theft charges. The defendants were cleared on all the charges. A judge later ruled that a second Maxwell trial would be "unfair" on the defendants.

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# SPORT

The first Grand Slam: In 1938 the American Donald Budge dominated the tennis world in unprecedented fashion

## A time when Wimbledon played to a different tune

HIS FATHER played football for Glasgow Rangers... He wrote to Hitler pleading for the release of his rival from a Nazi jail... He enjoyed jazz but was spellbound by Pablo Casals. Such was the remarkable Donald Budge the first player to win the lawn tennis Grand Slam.

It was 1938, yet it seems like yesterday when in my £12, 1926 Austin Seven two-seater I made my way to Wimbledon. Its roof had long since blown away and was last seen disappearing along Constitution Hill and the radiator leak had been sealed by adding a raw egg to the water. It leaked like it might rain, and later it did, but with my green porkpie hat jammed on my head, I drove from Streatham Hill, carefully dodging the tramlines, to SE19. It was a short journey but it was a prelude to a love song which was to last a lifetime.

In this pre-soundbite era, winning the Australian, French, Wimbledon and United States Championships in the same year did not have an epithet. That came when a bridge-playing New York sports-

writer compared Budge's then unique performance to winning all 13 tricks. Since then the Grand Slam has become the crown of tennis crowns to which only the greatest have aspired.

What a year 1938 was. Howard Hughes had flown around the world in a record three days, 19 hours and 17 minutes; Princess Elizabeth became a Girl Guide and her young sister a Brownie; Bette Davis won an Academy Award for *Jesabel*, and they gave us gas masks. We knew there was going to be a war and we danced the days and nights away trying to do all our living before the dying started.

For now the only battles we were interested in were the Test matches against the Australians and the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wim-

beldon which were the elegant climax to London's summer season. With a cover press pass in my pocket (only the autocrats of Fleet Street were allocated seats), I parked my car in a side road for these were the blissful pre-yellow-line days.

The only protection The All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club had from the outside world was a wooden fence in which there was an abundance of knot holes through which the public could get a free one-eyed view. For three shillings (15p), half that after five o'clock, they could have been inside, watching tennis history being made.

If Donald Budge is remembered at all these days, when ill-man-

LAURIE PIGNON

nored players often attract the largest crowds and monopolise the headlines, it is only because of his Grand Slam. What an injustice! He was not only one of Wimbledon's finest champions but a great athlete who played his game in the true Corinthian spirit. Even those who were crushed by his power, which had no weakness to exploit, liked him.

That is why hundreds had waited through the chilly and damp night to see him defend his title. Not even the most partisan among them, who longed for a successor to Fred Perry now bartered as a professional, gave his opponent, Bunny Austin, much hope of producing a major upset.

Even their support during the match lacked any real fervency. The applause was polite. Budge's play was devastating.

Unlike Fred Perry, there were no casual quips or comments during a match. Even on the rare occasions when the going got rough, he never questioned a call or lifted a single eyebrow. He was one of the gentlemen of lawn tennis.

As a boy Budge excelled at sport. American football had endowed him with blind courage and baseball was responsible for producing one of the most devastating backhands ever seen. When at 17 he was persuaded by his father and older brother Lloyd to take up tennis seriously instead of baseball at which he used to bat left-handed, it seemed natural for him to use the same rigid wrist and arm action with a racket. It only needed the slightest adjustments to make it one of the game's classic strokes.

Budge had only been working on his tennis for a few weeks when he was persuaded to enter the Californian Boys' Championships where he met and defeated, Gene Markey, the junior prodigy of the day, in the final. This meeting was to have a profound effect in the development of the future world No 1.

Unlike Budge, Markey was outgoing, sophisticated and fun to have around. After he was beaten, Markey, foreseeing that Budge had the qualities of a champion, suggested that they teamed up as a doubles pair. They were to win both Wimbledon and US Nationals twice.

Donald Budge (right) and Bunny Austin make their entrance for the 1938 final (Planet News)

Austin, who was never quite able to step out of the shadows of somebody else's greatness, attempted every form of attack possible. He had seldom played better, yet all he had to show for his noble efforts were four games, three of which were in the third set during which rain stopped play for half an hour. Budge had produced 167 winners and made only one volleying error. He kept his serve so low that he recorded 10 net-cord deliveries in the first 13 games.

This was the second successive year that Budge had completely dominated The Championships by successfully defending his Triple Crown. He was the first man to do so and he did not change partners.

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He was paired with Gene Markey, his boyhood friend, in the men's doubles, and with Alice Marble in the mixed doubles. With her blonde hair flowing from her white jockey cap and short shorts, Alice in her tennis wonderland was pin-up of the year. All three were Californians and, weeks later, they made a clean sweep of the American National Championships on the grass at Forest Hills.

Don Budge's Grand Slam finals were proof of his world domination. In Adelaide, he defeated the Australian John Bromwich by 6-4, 6-2, 6-1; in Paris he beat Roderich Menzel of Germany 6-3, 6-2, 6-4; at Wimbledon Austin 6-1, 6-0, 6-3 and Mako 6-3, 6-1, 6-1 in New York. But what of the man with the singing racket?

The Americans called him "The Untouchable". He stood at just over six feet and was a lean 12 stones. His hair was flaming red, his pink face was slightly freckled, and his eyes, which never lost sight of the ball during play, were as blue as the heavens. He played in immaculate long white flannels and carefully whitened shoes. In his white Davis Cup blazer he looked like a champion who had stepped out of the pages of *The Tadpole*.

Unlikely Fred Perry, there were no casual quips or comments during a match. Even on the rare occasions when the going got rough, he never questioned a call or lifted a single eyebrow. He was one of the gentlemen of lawn tennis.

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Dan Maskell said of Budge: 'Never once did I see him quit on a shot, no matter what the pressure'

Graphic Photos

From the beginning they shared rooms, went to the same University and travelled together; and all the while Markey helped Budge overcome his natural shyness. They both had a love for jazz and were never without their records of Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. But on the night that Budge won the French Championship in 1938, it was a different sort of music that captivated them both - the music of the virtuoso cellist Pablo Casals.

For two weeks, the great man had watched Budge master the unfamiliar tortures of the clay courts of Roland Garros, and they often had tea together. After the final, Casals said: "I have had much pleasure in watching you play. Come to my house tonight and I will play for you."

Budge was later to recall: "I accepted with great pleasure, and after dinner 10 of us climbed the stairs to Pablo's studio overlooking Paris at night. We sat on the floor as Pablo, with a spotlight on him, played to capture us all for some two hours."

So much of today's sport is about sex, drugs and money, but when my old car was cheerfully chugging along on petrol at a shilling a gallon, Budge gave us a story that was as dramatic as any tragedy at the Old Vic. It was of the encounter between himself and the aristocratic and elegant Baron Gottfried Alexander Maximilian Walter Kurt von Cramm.

Budge had defeated him in the 1937 Wimbledon final and, more importantly, in the Davis Cup just weeks later. While waiting to play the key match, von Cramm was called into the Wimbledon office and was told that Hitler wanted to speak to him on the telephone. All von Cramm was heard to say was "Ja mein Führer" several times. Back in

the dressing-room he told Budge that Hitler wanted to wish me luck".

Instead of being at Wimbledon in 1938, von Cramm was in a Nazi jail having been arrested by the Gestapo. Some said it was because at best he had only paid lip service to Hitler's henchmen, others claimed it was because of his suspected homosexuality.

Budge never asked the reason why. With the support of 25 of the world's best-known sportsmen, he wrote to Hitler pleading for the release of his rival. He never did get a reply. The German who oozed charm like cream spilling from a silver spoon was never seen at Wimbledon again. And 1938 was Budge's last year. After his Grand Slam he accepted a \$50,000 offer (then a small fortune) to turn professional.

It was the same deal that he had turned down the year before because

his country wanted him to stay amateur long enough to win the Davis Cup. He was that sort of man.

In his first pro match at Madison Square Garden in 1939, he beat Ellsworth Vines in three sets, and on tour took his winning total to 21 matches to 18. He defeated Fred Perry 18 times to 11 and Bill Tilden 51-7. Dan Maskell wrote later:

"Never once did I see Budge quit on a shot, no matter what the pressure."

And all this from a man whose father played for Glasgow Rangers and, because of lung problems, left his native Scotland to set up home on the other side of the Golden Gate Bridge. I knew little of this as I made my way home, but it had stopped raining and I had been paid five shillings for a day's freelancing. I had seen one of the all-time greats, and now, 60 years later, I can remember a truly golden yesterday.

## Sampras gunning for blood on the grass

PETE SAMPRAS calls it the heart of his year. From the clay at Stade Roland Garros and the French championship, where he has never won in nine attempts, to the end of Wimbledon where the command of his craft is most often at its zenith, he chases his dreams across Europe, balancing the books in a mind that shapes points on court in terms of unanswerable explosions. This year, heading into Wimbledon on Monday, his record is played four won two, and all the threads are waiting to be picked up by the world's No 1 player: 8ft 1in son of parents who find themselves too nervous to watch him play at close quarters.

Inspiration is unlikely to desert him at Wimbledon, a championship he has won four times in the past five years and which he describes as "2pm first day, 2pm last day," the times which any defending champion and future finalist will have earmarked. Last year, before the final,

"Pistol Pete" has had a poor year, but he is still world No 1 and eager to stamp his authority on rivals. By Barry Newcombe

he left the waiting room at the Royal Box end of Centre Court to savour the atmosphere before he played Cedric Pioline. He felt even more part of the tradition for doing so. "Wimbledon is coming home," he says.

Half an hour in the company of this undemonstrative and relaxed athlete could convince you that there is no tiger in his soul, no fury to come through the racket hand, but you would be utterly wrong. Admittedly there are few clues that he is a tennis player except for the large lump on the thumb of his racket hand, shaped by a million serves or so, two million forehands, and the rest of the armoury which makes up the player described by the Associa-

tion of Tennis Professionals at the start of the decade as "continuing to show flashes of brilliance."

Since Sampras unseated the defending champion, Mats Wilander, at midnight at Flushing Meadow in the US Open in 1995, the flashes have merged and Wimbledon finds him holding 10 Grand Slam titles, one fewer than Björn Borg and Rod Laver, two behind Roy Emerson, the leader in this field of excellence. Yet against that, Sampras has had a patchy year, beaten by players who had no apparent right to do so, stopped in the quarter-finals in Australia by Karol Kučera, halted in the second round by the French in the second round by the 97th-ranked player Ramon Delgado.

Sampras says: "I put a lot of emphasis on the French this year. I do every year, and it was a big let-down. But it is over, I learned from it, and I only need to find a way to win or lose whether it is hot and dry or cold and wet. I am one of the 127 players who did not win in France and fortunately there is always next week and we have this huge event coming up here at Wimbledon."

"If I go through this year without winning a major so be it. I don't want to put any more pressure on myself and I will be going out with the same preparation and the same attitude as in previous years - let's give it a good shot."

There are a lot of things I want to achieve. I want to give myself a lot of help on the No 1 ranking this year and then there is the Grand Slam record, that will keep me playing at an unbelievably high level."

"This year has not been great but this is the time when you have to

come through, I can't think of a better time to recapture my year. Ten years of playing does take its toll, travelling as much as I do, but you have to forget the past."

Sampras has a miserly approach to losing sets at Wimbledon. In 1993 he lost just four on the way to his first title, only one was surrendered the following year, six in 1995 and three last year when Pioline the runner-up, was left saying: "When you play Pete he does not give you air, you cannot play against him because he is serving big and returning good, and it is so difficult."

Sampras won that final in 94 minutes, serving 17 aces out of 119 for the championship. His serve was broken twice in 24 sets, and Sampras admitted: "It is the best I have ever served in my career."

At 36, Sampras faces his 10th Wimbledon believing he knows who he should fear: "All the big serve-volleyers can worry you. Richard Krajicek, Pat Rafter, Tim Henman, Greg Rusedski. When you are going with a serve like Greg has, add in the crowd and their support, and he is a definite threat. He has improved his return game, as he had to, because if you are going to win you cannot just serve."

"I love Henman's game, it is classical, and on top of that he believes in himself a little bit more. He has a country's weight on his shoulders but I like what he is all about. Greg is a lefty slasher. Tim has the power, no question, but it is not that easy winning Grand Slams."

Sampras has rarely made promises or threats about Wimbledon where his serve is the best second serve, the best forehand, the best overhead in the game, and an ice cold approach to the business of winning have paid rich dividends. At the same time he has been labelled boring because he can dominate matches so completely that there is

no contest. Yet given the chance and the gifts, all champions would take task control, and then subdue. You are thinking about taking your opponent's heart out and squeezing every last drop, and you have won," he says.

Sampras: In pursuit of record



# England have won the World Cup!

IF IT all goes wrong for England in France - and I'm not saying it will - but if, then I just hope I can respond in a mature way.

Let's first make one thing clear: I have never actually come to blows over the result of a sporting contest. Other than the time I was sent off for fighting in the South West Herts Youth League. And the occasion when I became fistically involved with one of my teammates after a disagreement over tactics. And the time I fought with my brother after watching Dave Bedford overwhelmed in the 1972 Olympic 10,000 metres final.

Having made that one thing clear, I have to admit that my reaction to sporting adversity over the years has involved me in actions which have been, at best, unsporting. At worst, pathetic. My response to England's 1-0 World Cup defeat by Brazil in 1970, for instance, is not something of which I am



MIKE  
ROWBOTTOM

proud. Tearing every pictures of Pele, Jairzinho and co from my football magazines, I took them to the end of the garden and burned them with malevolent satisfaction. Chilling in hindsight.

Three years later, after seeing England prevented from reaching the 1974 World Cup finals by a persistently selfish Poland side, I stormed out of the front door and concluded a random journey by throwing a half brick into the garden of one

of the posh houses in Chalfont Lane. How good did that feel! Not very good, in fact...

1982. The Keegan Miss. De-spair. 1986. The Hand of God. Not fair. But these last two enormities were as nothing compared to the unacceptable trauma of losing to Germany on penalties in the 1990 semi-final. Crushed, I sought solace in the local pub, downing three pints and defiantly programming the juke box to play Joy Division three times over. My God, what a really magnificent gesture.

In an attempt to prevent similar outbreaks of embarrassing behaviour during this World Cup, I attempted a little pre-emptive exercise. Why not, I thought, try to appreciate a game purely on its footballing merits? Why not take a leaf out of De Courtenay's book, and concentrate on the taking part rather than the winning?

The group match between South Korea and Mexico ap-

peared to have potential for the purposes of experimentation, as I had no feelings about either team. Things went tolerably well until South Korea took an unexpected lead. The joy of their score was so palpable it burst through the television screen and forced both corners of my mouth up. When the said score was sent off soon afterwards for what was no more than an over-excited challenge, well, bye bye detached appreciation, hello one-eyed participation. Ich bin ein Koreaner or similar.

The truth is that watching competitive sport doesn't make any kind of sense unless you take sides. And right now, a week and a half into the greatest sporting show on earth, we are still at the heady stage where fantasy has yet to be proven vain.

So stock up the beers, run up the flags, because England have won the World Cup! Or as good as.

I was recently given sequential proof that the trophy is destined for Glenn Hoddle's men: 1966 winner, England; 1970, Brazil; 1974, West Germany; 1978, Argentina; 1982, Italy (for the purposes of this theory, merely a historical turning point); 1986, Argentina; 1990, Germany; 1994, Brazil. Ergo, in 1998, England complete the mirror image. Topographical certainties.

A couple of years ago, I attended an evening of World Cup reminiscence which began with Martin Peters talking an audience through the 1966 final. It was a rainy mid-week evening in Leamington Spa, and the audience in question was just short of embarrassingly sparse. At the back of the hall, an elderly man murmured the plot to his wife, anticipating all Peters' name checks - "Wilson... Haller... Ball... Hurst... Bakhamov".

The drama of those 120 minutes at Wembley has become legend - an Arthurian tale for the 20th century in which England's warriors come through adversity at the third time of asking to seize the Holy Grail. In future years, will other old men sit at the back of dusty halls reliving the legendary combinations which brought England glory in 1966? Probably not. But not definitely not - because the history of the 1998 World Cup is still a live, malleable thing.

"Two minutes left, Owen's break forced the Germans to concede a corner and Adams, the "Lion of England", rose above everyone to head home the goal which officially ended 32 years of hurt..."

Or perhaps this? "McNamean, who had started the tournament on the beach, applied the coup de grace to the Argentinians after a weaving run worthy of Maradona himself. England 1, Argentina 0. It was all over..."

Dream on. There is still time.

## Sanchez relishes the battle

TENNIS  
JOHN ROBERTS  
at Eastbourne

WHEN ANNA Kournikova walked into the interview room, her right hand wrapped in a jacket, the suspicion was that she was either smuggling a trophy or concealing a weapon that would blow her Wimbledon rivals away faster than a Yonex racket. It transpired that she was hiding an injured thumb, the latest pre-tournament worry to set alongside Greg's ankle and Steffi's leg.

The 17-year-old Russian had returned to Devonshire Park, scene of the Direct Line Insurance Championships, following a second visit to a doctor since Thursday's impressive win against Steffi Graf. "The whole thumb is swollen and has a bruise on it like when you have a punch in the eye," Kournikova said, declining to display the damaged digit for photographers who had been snapping her all week.

Kournikova's face did not betray any great concern, and she emphasised that she expected to be fit to play her opening match against the American Kimberley Po at the All England Club next week. "The doctor said it was just a minor sprain in the ligament and that it would be better if I didn't put any pressure on my hand today," she said.

That gave Arantxa Sanchez Vicario a walk-over into today's final here, where she will play Jana Novotna for the 20th time in her career (Novotna leads the head-to-head, 10-9).

The outlook is brighter than a year ago, when their final was abandoned because of rain with Novotna leading 6-5, on serve, in the opening set. The Czech won their only previous match on grass, in straight sets in last year's Wimbledon semi-finals.

Sanchez Vicario played one set yesterday, completing her third round match against the 16-year-old American Serena Williams, which had been delayed overnight. The Spaniard

won, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4. Williams finished the contest with her right thigh bandaged and experiencing pain in the right knee and ankle. "I hurt because I'm not used to the grass," she said, adding, "I like the grass a lot. I think grass more or less forces you to attack, which is great for my game. I feel very confident on it and I'm looking forward to playing at Wimbledon."

In contrast to their ill-tempered quarter-final at the French Open two weeks earlier, when Sanchez Vicario accused Williams of failing to treat her with respect, the match here was in keeping with the sedate surroundings. "Serena played very well," Sanchez Vicario said.

While scurrying with her customary verve, the Spaniard is playing with impressive conviction. "I feel confident after winning the French Open," she said. "I would prefer to play the semi-finals to go to the final, but I am feeling very good about my game."

She is also happy to find herself in the same half of the Wimbledon draw as Martina Hingis, Venus Williams and Kournikova. "I think it's very exciting," Sanchez Vicario said. "Everybody is playing well. The more competition the better."

Novotna played twice yesterday, defeating the Romanian Irina Spirlea in the quarter-finals, 6-4, 7-5, having recovered from 2-5 in the second set, and proving too sharp for Natasha Zvereva in winning their semi-final, 6-2, 6-1.

Richard Krajicek's Wimbledon preparations are in doubt after he pulled out of an event in the Netherlands. The 1996 champion was forced to withdraw from the tournament in Rosmalen because of an injury to his left knee. He will visit a physio in Rotterdam today before assessing his chances.

Britain's Miles MacLagan beat Gerald Mandl, of Australia, as the Wimbledon qualifiers finally completed their first round at Roehampton yesterday. MacLagan was joined in the second round by Nick Wal.



Jana Novotna leads 10-9 in her head-to-head clashes with Arantxa Sanchez Vicario

Anja Niedringhaus/AFP

## Bjorkman recovers his form

BY GUY HODGSON  
at Nottingham

IT CANNOT be easy being the Swedish No 1, Borg. Wiliander, Edberg - it reads like a list of all-time greats, never mind a top player from a single country. But the mantle to match these illustrious predecessors has been sent on Jonas Bjorkman.

A good fist he is making of it, too, judging by his week so far at the Nottingham Open. True, the field is not the strongest, but the Swede has survived longer than the world No 2, Marcelo Rios, and he is recovering from

an illness that debilitated him in March and April.

Yesterday, he defeated German David Prinosil 7-6, 6-3 and faces a semi-final and a final today, if he is successful, which would be a worrying workload with Wimbledon only two days away if he was not looking for matches to regain his sharpness.

"The more I play the better," he said. "Maybe I was burned out by last year but I got a virus and had to take antibiotics for three weeks."

That lay-off helped drag Bjorkman from his 1997 rank of fourth in the world to ninth, but

if he can pick up a lot of points anywhere it will be at Wimbledon where he lost ignominiously in the first round last year. Indeed, his record at the All England Club is puzzling.

He prefers to attack the net rather than stick to the baseline - "I like to finish points quickly. I don't have the patience of other Swedes who stay back" - and ideally his game is suited to grass. In theory. So far in four years, he has managed only four wins. "I can't say why," he said. "In my first year I reached the fourth round, which was pretty good for someone who

was ranked in the 80s, since then I can't say I have done my best. My ambition for Wimbledon is to get past the first round, then I might go far."

Bjorkman began at a rush, breaking Prinosil in his first game, but he lost his accuracy - "I like to finish points quickly. I don't have the patience of other Swedes who stay back" - and ideally his game is suited to grass. In theory. So far in four years, he has managed only four wins. "I can't say why," he said. "In my first year I reached the fourth round, which was pretty good for someone who

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### WEEKEND FIXTURE GUIDE

#### TODAY

##### FOOTBALL

WORLD CUP: See page 31.  
INTERCONTINENTAL CUP: Five rounds. Ebbs Vale (W) v Kongsvinger (Nor) 0.30 (for Pen-y-dyfrdwy Park, Merthyr Tydfil).

##### HOCKEY

THOMPSON MIXED TROPHY: Cap steel-Flanders (12.30); Absalon's Tornevaes v Brøndby (12.30); Anderlecht v Antwerp (2.00); Gent v Charleroi (2.00); Brøndby v Middelfart & Bogense (3.30). (Southgate HQ).

##### RUGBY LEAGUE

TOUR MATCHES: North Queensland Cowboys v Barba (10.30pm) (for Moore Park); JJB SPORTS SUPER LEAGUE: Sheffield v St Helens (3.15).

##### SPEEDWAY

ELITE LEAGUE: Coventry v Poole (7.30); Eastbourne v Belle Vue (7.30).

##### PREMIER LEAGUE

BURWICK: Newcastle v Bradford (7.30); PREMIER LEAGUE TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP: Glasgow v Berwick (7.30); Edinburgh v Newcastle (8.30).

##### OTHER SPORTS

MOTOR RACING: British Superbike Championship, round five. (Donington Park). NEEDLE: Newcastle v Liverpool (Cup Final); Liverpool v Wrexham (Championship); (Baston Park). WIMBLEDON qualifying (Roehampton/City Service sports ground).

#### TOMORROW

##### FOOTBALL

WORLD CUP: See page 31.  
INTERCONTINENTAL CUP: First round: Alcy (Tur) v Shamrock Rovers (Rep of Ire) (7.0); Karlsruhe (Stoccarda) (Swe) v Ormeau Town (N Ire) (5.0).

##### RUGBY LEAGUE

JJB SPORTS SUPER LEAGUE: Hull (6.30); London v Castleford (7.30); Wigan v Bradford (7.30); Warrington (3.0).

##### PREMIEUR DIVISION

Debdale v Leigh (3.0); Swinton (3.0); Widnes (3.0); Warrington v Hunslet (3.0); St Helens v Castleford (3.0); Salford v Barley (3.0); York v Bramley (3.0); Barrow v Workington (3.0).

##### SPEEDWAY

ELITE LEAGUE: Oxford v Eastbourne (6.30).

##### PREMIER LEAGUE

Newport v Exeter (2.30).

##### OTHER SPORTS

NEEDLE: Nottingham Open. Direct Line Championships (Eastbourne); Wimbledon qualifying (Roehampton/City Service sports ground).

### QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"When I lose my temper I don't send people flowers. I said something very low between him and me. I have seen other players say much worse and nothing happens or they just get a warning."

Cedric Pioline, after being thrown out of the Nottingham Open for verbal volleys at the umpire.

"How's the hand? Haven't you anything else to say to me, like congratulations?"

Anna Kournikova after overcoming a thumb injury to beat Steffi Graf at Eastbourne.

"When he misses a putt he frowns. When he makes a putt he frowns. Occasionally, he might grin with apparent sarcasm before frowning."

American journalist describing Britain's Colin Montgomerie before this weekend's US Open.

"It sucks"

Big-hitting John Daly, reflecting on the nature of the US Open course in San Francisco where he was unable to use his driver on any of the 18 holes.



# Tango can have the final word

By RICHARD EDMONDSON

**THERE ARE** various dates in the calendar when you can make a chariot of yourself. On 1 April the mischievous do it for you, but personal and thoughtless input often takes place on 14 February, anniversaries or mothers' birthdays.

The Saturday card joined to the Royal Ascot meeting also has beautiful options. There will be chaps turning up at today's meeting dress suited and booted when that gear should really be back tumbler through the dry-cleaning machines at Moss Bros.

Today is not the Royal meeting any more. It is the Heath card and it is not anything you can brag about attending over tiff in the rest of the year. The strange relation stapled on to



John Gosden: opportunity

in time for the Royal meeting. He has already struck twice this week and FINAL TANGO (trap 2.00) appears well capable of adding to the sequence.

The filly could have been turned up for this at Goodwood last time, but even the most strident conspiracy theorist cannot have imagined the manner of her defeat. Frankie Dettori's mount looked sure to succeed until the driver dropped his whip and had to resort to slapping his vehicle down the neck. When palms crash today it is likely to be as the Italian returns to the winners' enclosure.

If the form we have recently witnessed is to mean anything then Taverner Society (next best 3.00), who was not far behind Chester House at Doocaster last time, should also play a part. Jimmy Too (2.30) will like the ground, as should Brigandine Bay (3.35).

British raiders Prolifx and Al-mutawalek, ridden by Pat Eddery and Frankie Dettori, take on five locals in tomorrow's Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamp. Croco Rouge (Sylvain Guillot), the French Derby runner-up, Daymark (Gerald Mosse), Limpid (Olivier Peslier), Angel Heart (Alain Junkt) and Special Quest (Olivier Doleuze) complete the field for the 10-furlong Group One contest.

At the end of the aristocratic meeting does not have the pomp of what has gone before. It does not possess the kudos and it certainly does not have the same calibre of horse.

There are four handicaps for consumption and the conditions races are for beasts not fit to run before The Queen. This, however, does not make the selection of winners any easier.

Volume though is available today, and if armchair punters don't make it at Ascot there are another seven televised contests spread between Redcar and Ayr and eight more at Lingfield and Southwell on Sky.

If a single thrust is needed the best opportunity seems to lie at the very beginning of the broadcast fest. John Gosden is the notorious Rip Van Winkle of the Flat season, whose first alarm call seems to come only

## WOLVERHAMPTON

### HYPERION

7.00 Desert Invader 7.30 Bongo 8.00 Cheerful Groom 8.30 Never Fever 9.00 Super Strides 5.30 2000 AWAKE Blue

**GOING:** Standard STAFFS: Inside.

**DRAW ADVANTAGE:** High best.

■ Fibresend, Elkhound, over 1m, 1m 1/2, 1m 1/4. Wolverhampton station. **ADMISSION:** Club C5. **TICKETS:** £8 (OAP members of Diamond Club £4). **VIEWING:** Restaurant C5800 including entrance and meal. **CAR PARK:** free.

**LEADING TRAINERS:** R Hollinshead (34 winners (success rate 30.9%), J Berry 49-321 (15%), P Haslewood 40-219 (10.3%), P Evans 37-38 (9.5%).

**LEADING JOCKEYS:** S Sanders 44 winners from 322 rides (success rate 13.7%), G Duffield 39-202 (15.3%), M Johnson 36-270 (10.1%), T Williams 24-26 (10%).

**FAVOURITES:** 426 wins in 1209 races (32.4%).

**BLINKERED FIRST TIME:** The Wyndham Inn (720), Saxon Victory (330), Miss Take (800, second).

**FORM VERDICT:** A fairly competitive race at the moment and should make a bold bid to stay top weight. DESERT INVADER has got in hand yard and can hopefully get in hand for the second start in eight days. Galloper can go with a working parts streak.

7.00 HANDICAP (CLASS E) £5,700 added 6f

1 006- INTANG (33) (C) 8 8 2 J Lynch 3

2 2130 DESERT INVADER (3) 8 8 2 J Lynch 3

3 002- BONZO (29) (C) 8 8 1 J Lynch 4

4 003- PHARMACY JOY (9) 8 8 7 J Lynch 4

5 02243 YOUNG BBR (9) 8 8 6 J Lynch 4

6 00054 THE WANDOTTE (7) (C) 9 4

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# Faldo stung by failure with putter

BY ANDY FARRELL  
In San Francisco

ON US Open days of yesteryear like Thursday, when only nine players broke Olympic's severe par of 70, Nick Faldo was always among their number. Yet Faldo, a winner of three Opens and three Masters, started his second round only two aware that he was heading for his fourth missed cut in the last six major championships.

An opening round of 77 left Faldo 11 strokes behind the leader, Payne Stewart. His only hope of qualifying for the last 36 holes was for the second-round leader, or leaders, not to have got too far ahead and for him to stay within 10 shots. Being late for his tee time would not have

been the way to start but he arrived with only seconds to spare after a protracted session on the putting green with his coach, David Leadbetter.

Faldo, 40, has not won a tournament for 15 months but his dilemma is worse than forgetting how to win. For all the quality work he does on the practice range, it is almost as if he has forgotten how to put together a round of golf. "My game is getting better," he said, "but my scoring isn't."

At the root of Faldo's problems is a loss of confidence on the greens and, looking like someone who has been trampled in the rush, he repeated a familiar theme: "I'm happy with everything but my putting."

"I only missed two fairways

- I'm so close it's ridiculous. My only weakness is my putting."

The most exasperating example came at the 17th. A converted par five, where most players think of a four and a birdie, it measures 468 yards uphill to a tiny green. Few players managed to hold the green in two but a drive and a one-iron put Faldo within 15 feet of the cup before he three-putted. "A total waste," Faldo acknowledged. "As Elton says, you've got to bite your lip and get up and dance."

But Faldo has never found it easy to dance to new tunes, unlike Jesper Parnevik. The Swede will try anything. "Actually, I've been quite normal recently," he said. "I haven't been overdoing on volcanic sand." When Parnevik goes to the driving range, he is just trying to "find something I can play with for the day. I've been trying a lot to just get the ball on the fairway."

Parnevik shot a 68 to lie one ahead of Colin Montgomerie but one behind the leading European, Jose Maria Olazabal. The Spaniard, returned to the way he was driving the ball when he won the Dubai Classic in March, almost matched Mark Carvalho's feat of not dropping a shot until he bogeyed the 17th. A curling, downhill putt from nine feet for birdie at the

last gave him a 68, his best-ever score in the US Open.

In nine previous championship appearances, Olazabal has finished in the top 10 three times and missed the cut three times. Much depends on how he is driving the ball, but the number of long iron shots required at Olympic plays into the magical hands of the Spaniard.

"Even though the US Open does not suit my game," he said. "I like the challenge. To overcome a situation like this was a great feeling." Olazabal, during a 26-year-old qualifier, said. "I have to admit I was almost crying on

years ago, once declined to use a buggy in an unofficial tournament.

Instead, Martin has made history by becoming the first player to use a cart in a major championship and given the attention, and no least the fact that he has never played in a regular tour event before, his 74, finishing in near darkness, was an impressive performance.

"The support I got from the fans out there was overwhelming," Martin, a 26-year-old qualifier, said. "I have to admit I was almost crying on

the first tee when they gave me that ovation. It saddens me that I have to ride to play golf but at the same time I am grateful for it. I don't look at it like I'm making history, although I know I am."

Carnevale, whose 67 put him second only to Stewart, trained as a stockbroker but quit after one day before embarking on a journeyman career on and off the tour. His card yesterday was somewhat different to the day before as he had two bogeys and a double in a front-nine 39.

But his playing partner, Joe

Durant, who leads the driving accuracy stats in his second year on the US Tour, went to the turn in level par to remain two under, where he was joined by the US Amateur champion Matt Kuchar with birdies at the seventh and eighth.

Nottingham Forest were also conducting a cross-Channel raid, completing the signing of the 22-year-old striker Jean-Claude Darcheville from Rennes for a fee of around £700,000.

Newcastle, too, were in clear-out mode, shifting Jon Dahl Tomasson to Feyenoord for £2.5m and completing the signing of the French striker Stephane Guivarc'h for £1.5m. Newcastle, however, have pulled out of a £2m deal for the Sheffield United wing-back Wayne Quinn.

The Premiership's Gallic headcount was further bolstered by Arsenal signing the 18-year-old defender for £500,000 and agreed a unique partnership with his club, St Etienne, to exchange loan players and coaching methods.

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Everton's shareholders have forced an extraordinary meeting at which they plan to "shame and embarrass" the Goodison Park chairman, Peter Johnson. The move follows a reported effort by a Surrey-based company, the Wiggins Group, to launch a takeover bid.

Ian Brightwell has joined Coventry from Manchester City.

Nick Faldo struggles to come to terms with the Olympic course

Andrew Redington/Allsport

## COMPLETE FIRST-ROUND SCORES

Player	Team	Score
O. Szwarc	87 M. Carroll	68
R. Letman	J. Olazabal (Spa)	68
B. Tway	E. Elton (Eng)	69
A. Parmentier	C. Montgomerie (GBR)	69
D. Vardon	J. Stewart (USA)	70
J. C. Dernbach	C. Rocca (Ita)	71
L. Roberts	J. Leonard	71
P. McIlroy	J. Sander (USA)	71
J. Johnson	G. Beiliger (USA)	72
P. Lee	J. Carvalho (Port)	72
J. Johansson	J. Carvalho (Port)	72
G. L. Wrenham	G. Simpson (GBR)	73
S. Jones	J. Bjorn (Den)	73
S. McCarron	L. Porter (Eng)	73
R. Romero	G. Horschel (USA)	73
D. O'Leary	J. Fazio (USA)	73
R. Morrison	P. Harrington (Irl)	73
J. Janzen	K. Gehr (USA)	73
J. Haskins	J. Price (Zim)	73
J. Haskins	J. Price (Zim)	73
S. Strickland	E. Fryatt (GBR)	73
J. Acosta	T. Woods (USA)	74
T. Woods	C. Perry (USA)	74
J. Furyk	S. Verplanck (M. Calvert)	74
J. Furyk	M. Calvert (USA)	74
D. O'Leary	D. Martin (GBR)	74
O. Glicker	D. Martin (GBR)	74
D. Martin	O. Pooley (GBR)	74
T. Dodd	A. Andrade (M. Briski)	74
J. Anderson	J. Johnson (USA)	74
J. Straub	J. Johnson (USA)	74
J. Johnson	M. Wilson (USA)	75
P. Parker	M. Brooks (USA)	75
J. Hart	J. Oliver (USA)	75
* denotes amateur		
** denotes amateur, US unless stated		

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## New Zealand angered by exodus of talent

### RUGBY UNION

BY CHRIS HEWETT  
in Dunedin

the New Zealanders are bleating at the tops of their voices about the amount of home-grown talent following the yellow brick road to Europe.

Zinzan Brooke and Frank Bunce, two vintage All Blacks, have already taken up new residence in France. While Fran Cotton, Clive Woodward and other high-profile English figures continue to protest long and hard about the damaging flood of foreign imports heading towards a lucrative place in next season's Allied Dunbar Premiership,

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# Positive Stewart slow to defend

BY DAVID LLEWELLYN  
at Lord's

THIS TEST is in danger of turning into a long hard road to nowhere as far as England are concerned. It is certainly proving a testing match for Alec Stewart. After having won the toss and having had the South Africans by the throat at 46 for 4 on the first day things took on a different complexion yesterday.

He may have claimed his 100th Test victim as a wicket-keeper, no mean accomplishment, but it is likely that he would have traded that personal landmark for a lower South African total.

The tourists' innings was beginning to stretch out ahead of them, its end lost in a shimmering vision of high South African scores and low English morale. It was a situation that would have tested the leadership qualities of a far more experienced Test captain than Stewart.

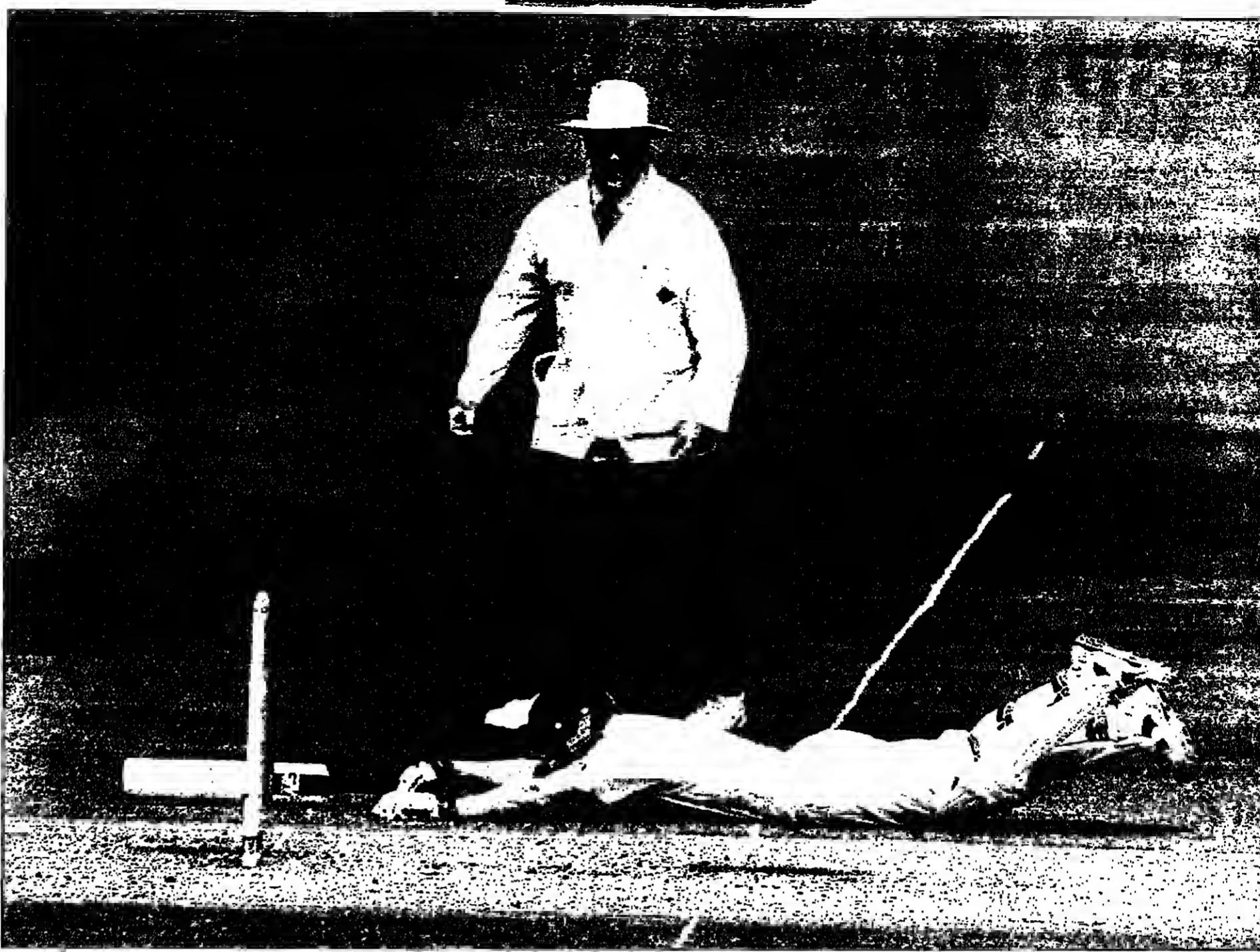
Whether he has come through with flying colours is a moot point. There is no denying the good aspects to his captaincy. He was frequently seen running up to bowlers between deliveries to impart a suggestion and going out of his

way to give them encouragement at the end of an over. He has also been happy to consult with Nasser Hussain, the Essex captain and the possessor of an astute cricketing brain.

But there was little sign early yesterday of everything going England's way as it had on the first day. Too often, as Hansie Cronje and Jonty Rhodes applied a winch to their troubled innings and pulled it well clear of the mire, there was the thought that perhaps the England captain was sticking too blindly to his positive philosophy and setting attacking fields, instead of making them work harder for their runs through a defensive barrier.

As the morning wore on the South African pair grew in confidence. The highest South African fifth-wicket stand at Lord's — a mark that had stood at 94 since 1951 — was swiftly overtaken, their century stand followed soon after.

Stewart did at least try to break the batsmen's concentration with frequent changes of bowling. Just as pundits started to wonder whether Angus Fraser had been overcooked Cork was switched to



Jonty Rhodes dives to make his ground during his innings of 117 for South Africa in the second Test against England at Lord's yesterday

Peter Jay

from the Nursery End to the Pavilion End and Dean Headley was introduced to the attack while Fraser had a blow. Cork's second spell lasted only four overs before the off-spin of

Robert Croft came into the frame.

Unfortunately the juggling appeared not to disorientate either batsman as their joint venture took them into new waters

for any South African fifth-wicket pairing against England anywhere. Tony Pilley and Johnny Waite's 157, set at Johannesburg in the 1964-65 tour by England, fell long before lunch.

Stewart finally woke up to what was needed and shut down the run flow after lunch, and somewhere around the seventh of more than a dozen changes of bowling came the breakthrough. Mark Ealham, operating from the Pavilion End induced a loose shot from Cronje.

It was a critical moment, since the South Africans were

just 16 runs away from a double-century partnership. In the end they did not quite get away, but Stewart cannot be satisfied with a performance that let the South Africans back in.

## Giddins back to his best

BY JOHN COLLIS  
at Hove

AFTER assembling 489 runs over the first two days, Warwickshire intended to throw the bat yesterday morning. It did not work out like that because Jason Lewry bowled Ashley Giles five minutes and one run into the day, and Brian Lara decided to revert to Plan B — declare immediately.

The visitors had already built an invulnerable castle of runs and they desperately need a win, after losing to Nottinghamshire, Somerset and Gloucestershire in succession.

In his Sussex days, Ed Giddins liked to take the ball first change and was often a workhorse running up the Hove hill. But he is now a quicker bowler, an England prospect, and, of course, Lara gave him the fresh cherry and the slope.

They insist, incidentally, that the drug tests conducted on the cricket circuit are random, but the return of Giddins to Hove was marked by the clatter of specimen bottles, and all

22 players were required to give their all.

Giddins went to work with enthusiasm. In his third over he captured the wicket of Wasim Khan — who made the opposite journey from Edgbaston to Hove in the winter — and after lunch he took the top two prizes. Chris Adams and Michael Bevan. The Australian clearly felt that his pads had a wooden sound to them, but he was low nonetheless.

Surprisingly, after Thursday's success for the Sussex spinners, it was the other visiting seam bowlers, Dougie Brown and Graeme Welch, who continued the intrusions into the home side's response, though both Neil Smith and Giles were swiftly called into action to probe a blameless wicket.

In the 50th over of their innings, Sussex were in complete disarray, six wickets down and 215 runs away from saving the follow-on. Only Toby Peirce stood firm against a determined attack and when he was eighth man out it hardly seemed worth taking his pads off.

BY MIKE CAREY  
at Worcester

Gloucestershire 188  
Worcestershire 11-8

ALTHOUGH THE best part of two days had been lost to the weather, there was thankfully no need for contrivance here yesterday. A seam bowlers' pitch on which 18 wickets fell

about it should be a right old gritty finale today.

So far no one has made a half-century and all those who have scored runs have needed their share of luck. With the middle of the bat difficult to locate, the nick through the slips has tended to be the featured stroke. Odd, therefore, that both sides feel they could do without a third man for lengthy periods.

If the ball continues to move

overs when they were put in on the first day, Gloucestershire knew what to expect but, if anything, the ball tended to dart around more on a surface that had sweated under the covers for 48 hours. Sometimes it bounded unevenly, too.

Thus only bowling that was either very full or very short could be dealt with any certainty. It was only when Worcestershire's accuracy wavered

that Tony Wright, putting the half-volleys away, and Matt Windous, making the most of any width that came his way, were able to add 85 for the fourth wicket.

This pitch seemed ideal for bowlers of around medium pace, able to put the ball in the right place consistently.

When David Leatherdale appeared immediately had Wright caught behind and moving the ball from a full length

went on to take five for 20, the best figures of his career. Gloucestershire's last seven wickets disappeared for 35 runs.

As often happens in these conditions, not everyone got out to an unplayable ball. When Worcestershire batted, Abdul Hafeez turned something resembling a leg stump half-volley into square leg's hands, but when Tom Moody lost his leg stump to a yorker from

Courtney Walsh, Worcestershire knew that torrid times lay ahead. When Phil Weston was caught off bat and pad, it was 12 for 3.

Mark Alleyne, discovering he could also move the ball around at an accurate medium pace, prised out Vikram Solanki and Gavin Haynes, which left the two Yorkshiresmen, Leatherdale and Steve Rhodes, to dig in as much as this pitch would permit.

## Leatherdale rampant on seamers' day

BY MILES HODGSON  
at Old Trafford

Lancashire v Surrey

SURREY, THE County Championship leaders, were dismissed for a lowly 146 as Lancashire exploited seam-friendly conditions to boost their own title ambitions in their weather-hit match at Old Trafford yesterday.

Put into bat after the opening day was washed out, Surrey struggled to withstand superb bowling displays from the Lancashire captain Wasim Akram

and the former England fast bowler Peter Martin, who shared seven wickets between them.

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Martin began Surrey's demise by having the opener

Jason Ratcliffe caught by Mike Watkinson at third slip in the eighth over of the day. Then Wasim, who claimed seven wickets in Lancashire's victory over Somersett last week which lifted them to sixth in the Championship, responded swiftly to remove Ian Ward and Nadeem Shahid in quick succession.

The Surrey captain Adam Hollioake briefly steadied his side's innings with a battling 49-run partnership with Ally Brown before Martin struck again after lunch to remove both and put Lancashire in command.

that Tony Wright, putting the half-volleys away, and Matt Windous, making the most of any width that came his way, were able to add 85 for the fourth wicket.

This pitch seemed ideal for bowlers of around medium pace, able to put the ball in the right place consistently.

When David Leatherdale ap-

peared immediately had Wright caught behind and moving the ball from a full length

went on to take five for 20, the best figures of his career. Gloucestershire's last seven wickets disappeared for 35 runs.

As often happens in these

conditions, not everyone got out to an unplayable ball. When Worcestershire batted, Abdul Hafeez turned something resembling a leg stump half-volley into square leg's hands, but when Tom Moody lost his leg stump to a yorker from

## Wasim lifts Lancashire

BY MYLES HODGSON  
at Old Trafford

Lancashire v Surrey

SURREY, THE County Championship leaders, were dismissed for a lowly 146 as Lancashire exploited seam-friendly conditions to boost their own title ambitions in their weather-hit match at Old Trafford yesterday.

Put into bat after the opening day was washed out, Surrey struggled to withstand superb bowling displays from the Lancashire captain Wasim Akram

and the former England fast bowler Peter Martin, who shared seven wickets between them.

Fielding a depleted line-up with Alec Stewart and Graham Thorpe on England duty, Ian Salisbury and Mark Butcher injured and Saqlain Mushtaq back in Pakistan because of a family illness, Surrey only reached three figures after the tail-enders Joey Benjamin and Martin Bicknell provided batting late resistance.

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## Tykes storm to victory

BY PETER STAMP  
at Old Trafford

Nottinghamshire v Warwickshire

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, the County Championship leaders, were dismissed for a lowly 113 as Warwickshire won by 10 wickets.

After being bowled out for 188, the Tykes were 100 runs behind with 10 overs to play. They had to score 18 runs per over to win.

DURHAM WERE hoping for a

victory to lift them to within

of the four-year-old ground.

Vaughan was only six short of

his career best when he was

out, bowled by Mike Foster

when going for a drive after

batting for 43 minutes.

Yorkshire were all out for a

total of 113, 18 runs behind.

But then with five overs to go until

lunch, Paul Huchison removed

Jon Lewis and Nick Speak with

successive balls to leave

Durham on 18 for 2. Huchison

followed up by trapping David

Bonham lbw, and shell-shocked

Durham capitulated on a

hameless pitch.

The left-arm spinner,

Richard Stump, picked up some

easy wickets at the end of the

innings to finish with 4 for 13 in

21 overs, while the pacemen,

Huchison and Ryan Sidebottom,

took three wickets each.

It was the lowest total at the

Riverside ground, beating

Durham's 85 against Kent in

1995, and their only lower total in first-class cricket was the 67

they made against Middlesex at Lord's in 1996.

Boon lbw, and shell-shocked

Durham capitulated on a

hameless pitch.

The left-arm spinner,

Richard Stump, picked up some

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# Inspirational Ince ready for action

England's midfield general says there is more to his game than tough tackling. By Adam Sreter

WHILE Paul Scholes and Alan Shearer grabbed all the headlines following England's 2-0 victory over Tunisia in Marseilles last Monday, the foundation for their success had been laid further back in the heart of midfield. Paul Ince, the self-styled "Guvnor" winning his 40th cap, set the example for others to follow with a display that was as aggressive and wholehearted as any game he has played for his country.

His tenacious tackling, allied to a high-class all-round game, has elevated the former West Ham and Manchester United player to a position of credibility in the world game, especially since his spell with Internazionale where he won the hearts of the Milanese fans before returning to England as the Liverpool captain. Indeed, when seasoned observers compare the current England side with the World Cup winners of 1966, they point to a lack of world-class players, but there are few, if any, more effective defensive midfield players than Ince playing for any team in the tournament.

"I think I've improved technically as a player since I've been to Italy," Ince explained yesterday in a very good-humoured interview at England's training camp in La Baule. "Before I was a bit raw. Also the older you get, the more experienced you get and I think that helps a player. You learn to conserve your energy, you know when to go for a ball and when not to, instead of running around like a lunatic - sorry, headless chicken."



It's happened at Liverpool a few times when we've been struggling, then someone gets a crunching tackle in and it lifts everyone else'

David Ashdown

when fit there is no doubt Ince is a natural leader.

"On the field I'm a nasty person," he said. "I'm really, really horrible because I want to win so badly and I slaughter the lads all the time. If someone's not up to scratch I'll tell them. If I make a mistake I'll say sorry but I do go off my trolley when I'm out on the pitch and for that 90 minutes I make sure every-

one's doing the right thing. I think you need people like that. Probably Tony Adams does it in a calmer way, I do it in a more ferocious way. It keeps players on their toes."

His aggressive style inevitably made Ince a focus of special attention when Fifa's new guidelines regarding foul play were first published.

"Glenn had a chat with me

and said it was important to stay on your feet, which wasn't a problem as far as I was concerned. I'm a hard tackler but I'm a fair tackler. I think the problem could be if you're getting beat 2-0, the game's slipping away or someone does one of your team-mates with a bad tackle, then you might go for it. It can happen. But if the game's going the way you want it to go,

I can't see any of our lads getting sent off. I don't think my game's just about tackling though," Ince added, but whether he likes it or not it will always be his tackling which sets him apart. "I like to set the tone of the game," he said. "And in order to do that you want to get a tackle in as early as possible to get everyone pumped up. It's

happened at Liverpool a few times when we've been struggling, then someone gets a crunching tackle in and it lifts everyone else. I think it's a very important part of the game."

Nobody in their right mind

is going to argue with that and

England will be hoping that the

Romanians are suitably im-

pressed when the teams meet

in Toulouse on Monday night.

## Southgate's injury responding to treatment

BY JOHN CURTIS  
in La Baule

GARETH SOUTHGATE is still England's only doubt for Monday's game against Romania in Toulouse.

The Aston Villa defender was ruled out of yesterday's training session with foot and

ankle problems. But Teddy Sheringham (hamstring), Alan Shearer and Tony Adams (sore feet) were all put through their paces during a 90-minute session at the England training camp here.

The coach, Glenn Hoddle, is hopeful that Southgate will be able to return to training today,

but he admitted that it is too soon to decide whether he will be fit to face the Romanians.

Hoddle said: "We have only the one injury - Gareth Southgate - and he has improved considerably so that is good news. He has a bit of a foot problem on his sole which is quite painful and he's run awk-

wardly on it and jarred the ankle at the same time. It is responding to treatment."

Hoddle added: "The other three [Shearer, Adams and Sheringham] all trained today with no problems. In Adams' case he has had two days' rest after every game all season as a precaution. But he came

through 90 minutes today with flying colours."

World Cup organisers yesterday challenged a travel company which claims it has had

had 15,000 final tickets stolen

to produce the match and seat numbers.

On Thursday the American tour operator, Prime Sport In-

ternational, reported that 15,000 tickets and hundreds of thousands of dollars had been stolen from its Paris office. But when seats were checked at Thursday's France against Saudi Arabia match, for which PSI supplied 504 tickets, the places were found to be occupied by fans with valid tickets.

PSI has offered a £100,000 reward to recover the stolen tickets, which it claims are for all subsequent matches apart from the second round. It has also criticised both the organisers and French police, saying they were trying to cover up the poor organisation of ticket distribution.

## DIARY

ONE POSSIBLE way of avoiding the red card mania suddenly seizing World Cup referees might be to follow Cameroon's lead and commit to memory the first name of the match official before taking the field. "The referee will respect a player more who says 'Sir' and adds his name," explained the Cameroon coach, Claude Le Roy. However, the Le Roy did not help Raymond Kalla when the Cameroon defender was dismissed for a foul on the Italian goalscorer, Luigi Di Biagio, in Montpellier on Wednesday.

JUST FONTAINE, the Frenchman who scored a record 13 goals in the 1958 World Cup, believes his record will stand for all time, claiming modern teams are too defensive and coaches too cautious. "Today's coaches are too important, more important than the players," said the 64-year-old. "Coaches only use one or two forwards and prefer to play defensive players because they are easier to organise. Playing that way, my record could last another 50 World Cups. Look at Gabriel Batistuta in Argentina's first game with Japan. He had only two chances and scored one. I always had many more chances when I was playing."

PETER SCHMEICHEL is determined to miss nothing on the field - and nothing off it. The Manchester United goalkeeper, who equalled Morten Olsen's record of 102 Danish caps against South Africa on Thursday in Toulouse, is filming every moment of his first World Cup finals in and around the training camp on a camcorder.

MISCHIEVOUS rumour is drawing a chuckle from those of the Celtic persuasion in the Scotland camp. It claims that Lou Macari has turned down the opportunity to take over as the Australian national coach - because they would not let him do the job from Stoke-on-Trent.

TREVOR HAYLETT

## Romania disavow a violent legacy

TIME WAS when Fifa's unnecessary meddling with the process of fair play - five players sent off on Thursday and a blizzard of yellow cards - would have considerably shortened the odds against Romania completing next week's match against England in Toulouse with 11 men still on the field.

Tough was hardly the word

for them. Coming up against

England at the 1970 World Cup

in Mexico, the only previous

meeting between them in the

finals, Romania maintained a

reputation for brutal fouling.

"Even though Alf Ramsey had

warned us the Romanians were

harder than we expected,"

Martin Peters recalled.

Peters, who would have fur-

ther cause to be wary when

turning out against Romanian clubs for Tottenham Hotspur,

doesn't remember a great deal

more about England's 1-0 vic-

tor in Guadalajara 28 years ago

than that the viciousness and

Geff Hurst's goal.

"It was our first match and we were just

glad to get through it without

anyone getting seriously hurt,"

he added.

In fact, England's right-back,

Keith Newton of Blackburn Rovers, whose death earlier

this week at only 56 caused Pe-

tters to reflect again on life's

perspective four years after the

loss of Bobby Moore, was so

badly kicked by Romania's

main hatchet man, Mihai Mo-

cana, that he had to go off. Next,

Mocanu chalked up Newton's

replacement, Tommy Wright,

before setting about Francis Lee. If never slow to get his re-

taliation in first, Lee said af-

terwards that he had never

felt so much pain: "I thought the

bastard had broken my leg."

True to the philosophy of that

time, the Bulgarian referee,

Vital Loraux, took no action

other than to award England a

succession of free-kicks. "It's in-

teresting to see how much the

Romanians appear to have

changed," Peters added.

The 1994 finals in the Unit-

ed States saw Romania putting

first match 1-0 defeat of

Colombia will help solve prob-

lems with the Romanian press

and bring things back to nor-

mal. It is difficult to make

preparation for such important

matches when there are these

diversions and people who are

not qualified telling me which

players to select."

Although not entirely happy with the effort against Colombia - we should have kept the ball better after scoring at the beginning of the second half - Iordanescu believes that his team is good enough to secure a place in the second round of matches. "England have strong players in the midfield and intelligent attackers but we have seen things from their match against Tunisia in Marseilles to encourage us," he says.

Doubtless concerned about the physical nature of English football (possibly the reason for Romania's nastiness in the 1970 finals and later inter-club conflicts) Iordanescu holds frequent discussions with the Chelsea wing-back Dan Petrescu who is not available for general comment due to the contract he has with an English newspaper.

"Football mentality differs from country to country," Romania's coach says. "Petrescu helps us understand how English players think but he doesn't have to tell me that they always have great spirit."

Long since released from the ideological constraints imposed by totalitarian rule, Romanian footballers take happily to migration. Only six of the present squad, including the 23-year-old defender Christian Dulce, who is being watched by a number of English and German clubs, play in their homeland. For Iordanescu, who is about to become a mercenary himself, the problem may be an attitude different from that which prevailed when Mocanu went around kicking England players in Mexico. It isn't the State they play for now but contracts abroad.

Jordanescu is, nevertheless, acutely aware of the need to deal with the disenchantment raised by his decision to resign and to take over the Greek national team once the tournament is over. Speaking this week at Romania's headquarters, "La Reserve", near to the small city of Albi some 40 miles from Toulouse, he said, "I hope that our performance in the

1994 finals in the United States saw Romania putting

first match 1-0 defeat of

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# United States v Iran: Match between political adversaries provides added spice to a must-win situation in Group F

## Iranians face their moment of history

**Iran against the United States is billed as a grudge match, but it could finish with grudging respect.** By Andrew Longmore

MEHRDAD MASOUDI has lived his life by World Cups. The genius of the 1970 Brazilian side emerged dimly through the flickering waves of a black and white television set at his uncle's house in Tehran, stirring an interest in football which has turned into a passion.

Ten days before the start of the 1986 World Cup which he was due to report for a national newspaper, Masoudi was forced to leave his homeland. "For personal reasons", he says, discouraging further questions. He arrived at his new accommodation in Cambridge on June 5th in the middle of the Argentina-Italy match: "The first question I asked was not 'Where should I sleep' or 'What is there to eat?' I wanted to know the score." One-one, Maradona and Altobelli (penalty). Masoudi is Iran's Stato.

A love for football has been the one constant thread running through a complex tapestry. At high school, he was threatened with expulsion for playing football during prayer time. In the Iran-Iraq war, when some Iraqi prisoners said their favourite sport was football, he organised a tournament. For the last three years, he has been working as media officer for the Canadian Soccer Federation. Now, as Fifa liaison officer in Lyon, he has been pitched into a match between the two halves of his life which will test the healing powers of football to the limit.

Iraq has superseded Iran as Public Enemy No 1 in middle America. Both sides are trying to neutralise relations for the first time in 19 years. But temperatures still run high over the treatment of US hostages in 1979 just as the idioms of the Atlantic West still lingers over certain quarters of Tehran. "Whenever the US and Iran enter the same sentence, there are political overtones, whether it is sport or anything else," Masoudi says.

When Iran qualified for the World Cup, the whole of Iran took to the streets, precipitating a wave of liberation which reminded Western observers of the fall of the Berlin Wall. Young women shed their veils and danced in the street, alcohol was drunk openly in the neighbourhood and the revolutionary guards, under the control of the militant Islamic fundamentalists, were instructed to stay inside their barracks.

More than 80,000 people greeted the team at the national stadium, 5,000 of them women who forced down a gate to get in. In the chant that day was: "Az Jame-e Jahani, Be Jame-e Jahani", which roughly translated means "From the World Cup to the people of the world". Among the younger generation largely responsible for the rise to power of the more moderate President Khatami, Iran's presence in the World Cup was a chance not to reawaken old differences, but promote similarities.

Trying to unpick the complex set of motives in the minds of the Iranian team this past week would have defied the most astute of diplomats. A press conference on Tuesday by three senior players - Ali Reza

Mansourian, Khodadad Azizi and Mohammad Khakpour - was devoted entirely to accusations against the French government over the broadcast of the US-made film *Not Without My Daughter* on an independent television station, seemingly unaware that their protest highlighted the paranoia rather than the courtesy. As it was, Azizi threatened not to wear his bright yellow Fifa Fair Play cap again in this tournament. Tomorrow, by happy chance, is Fifa Fair Play day.

"It is imperative that we win against the US," Azizi said. "For historical reasons, our country is a lot more sensitive to this meeting. Iran has been disappointed by American politics in recent years. This is the most important match of my life." Mansourian, one of four members of the squad playing professionally in the West, is better versed in the art of taking each game as it comes. "This will be a match like any other even if many think otherwise," he says. "Thanks to the World Cup, the whole world can discover our country. We realise that we are ambassadors. Back home all that counts is the game."

Masoudi returned to Iran for the first time in 11 years last summer. "Iran is a young country and football is the only source of public enjoyment, the only place where authority can be openly flouted and people can express themselves freely. They can jeer the coach and even the Minister of Sport without fear. In other countries football has been used by the politicians for propaganda. With us, football is manipulating the politicians."

President Khatami has sent a message of goodwill to the Iranian team. The Islamic fundamentalists, who wanted to ban football after the revolution, have largely been silent. The only conflict between religion and sport came on the eve of their opening game against Yugoslavia which coincided with the 40th day of observance of the death of Imam Hussain. The three-hour ceremony lasted until after 11pm, much to the annoyance of the coach, Jalal Talebi.

Yesterday, Talebi took pains to diffuse the tension over the film. The team would, he said, offer a rose to each of the American players before the match just as they did to the Yugoslavs. "And we will exchange shirts afterwards too. We will not be changing any of our routine just because it's the US. We need to win because our last game against Germany will be the hardest."

The Iranian team were guests of honour at a special Persian dinner in the sports hall in Yssingeaux last Wednesday night. The Mayor wished for a final between Iran and France, the diners stamped their feet and the children waved Iranian flags. "The people of Iran just want the politicians to leave football alone," Mansoudi concludes. "The players want to do well for themselves as much as anyone. If Iran wins, the people will dance in the streets, not for beating the US, but in celebration at our first-ever win in the World Cup." He will log the date, June 21 1998.

## Panel games given life on 'Red Thursday'

STAN HEY

VIEW FROM THE ARMCHAIR



WE HAVE grown used to having "Red Nose Day" every two years, but now Fifa is getting into the act with "Red Card Day" every four. Last Thursday's five-dismissal extravaganza was not a complete surprise because Sepp Blatter and Michel Platini had been moaning about the referees being too lenient. As these two men are, respectively, in charge of Fifa and France 98, what they mean about one day becomes law the next.

The crackdown came just in time for the - well what is the collective noun for pundits? An argument, or jock-strap? Whatever, both sets had been showing signs of fatigue and delirium after watching 20 games in the first week. Des Lynam decided to take a day off while those left behind on the BBC team put their hands up and asked "sh" if they

could go outside on the grass now that it was sunny. They were duly indulged as the roof terrace of Lynam Park became the new focus of their operations. But just like children when they have lessons out of the school, they became a bit giggly and silly with Martin O'Neill successfully winding-up Jimmy Hill, and Gary Lineker unable to control the class.

The stir-craziness had hit new lows on ITV when Bob Wilson chided with glee at Rund Gulin's first-form pun on Chile. Judging by that response, Wilson must be in absolute raptures when he sees what Frank Skinner and David Baddiel are doing to the same channel. So "Red Thursday" came as a distinct relief in that it was at least an issue of sub-

stance for the panels to get their teeth into.

Unfortunately for ITV, the three dismissals in the Denmark-South Africa game all came in the second half, after the panel had sat, so judgement was left to Kevin Keegan who seemed to take the line that none of the incidents justified a sending-off. But then it was Kev, if I remember correctly, who saw not much wrong with Brazil's Leonardo smashing his elbow into the face of America's Tab Ramos at USA 94. So it would probably require someone to stick a live ferret down an opponent's shorts to get this dour Tyke to back a referee's red card.

The BBC's roof-top quartet had had the luxury of a few hours to smell Fifa's conspiracy unfolding, so they were able to open directly with the issue even before the France-

Saudi Arabia match had lifted the bookmakers' "spread" on the red-card total to a new high. David Ginola was initially absent, presumably washing his hair, so Jimmy Hill more or less had the field to himself. Nothing pleases Hill more than his own self-righteousness and it was given full rein on Thursday night. If there is a Viagra for the mouth then he must be on it.

His main point seemed to be that referees had to be capable of discerning the precise level of malice in a foul before deciding on the colour of the card they should wave. This suggested a naive perception on Hill's part that any player wishing to commit a foul does so in the style of a pantomime villain in order to make his intentions clear.

This may have been the case in the days of Tommy Smith, Dave

Mackay and Norman Hunter, but today's professionals bring such an infinite variety of subtlety to the black art of taking out an opponent that referees almost require two heads. Both Alan Hansen and Mark Lawrenson had mentioned earlier in the week how their first instinct as defenders when an opponent tried to go past them was to put an arm across. "It's in the coaching manual," the Scot had expostulated as though the truth could not be otherwise.

As Hill acknowledged, we the audience have the privilege of the replay and camera coverage from virtually all angles but the referee makes his decision on what he sees in an instant. During half-time in France's game, Hill was about to carp over the booking of Laurent Blanc, but, even as he spoke, the re-



Alexi Lalas, the United States centre-back and part-time rock musician (above), relaxes on a visit with his team-mates to the Château de Pizay while (below) Iranian players check out the goods on offer at the market in Puy-en-Velay



## Americans follow the party line

ANDY MARTIN  
AT LARGE IN FRANCE



I DON'T know if the Americans will get through to the next round, but they were sure getting through the rounds in the "bar car" of the Montpellier-Paris TGV.

I should stress that this was fans rather than players, but serious and knowledgeable fans, who had seen seven games in six days, no mere cheerleaders for Uncle Sam's army. Pete from Atlanta was going to check out the Louvre first chance he had, but he admitted that the dream of the other guys in his party was to stroll down the Champs Elysées night with their arms around a 12-pack.

Then, at Valence, Hank got on and made us all feel like soldiers in the Salvation Army. He already had one 12-pack under his belt and was soon working his way steadily through the next. A blues singer by trade, with a band called the Glory Hogs, he had come over to France on a concert tour, seen "a million naked babes on the beach", and changed his mind about going back. He was planning to get off at Lyon, but since the train was going at 200 kmph at the time, he changed his mind on that too.

Jim from Chicago (a trader with Merrill Lynch) was reminiscing about the US-Germany game as we replayed the goals on a video camera they had been filming with. "I thought we came from the land of meat and potatoes, but those Germans must be feeding their guys on something we don't know about, because they're twice the size of ours. It was like watching men playing against boys."

The general consensus was not too optimistic about the Iran game either. "It doesn't matter how much I drink," chipped in Patrick (born in Glasgow, moved to Nashville aged 11, "I still can't see us scoring any goals with a 3-3-1 formation. You can't play like that and expect to win. We all thought that was just a ruse to throw off the Germans. We couldn't believe it when it was for real. Sampson [Steve, the US coach] is sacked when he gets back."

"You know what we need?" said Pete, trying to strike a more positive note. "Better songs. The England fans taught us the songs they sing. The talk kept swinging back to politics. "They should have Clinton in the team," said Jason. "He'll score. That guy is worse than a sailor."

I was concerned we were making too much noise in the bar car. But Marie reassured me. "Don't worry, the Colombians are far worse." She gave me her mobile number as we pulled into Paris in case I wanted to talk more about trains and fans. OK, I admit it, I asked her for her number, but she did give it. "Man," whistled Jim as we got off at the Gare de Lyon, "if you're ever out of a job, you'd have a shot at President of the United States."

## Voices of Iran

BY RUPERT METCALF

ON THE mad, bad world of the Internet, there is no shortage of news and chat sites dedicated to the Iranian football team. Most of the contributors appear to be Iranian exiles living abroad, but none the less the sites are a decent guide to what the fans are talking about prior to tomorrow's big game against the United States.

On the *Iranian Football Page*, one contributor who should probably remain anonymous has written: "Iran will make Americans eat it for another 40 years. Then in 40 years the Americans will start a war against some poor hungry people... win that war and think they are powerful. It makes you wonder, if USA is so brave, why not pick a fight with brave people in Iran?"

Such strong words are by no

means typical, though, and drew the following response on the same site: "Please refrain from such innuendos and such language in the name of defending Iran. We might have ladies visiting this site."

On the *Iranian Soccer Online* page there is no shortage of fervent support. "I am very confident that the Iranians will prevail and kick those cocky American asses. The US is going down this Sunday," wrote one fan.

A fan on another site, just called *Iranian Football*, has insisted: "The US team is going to be like Shirley Temple from the *Good Ship Lollipop*, when the Persian Power gets through with them. My prediction: 4-0 Iran."

*Iranian Soccer Online* http://www.geocities.com/Colosseum/Stileine/424/

*Iranian Football* http://www.geocities.com/Colosseum/Stileine/5832/

*Iranian Football Page* http://members.tripod.com/~iran/

stance for the panels to get their teeth into.

Unfortunately for ITV, the three dismissals in the Denmark-South Africa game all came in the second half, after the panel had sat, so Jimmy Hill more or less had the field to himself. Nothing pleases Hill more than his own self-righteousness and it was given full rein on Thursday night. If there is a Viagra for the mouth then he must be on it.

His main point seemed to be that referees had to be capable of discerning the precise level of malice in a foul before deciding on the colour of the card they should wave. This suggested a naive perception on Hill's part that any player wishing to commit a foul does so in the style of a pantomime villain in order to make his intentions clear.

This may have been the case in the days of Tommy Smith, Dave

play was showing the French defender with a handful of his Saudi opponent's shirt to pull him down. Hill backtracked on that one, but if he persists in his campaign to vilify referees, particularly those he regards as coming from minor football cultures, his argument can only end in one result - games being halved while the fourth official watches a television replay on the touchline in order to adjudicate on any controversial decisions. Fifa will not take much nudging to go down this road.

So does Jimmy Hill really want that to happen? Quite apart from killing the continuity that makes football such a wonderful spectacle, it would also remove the need for television panels entirely. Somebody get me Sepp Blatter's phone number immediately!



The France striker Christophe Dugarry seems set to miss the rest of the World Cup after suffering a torn right hamstring in the 4-0 victory over Saudi Arabia on Thursday

AP

## Bergkamp trump for attacking Dutchmen

DENNIS BERGKAMP will tonight start his first game for seven weeks - which may guarantee the Dutch score their first goal of the 1998 finals and that South Korea's winless World Cup run continues.

The Koreans have no illusions about their chances in the Group E game in Marseilles against a side who, without the suspended Patrick Kluivert, want to make up for the disappointing 0-0 draw in the opening game against Belgium. "I'm hoping for a goalless draw against the Netherlands. If we take a point, then maybe we can beat Belgium to go through to the second round," said South Korea's coach, Cha Bum-kun.

For the Netherlands, the match is a repeat of what might be called the Belgian problem. The other teams in the group regard the Dutch as favourites and will aim to stop their attack. The strategy may be unattractive but, as the Belgians showed on Saturday, the Dutch front line can be blunted.

The Dutch coach, Guus Hiddink, will attack along both flanks and believes a fully fit Bergkamp - he played 25 minutes against the Belgians after recovering from a hamstring pull - will make the most of a stream of chances.

The South Koreans are likely to play one, maybe two, up front and defend in numbers. Hiddink has hinted he will partner Bergkamp with Ronald de Boer, normally an attacking midfielder, rather than Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, whose first touch was missing last Saturday.

Belgium's coach, George Leekens, is to turn to Enzo Scifo against Mexico in Bordeaux today after setting a long-running dispute with the veteran midfielder earlier this year. Scifo is one of three changes from the starting line-up against the Dutch. Defenders Eric Deflandre and Gordan Vidovic are the others.

Leekens may be forced to make a fourth alteration if another veteran, his captain Franky van der Elst, fails to recover from a groin injury.

The Mexicans, 5-1 winners over South Korea, aim to secure qualification tonight. "We hope we can secure a good result again. We've already enjoyed one victory," defender Claudio Suarez said. "It was an important victory but what's ahead is more important."

## French stay in optimistic mood

FRANCE COUNTED the cost yesterday of their 4-0 demolition of Saudi Arabia which left their playmaker Zinedine Zidane facing a two-game suspension and the Marseilles striker Christophe Dugarry injured and doubtful to play again at the World Cup.

Dugarry's torn right thigh muscle has given a big chance to the two young Monaco strikers, Thierry Henry and David Trézéguet, who came on as substitutes for Dugarry. They looked so sharp and at ease together that they seem set to continue as a partnership.

France's captain, Didier Deschamps, tried to play down the

importance of the loss of Zidane. "It's a nuisance because Zidane plays an important part in our tactical scheme but we have 22 players here and we must all fight together," he said. "We need everybody and it's only just starting. There are plenty of reasons for us to be very optimistic."

With France already sure of their place in the last 16, Jacquet would probably have rested Zidane anyway for France's last match against Denmark on June 24 in Lyon. But the likely loss of their playmaker for what may well be a

tricky second-round fixture will be irksome, at the very least, for Jacquet.

"We have qualified for the second round, which is the main thing, and we must win our next match," Jacquet said. "Our goal will always be victory, even without Zidane."

Jacquet's options include using either the Internazionale striker Youri Djorkaeff or Robert Pires as the playmaker, though neither of them normally take on the role for their clubs.

Pires said he was not afraid of the challenge. "Even if I'm

not exactly the same type of player, I'm ready to replace Zidane. If I do so, I hope the other players will trust me in the same way they trust him."

Though the team felt sorry for Dugarry, who had earned his place after coming on as substitute for the injured Guivarc'h against South Africa and scoring France's first goal, the replacements seemed ready for the fray.

"I wanted to score. Now I want to do it again," said the 20-year-old Trézéguet, who has yet to start a match for France. "I

want to play in all the matches. I'm ready and ambitious. We have to be ambitious. We can win this thing."

Henry, 20, like his friend Trézéguet, confirmed he was feeling great. "It's true that I'm in shape," he said. "I'm able to use my speed to trouble defenders but that's what I'm here for. Now I have to stay focused. We've still got a long way to go."

South Africa embroiled in the battle of the red cards in their 1-1 draw with Denmark on Thursday, have not given up in their quest to reach the second round. Although they have only one point from two games, their coach, Philippe Troussier, said yesterday that he was confident South Africa could overturn Saudi Arabia in their last group match on Wednesday.

But to turn round a four-goal difference in the standings they would need to beat the Saudis comprehensively and hope France put a few goals past Denmark.

"We need France to beat Denmark and we have seen enough of both teams to believe that is a strong possibility," Troussier said.

**THE GLOBAL GAME**  
THE WORLD CUP AROUND THE WORLD

### Scots keen to confound history



PAT NEVIN

FOLLOWING TWO very respectable performances from Scotland, a general air of confidence has settled over the squad and the Tartan Army of supporters as well.

In the game against Norway, there was an assuredness that was almost unrecognisable from a Caledonian World Cup group. With only Morocco in the way, Scotland can actually be looked upon as favourites to emerge from the group, along with Brazil. This is very concerning.

History warns us that if there is a complex and tortuous way of falling at the last hurdle, Scotland will invariably find it. Whether it's heating the eventual finalists as we did in Argentina 1978, but still managing to lose to Peru, or going out without losing a game in Germany in 1974, or the goal difference sadness of 1982 in Spain, the pair remains the same. Scottish journalists sat up late the other night working out that, if Brazil beat Norway

2-1 and Scotland draw with Morocco 2-2, or if Brazil win 1-0 and Scotland finish 0-0, then our fate will be decided by the drawing of lots. If this does happen we will lose that draw, it is the way of things for us. Most Scots wouldn't even bother to turn up for the sight of us choosing the short straw.

At Bordeaux airport after the 1-1 draw with Norway I witnessed some incredible sights. Not only were the fans dancing Highland flings to the beat of a Norwegian band, but the odd hardened back was actually

joining in. For the second day in a row the city of Bordeaux resembled one big ceilidh, attracting more cheuchters (happy Highlanders) than a free bar in Aberdeen on a Saturday night. It struck me that many were concentrating hard on the revellies in an attempt to forget that it could all end in tears, no matter how well the team plays.

But it looks so good. Brazil, already certain of finishing first in the group, should beat Norway - if only to restore some pride after a 4-2 defeat the last time they met in May 1997.

Scotland on the other hand

looked so positive, so well balanced at the end of the draw in Bordeaux that anything like a repeat performance should be enough to overcome the Moroccans. Part of the reason for Scotland's excellent form in the last quarter of that game was the introduction of Jackie MacNamara. Craig Brown had steadfastly refused to play the specialist Celtic wing-back,

even though many back home felt the Scottish players' play of the year was being unfairly overlooked.

There is an accepted wisdom that he is not that good a defender; that those taking forward runs suffused with skill and vision, conceal a basic weakness in defence. Non-sense. Playing against him last season in the Scottish Premier League he was the most difficult player to beat and among the most adroit at positioning himself in a back five.

His real talent, however, is to

run at the opposition with as much pace and skill as most good wingers. Like one of the few real world-class players Scotland and Celtic have produced over the last 20 years, he shares Danny McGrain's footballing brain and vision. On top of that he scores more goals than his illustrious predecessor.

For a long time last season the then Celtic manager, Wim Jansen, shared the doubts of many others, but he came to realise the error of his ways, allowing Jackie to become one of the linchpins of Celtic's title success. The players in the Scottish Premier League, however, showed that they never doubt

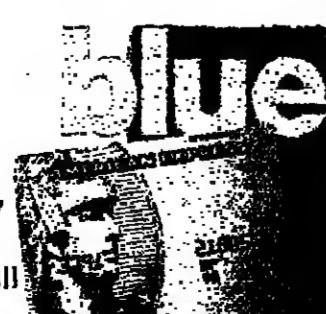
ed his ability by voting for him as their player of the year.

Craig Brown will start him against Morocco and I believe the team will look more balanced as a result, right from the first minute. This is important as the Scotland team have lost vital early goals already in this tournament due to lack of concentration and defensive confusion; first against Brazil after four minutes and then in the first minute of the second half against Norway.

I hope that I am not just losing the power of detached realism, that so many other Scottish fans have lost so famously before me. After all, one point from six so far isn't, on the face of it, wonderful and we have only ever won four games in the World Cup finals to date. However, it looks probable that a win against Morocco will be enough for qualification to the next phase. I believe it can and will be done, despite everything that history and statistics tell us.

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### Calderwood's timely return to duty

BY PHIL SHAW  
IN AVIGNON

WITH THE unhappy exception of Faustino Asprilla, Colin Calderwood looks like emerging from the group stages with more air miles to his name than any other player.

On Wednesday the Tottenham defender flew out of the Scottish HQ - and the tournament - to have surgery on his injured hand in London. By tonight he will be back, harbouring hopes of playing in the second phase should Scotland advance.

Calderwood fell heavily early in the second half of Tuesday's 1-1 draw with Norway in Bordeaux. The seriousness of the damage was immediately ap-

parent to him because two of his fingers were bent at right angles to the others. He was substituted and returned home, passing his wife and children at Heathrow as they left for a holiday and leaving Craig Brown resigned to losing him.

Now, however, the specialist who performed the operation has indicated to the Scottish medical staff that Calderwood might be able to rejoin the campaign after Tuesday's crucial Group A match against Morocco in St Etienne.

Alex Miller, the Aberdeen manager and assistant to Brown, spoke of the "possibility" of his resuming active service a week today, when Scotland have their sights set on facing Italy in Marseilles.

Morocco go into the match knowing that they will progress if they win, and have improved their ability to cope with the physical side of the north European game. Frank Coulston, the former Partick Thistle player who assesses opponents for Brown, was impressed by them, even in the 3-0 beating by Brazil. "They're a good side and didn't lose their shape or discipline after going three goals down," Coulston said. "We won't underestimate them at all, although we think we know how they will play. It's basically a 4-3-1-2 formation with Moustafa Hadji as the one behind the front players. It's unlikely they'll change."

Miller, who has joined Brown in studying video footage of

the Moroccans, endorsed his colleague's warning. "They counter-attack in numbers, sometimes five or six guys at a time, and at high speed."

Hadj, who has been playing with pain-killing injections in a toe injury, may present Scotland with an unusual dilemma, Miller noted. The Deportivo La Coruña player does not operate just off the strikers in a central area in a manner which might necessitate man-marking. He is just as likely to materialise on either wing.

By contrast, it has been mooted that Scotland will be seeking to exploit Morocco's goalkeeping problems. Miller remarked diplomatically that the current incumbent, Driss Benzekri, "would be dis-



Calderwood: Bones wired

pointed with the goals he lost against Norway," but was reluctant to tempt fate further. "We never tell the players that we did, nothing's more certain than that he'd have a brilliant game against us."

# THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO FRANCE 98

YESTERDAY

## Nigeria 1 Bulgaria 0

GROUP D: PARC DES PRINCES, PARIS. ATTENDANCE: 45,500

Goal: Ikpeba 27

Yellow cards: 4 (Adepoju, Okechukwu, Ikpeba, Okocha). Red cards: 0

Corners: 7

Offside: 1

Free-kicks (against): 9

Coach: Bora Milutinovic

Goal: 0

Yellow cards: 2 (Iliev, Kishishev)

Red cards: 0

Corners: 9

Offside: 4

Free-kicks (against): 18

Coach: Hristo Bonev

### Running commentary

1 min: Trifon Ivanov begins typically by clattering into Okocha.

7 min: Oliseh drives arrow straight: free-kick narrowly wide.

13 min: Stoichkov hits shot to 'keeper.

17 min: Ikpeba allowed header. Wastes it.

19 min: Yellow card Adepoju (none too bruslying contact on Hristov's ankle).

27 min: Amokachi again takes full part in fine build-up ending with Ikpeba slotting in goal.

28 min: Ikpeba, confidence high, shaves post.

30 min: Bulgaria under permanent pressure.

33 min: Kostadinov finds space but loses sight of goal.

38 min: Bulgarian defence pulled apart. Ikpeba finishes with strong shot - Zdravkov holds.

40 min: Stoichkov gets shot on target. Keeper grips well.

41 min: Balakov lifts ball over keeper. Ball bounces tantalisingly beyond far post.

42 min: Yellow card Okechukwu (ill-disciplined challenge).

48 min: Yellow card Ikpeba (push on Ginchev, who falls dramatically).

50 min: Bulgaria, with Borimirov on for Hristov, make improved progress.

64 min: Yellow card Iliev (foul on George).

65 min: Stoichkov misses virtually open goal but Bulgaria attacking more consistently.

71 min: Yellow card Okocha (seemingly harmless tackle).

73 min: Balakov curls free-kick wide.

74 min: Subotic Kanu's first ñme, first shot pushed round for corner.

78 min: Yellow card Kishishev (bringing down Kanu).

80 min: Nigeria getting increasingly careless in defence. George spurns fine chance in front of goal.

86 min: Kostadinov hits crossbar with shot.

89 min: Yekini forces late corner. Bulgaria get back on attack.

90 min: Bulgarian corner. Nigeria survive to qualify with a game to spare.

THURSDAY'S LATE MATCH

## France 4 Saudi Arabia 0

GROUP C: STADE DE FRANCE, ST DENIS, PARIS. ATTENDANCE: 75,000

Goal: Henry 35, 76, Trézéguet 67, Lizarazu 84

Yellow cards: 2 (Blanc, Lizarazu).

Red cards: 1 (Zidane)

Corners: 3

Offside: 2

Free-kicks (against): 12

Coach: Aimé Jacquet

Goals: 0

Yellow cards: 2 (Al-Jahni, Al-Jaber)

Red cards: 1 (Al-Khlaiwi)

Corners: 3

Offside: 1

Free-kicks (against): 13

Coach: Carlos Alberto Parreira

### Running commentary

1 min: Zidane has two shots blocked.

5 min: Dugarry slips inventive pass forward.

No-one else thinks as quickly.

6 min: Yellow card Al-Jahni (foul on Diomède, edge of area).

12 min: Henry follows up high, clever pass by Zidane but volleys wildly.

18 min: Rénard card Al-Khlaiwi (lunging but harmless tackle on Lizarazu);

28 min: Dugarry stretches - pulls hamstring.

29 min: Trézéguet comes on. First touch, almost scores.

30 min: Trézéguet again in front of goal, Al-

Deayea saves his shot, stretching.

34 min: Yellow card Blanc (unruly challenge on Al-Harbi).

35 min: Henry taps in to give France lead after Trézéguet sets them up. Lizarazu's ball across.

36 min: Three French players fail to meet inviting corner.

50 min: Trézéguet, in front of goal, fails to knock in.

51 min: Yellow card Lizarazu (foul, Al-Jaber).

55 min: Zidane drifts inside. Bends dangerous shot that 'keeper holds confidently.

57 min: Trézéguet gets yet another chance. Chests ball down and sends half-volley over.

62 min: Trézéguet challenges 'keeper in air. Opportunity lost.

67 min: Thuram repeats his excursion, this time its centre eludes fingers of 'keeper. Trézéguet heads in.

69 min: Red card Zidane (stamping on Anwar)

76 min: Henry chases long clearance from 'keeper. Runs on and slides ball into net.

80 min: Yellow card Al-Jaber (kick on Deschamps).

84 min: Delightful build-up to French fourth ends with back-heel by Djorkaeff to Lizarazu who nonchalantly finishes move.

### TOMORROW'S GAMES

#### GROUP F

Germany v Yugoslavia

Lens

Kick-off: 13.30

TV: BBC1

#### GROUP H

Argentina v Jamaica

Paris

Kick-off: 16.30

TV: ITV

#### GROUP F

United States v Iran

Lyons

Kick-off: 20.00

TV: BBC1

GROUP G

GOALSCORERS

#### THREE GOALS

GROUP F: Roberto Baget (Italy); Luigi Di Biagio (Italy); Pierre Njau (Cameroon); Real Polster (Australia); Inca (France); Marc Sauer (Germany); Christian Ziege (Germany);

GROUP H: Jürgen Klinsmann (Germany); Steffen Freund (Germany); Steffen Kutsch (Austria).

GROUP F: Mario Stank (Croatia); Robert Prosasnec (Croatia); Davor Suker (Croatia); Robben Karic (Croatia); Gabriel Batistuta (Argentina); Ricardo Petere (Mexico);

GROUP G: Luis Hernandez (Mexico).

**ONE GOAL**

GROUP A: Bebeto (Brazil); Cesare Sampaoli (Brazil); Rivaldo (Brazil); John Barnes (Scotland); Craig Brewster (New Zealand); Steve McManaman (England); Hamed El Sayed (Morocco); Mousaoui Hadji (Morocco);

GROUP E: Mario Stank (Croatia); Davor Suker (Croatia); Robben Karic (Croatia); Gabriel Batistuta (Argentina);

GROUP F: Luis Hernandez (Mexico);

GROUP G: Luis Hernandez (Mexico).

### WORLD CUP BETTING

The match between Belgium and Mexico in Bordeaux looks booked for a draw (maybe 1-1).

Mexico put three past the moderate South Korea in their first game but will not find life so easy against a dour Belgium, who ground out a 0-0 draw with the mighty Netherlands in their first game.

His should combine with his Arsenal team-mate Marc Overmars to cause South Korea no end of problems. Ian Davies

promises to be a close game.

He should combine with his Arsenal team-mate Marc Overmars to cause South Korea no end of problems.

Ian Davies

proves on the low side come 10pm.

Who isn't looking forward to Iran's collision with The Great Soton, aka the USA? Iran conceded 29 free-kicks against Yugoslavia yet managed not to receive a card of any colour. Fifa's instructions to referees are changing daily and that clean record could change dramatically tomorrow.

A buy on the total tournament goals for the Netherlands is evitable they could end up with a negative number.

A buy on the total tournament goals for the Netherlands is evitable they could end up with a negative number.

Richard Wetherell

up to the returning Bergkamp to set the seeds on their way.

Buy on the Dutch supremacy and take a look at South Korea's Performance numbers. They are unlikely to keep a clean sheet, or score, and with bookings seemingly inevitable they could end up with a negative number.

A buy on the total tournament goals for the Netherlands is evitable they could end up with a negative number.

Sporting quote 6.8-7.6 - may

be a buy on the total tournament goals for the Netherlands is evitable they could end up with a negative number.

Richard Wetherell

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Richard Wetherell

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# SPORT

INCE INSPIRES WITH FIRE P28 • GOLDEN DAYS OF BUDGE P22

## Nigeria invigorated by Ikpeba

By Glenn Moore  
at Parc des Princes, Paris

**Nigeria** 27  
**Bulgaria** 0  
• Att: 48,500

If ANY team can fulfil Pelé's prophecy of an African World Cup winner before the year 2000 it is Nigeria, and yesterday they took another step on the way to doing so by becoming the third team to reach the knock-out stages of this millennium's last tournament.

The highlight of a sultry afternoon was a sublime goal by Victor Ikpeba, Africa's player of the year, but Nigeria will also remember a shot against their own bar six minutes from time by Emil Kostadinov.

Had he scored they would still be scrapping to escape from Group D. As it is, they can look forward to a second-round tie, probably against Denmark at the Stade de France a week tomorrow.

This was a match which encapsulated the ethos of the World Cup. Neither Nigeria nor Bulgaria, for economic and geographic reasons, required tickets on the scale England and Scotland wanted yet there was a near-full house drawn from across the football world. Outside people wearing shirts from Argentina, Japan and Brazil had mingled with those of Spain, France and Denmark, inside were draped flags from Germany, Romania and Luton Town.

The international flavour was reflected on the pitch, with only four players employed in their native countries. Eight, five Bulgarians and three Nigerians, play in Turkey, an indication of the rising wealth of the Turkish game even if the national team failed to qualify.

The neutrals supported Nigeria, partly because of their fresh football, partly because of their effervescent supporters, and mainly because, on this ground five years ago, Bulgaria knocked France out of the 1994 World Cup with a dramatic last-minute goal. The score? Kostadinov, was constantly booted.

Nigeria had brought in Daniel Amokachi, briefly at Evertoo, for Mobi Oparaku. This ostensibly gave them a more attacking shape than in the 3-2 win over Spain but, with Augustine Okocha man-marked by Zlatko Yankov, it initially made them more predictable. Bulgaria, who drew 0-0 with Paraguay in their opening game, had made three changes, including the return of Kostadinov.

What they needed, however, was an injection of youth. Under a hot Parisian sun Bulgaria looked a spent force against Nigeria's tyros. England, watching on television in Britain, were supporting Nigeria.

tany, will have been pleased. Bulgaria are in the same Euro 2000 qualifying group.

It took just four minutes for Finidi George to bring a save from Zdravko Zdravkov. Tariq West then put a free header over the bar and Bulgaria, twice warned, retreated into defence. For 15 minutes the game stagnated but then the West Africans began to solve the puzzle and stretch the East Europeans, with Ikpeba heading narrowly wide from Celestine Babayaro's cross.

A Bulgaria courted further unpopularity when Marian Hristov conned the Chilean referee into booking Mutlu Adepoju there was joy unconfined when, after 28 minutes, Nigeria scored.

Babayaro, advancing on the left, found Okocha in rare space. He dummyed to shoot, then slipped a pass to Amokachi. Two touches later Nigeria were ahead. The first, with the outside of Amokachi's boot, steered the ball to Ikpeba. The second poked the ball under Zdravkov. Trifon Ivanov having first been left floundering by Ikpeba's glorious turn.

Ikpeba rolled another shot wide a minute later and put a volley over but Bulgaria roused themselves to finish the half strongly with Krasimir Balakov prominent. First, he chipped narrowly wide after some delightful ball-skills. Then he induced a foul by Uche Okechukwu which cost the defender his second successive booking. He will be suspended for the Paraguay match.

Bulgaria, conscious that the Mercury was pushing 90 degrees Fahrenheit, sought to slow the game down in the second half and the Nigerians, with some self-indulgent play, let them. This enabled Bulgaria to come more into the game and Hristo Stoichkov almost equalised after 66 minutes when he diverted Kostadinov's cross-shot wide of the post.

Bulgaria also won a number of free-kicks and while they came to naught, Bora Milutinovic sought to revive his team by bringing on, in turn, Nwankwo Kanu, to a rousing reception, Rashidi Yekini and Tijani Babangida.

Initially, only the tally of bookings rose - it reached six by the end - but Kanu, George, Garde Lawal and Yekini all went close as Nigeria looked to settle the match. Yet it was Bulgaria who came nearest to scoring when Kostadinov turned Adepoju on the left before rasping a shot against the bar.

The tally of five dismissals in two matches - three in Denmark v South Africa (a World Cup record) and then two in France v Saudi Arabia - was the direct result of an intervention by Fifa's new president, Sepp Blatter. Earlier in the week, he had twice declared that referees had been too lenient in the tournament so far and been ignoring instructions to be tough on tackles from behind.

Blatter

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# WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • SHOPPING • TRAVEL



Tom Pilston

## A fisherman's tale

The men and women of Mallaig are no strangers to death. They know the boats that set out daily in search of mackerel may never return. But then the *Silvery Sea* went down with all hands. And this tiny Scottish community will never be the same

BY JACK O'SULLIVAN

**T**here should be great days in the Scottish village of Mallaig. Night never seems fall in this most westerly port on mainland Britain. Extraordinary golden sand on its beaches and almost Caribbean clear sea make you wonder if the wind ever blows on this edge of the Highlands. Nearby, the temperate presence of the Gulf Stream allows even palm trees to thrive. Indeed, this noisy port of weathered-dashed cottages, dwarfed by great outcrops of granite tumbling into the sea, might easily be mistaken as a stopping-off point for tourists bound for Greek islands rather than the Western Isles. Each morning more trippers arrive on the steam train from Fort William, having passed beneath the peak of Ben Nevis en route to the sea.

These are days when the women of Mallaig, as they pack their men off fishing for perhaps a fortnight at a time, should be able to relax and enjoy summertime with their children. The sea appears so unthreatening. Look out at the bay around which the islands of Rum, Skye and Eigg wrap themselves and you can see for miles. So normally the women can set aside for a few months their usual fears of fierce winter storms and lost loved ones.

It has been a time of celebration. On 12 June, Eigg marked the first anniversary of the day when its 68 islanders bought out their landlord and at last gained a chance to dictate their own destiny. Meanwhile, in Mallaig earlier this month there was the traditional week of partying, with raft races in the harbour, prizes for the best kept boat and a visit from Paul Anderson, the great Aberdeenshire diddler. The festivities closed with a service of thanksgiving during which this fishing community sang the hymn: "How good is the God we adore/Our faithful unchanged friend."

Yet within days they were mourning the greatest tragedy to befall a community that lives in expectation of accidents. On Wednesday evening, 500 of them prayed together at a special service in Mallaig school hall. They should have been watching the final performance of the school play, which had been cancelled.

On Sunday morning, five men, four of them from this village of fewer than 1,000 people, had perished. Their boat sank after a collision, 30 miles off the Danish coast. The *Silvery Sea*, a 12ft, 265-ton purse, hit the much larger, 4,155-ton German coaster *Mercur* and sank rapidly, drowning the entire crew.

Had it been winter, the disaster might have been easier to understand, even though each vessel was equipped with sophisticated radar and electronic equipment. But this all happened in

broad daylight at 7.15 in the morning. It was possible to see 20 to 30 miles, said the coastguard. You couldn't have hoped for a finer day in June.

The *Silvery Sea*'s skipper was Alexander "Zander" Manson, perhaps the most respected fisherman in Mallaig. With him was a crew of men in their thirties and forties. All but one of them had been aboard the boat when it was almost dashed on rocks off Larne in Northern Ireland in November 1994. So the North Sea in June did not worry them. And they were delighted with themselves. The *Silvery Sea* was heading east for a processing plant in Denmark, loaded to the gunwales with a 500-ton catch of sand eels. A trip like that can earn a crewman more than £10,000.

But a boat so heavily laden sinks fast: the sand eels were still alive swimming around in tanks holding thousands of gallons of salt water. The German freighter had reinforced steel bows to cut through ice. The collision was like a Mini hitting an articulated lorry. Two helicopters were scrambled and seven ships joined the search. They found only empty lifeboats and an oil slick.

Many people got their first word of the disaster while attending Sunday morning services at Mallaig's two churches, one Catholic, the other Protestant. Fr Michael Hudson, the parish priest, broke the news to some in his congregation. "We prayed during 10 o'clock Mass that the men might be found," he recalls.

But within hours their hopes had shrunk. The prayers then was that at least the bodies might be retrieved so funerals could be held. Four of the men were married. One had two young children. Their relatives were sprinkled throughout the community. For two days, they waited until the first four were discovered by divers 100ft down in the submerged boat. Then the next of kin made their sad journey to Denmark to identify the dead.

No-one in Mallaig is untouched by this tragedy. Even when reporting the killings in Hungerford of 16 people in 1987, you would meet some in the town largely unaffected by what had happened. Not here. The mood in the pubs on Sunday evening was sombre, says Angus Macintyre, who has lived all his life here and works on a boat crewed by a brother of one of the dead. "Some of the lads were crying into their drinks. It's a terrible blow."

These are private people, who have come to loathe the in-

trusiveness of the press. On Monday afternoon, Frances Shand Kydd, Princess Diana's mother and patron of the local fisherman's association, met the bereaved in the village. The visit provoked chaotic scenes among journalists outside. At one point local men discussed turning a hose on them.

The women, in particular, have retreated into their community. "You are always worried when a man goes to sea," explains one woman. "You never want him to go when you have had a row. You have to sort out your row first, in case he doesn't come back. But you don't expect this to happen in fine weather. Nothing on this scale has happened here before. There have been boats going down, losing a couple of men. But not five. Everyone is so shocked. I was speaking to a friend of mine whose husband went to sea on Monday and she says she wants to ring him up every hour to check he is OK. You look out at the bay and think how can anything go wrong on such a nice day. And then you realise how easy it is for a boat to get its nets snagged and to go under."

The men who died were well known to most people. Zander Manson, 57, the skipper, was the king of fishing in Mallaig. A tall, lanky man, he was owner of the largest boat and head of a family whose name is synonymous with the village. Michael Dyer,

36, left two boys, one aged 14 months, another, Christopher, aged 8, who is nicknamed "the harbour master" because he was already helping around the boats. "Michael and Betty seemed such a happy couple with their lives set up," says one friend. "Now, it's all gone." Michael Dyer's body is the only one not yet found.

In a place like this, no-one goes by their Christian name – everyone has a nickname. Alan MacDonald, 31, was known as "Druidhu", after his family home. He was newly-married and had just built a house. The fourth crew member was Alex "Tucker" Mackenzie, 32, who, said his brother Gordon, "loved the sea and loved his boat. He was a big Aberdeen football club fan and a shareholder in the club – he really talked about nothing else."

The fifth was Billy Tait, 43, from Fraserburgh, a man whose name will ripple through the Scottish fishing industry in which the Taitis are a key family. There is grief for all these deaths, but also guilt. The crew was at half strength because they were fishing sand eels rather than mackerel. "Some of these may live together for a month at a time," explains a Mallaig woman. "So the crew members who are left are devastated. They have lost their boat family."

Continued on page two

For national  
off-peak calls

at

a

minute

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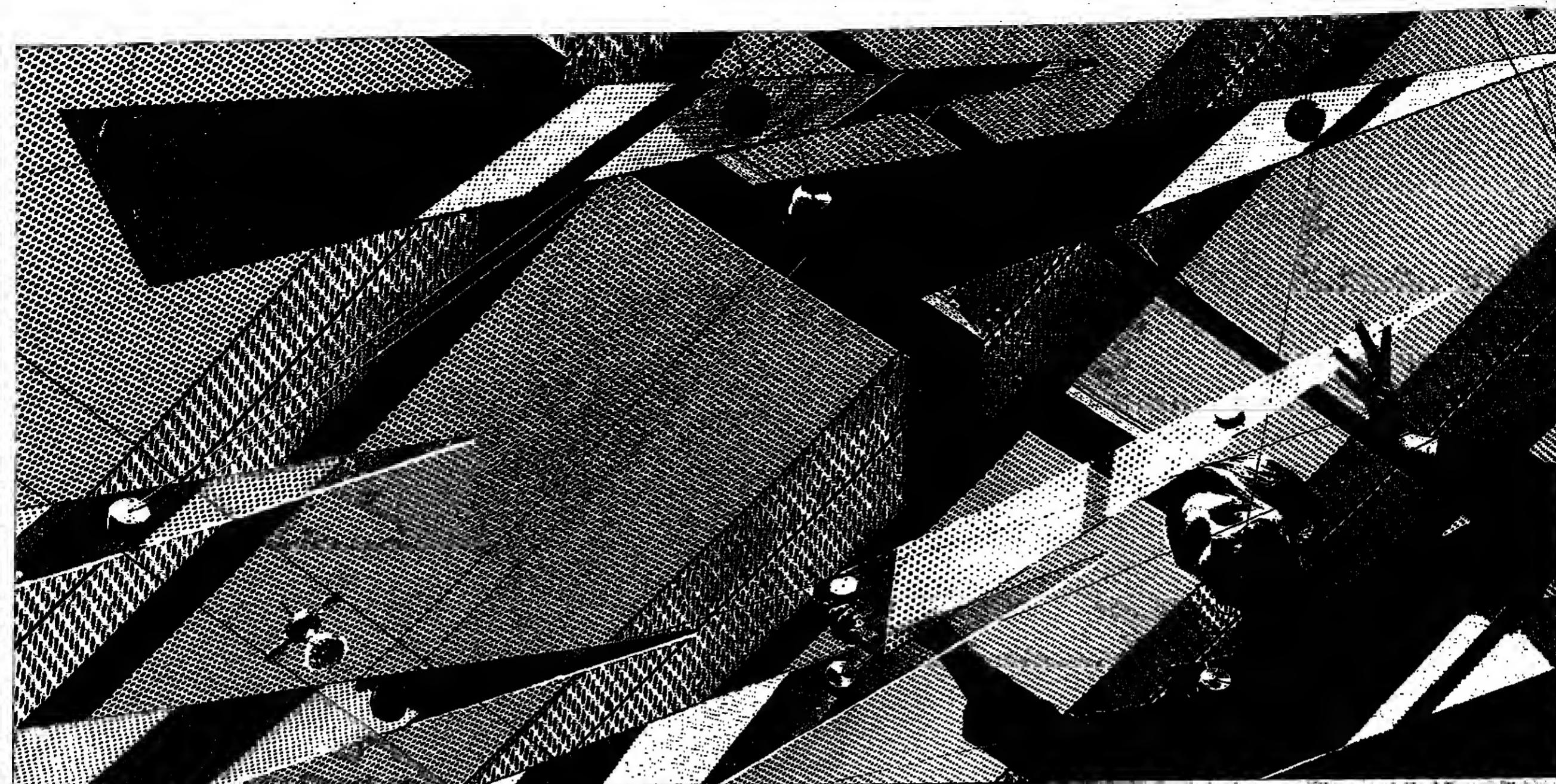
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TWELVE PAGES OF TRAVEL

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Artist Laura Johnston putting the finishing touches to a glass installation at the National Glass Centre, which is nearing completion on the banks of the River Wear at Sunderland

Michael Scott/North News &amp; Pictures

**Not a cuddly game**

Sir: Suzanne Moore blames male culture for, well, everything that isn't nice, but obviously for football hooliganism. Your correspondents seem to blame Paul Gascoigne and tabloid xenophobia for the same thing. In the usual panic-stricken rush to provide answers, the wrong questions are endlessly trotted out. Ban alcohol? Remove passports? Re-educate offenders? Oh, dear.

Middle-class handwringing is misplaced. Oh yes, we all know that when we are abroad the host culture is allowed its own integrity - those are their ways of doing things, their sensibilities. However, for an urban working-class culture that admires toughness and celebrates rivalry in such shifting contexts applies. They are proud of their form of Englishness and don't care how provocative that pride may be. Football becomes an expression of loyalty (which, in its extreme form, can be loutishness, intolerance and arrogance).

The rest of us feel ashamed of such pride because hooliganism makes us all look barbaric. In fact, it is the upshot of one part of English social history. Now that the middle classes want to cuddle up to football they seem surprised at having to cuddle up to its previous owners at the same time. Football still has some of its roots in an aggressive sense of honour, in meat pies and fizzy beer. Chardonnay, baguettes and internationalism are late starters in the English context. The rest of the world is entitled to be confused. We are not.

R S BARRY

Wellington, Somerset

Sir: I attended the game on Monday. Travelling to Marseilles on the train there was a wider cross-section of supporters than on previous England trips, with a healthy number of female, black and Asian fans mixing in easily with the traditional white male, everyone determined to have a good time.

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# MONITOR

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Football Hooligans • Japanese Yen • Lawrence Inquiry • Pauline Hanson • Julie Burchill Book



## Is it enough just to be ashamed of them?

LE MONDE  
France

The World Cup began with dreams of goals, great football and fair play. Little did we know before the weekend was over, the dreams would have evaporated. Football hooligans were back.

THE EXPRESS  
UK

Why stage a football match against Tunisia in a city which is known for its gangster violence and its clashes between North African migrants? Is this another example, along with the ticket fiasco and the transport strikes, of French inability to handle the World Cup?

## ENGLISH FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS

Reactions to the rioting by England supporters at the World Cup

EL PAÍS  
Spain

In strictly sporting terms, England won 2-0 against Tunisia. In social terms, it lost many points against the whole world because of the racist hooliganism of hundreds of drunk and over-excited English fans. Britain's hooligans have been sowing panic wherever they pass for the last 20 years. It is surprising that with so much painful experience, neither the World Cup organisers, nor the French or British police, were capable of controlling this alcohol-soaked rabble.

NEW STATESMAN  
UK

Any match that threatens trouble should be cancelled on public-order grounds, or alternatively, played behind closed doors at a secret location. On that basis, England should not play again in this World Cup. But it won't happen because too much money and political street cred is at stake.

We'll just have to be grateful, instead, that Tony Blair keeps apologising on our behalf.

QUOTES OF  
THE WEEK

"What is Linford Christie's lunchbox?" - His Honour Mr Justice Popplewell

"I don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth, let alone a Hollywood producer waving a large cheque" - Will Self, who has been signed to write his first screenplay

"The single currency is a dangerous political instrument which would destroy our national democracy" - Tory peer Lord Tebbit

"He knew that I was the first black woman to appear on the cover of *Vogue* and that Kate Moss started the revolution of little models. So I suppose we were both revolutionaries in his eyes" - Naomi Campbell, after meeting the Cuban leader Fidel Castro

"Yorkshiremen never worry about class. If I met somebody snooty, I would just think he was an idiot" - Tom Kilburn, leader of the British team that built the world's first computer

"They are very nicely behaved, unlike Labour" - Peter Stringfellow, commenting on Conservatives he has entertained at his topless dancer clubs

"They've even measured the depth of my wrinkles" - Commons Speaker Betty Boothroyd, on seeing her new Madame Tussaud's waxwork

## JAPANESE YEN

Analysis of the economic problems facing Japan

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST  
Hong Kong

It is regrettable that it took a series of increasingly blunt warnings from Beijing before the US and Japan were finally willing to take action to prop up the yen, so stemming the most dangerous element of the regional crisis, at least for the moment.

Having contributed to the yen's slide last year, through US Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin's ill-judged remark that there was little point in such intervention, Washington had a

chief source of economic rot in Japan is the intertwining of politics, banking, business and corruption. The politicians protected this cosy system in the time-honoured manner: they bribed their voters. The average member of the lower house of the Japanese parliament spends about \$2m a year to secure re-election, virtually all of which comes from business people for favours rendered. The petty

corruption that this engenders, however, is nothing compared with the extravagance that government members lavish on their constituencies, such as multi-lane highways almost devoid of traffic.

Unfortunately, the crisis does not yet seem deep enough to have persuaded Japan's leaders to mend their ways. The international community must both give better advice to Japan and be more demanding that it accept the responsibilities that go with its economic status.

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD  
Australia

Japan continues to assure the world that it will reach this year's 1.8-per-cent growth target. Many,

including some who have been ready to blame Japan for precipitating the whole Asian meltdown, will not be moved by such assurances. Japan will remain under pressure to stop the slide of the yen, to stimulate domestic consumption and work on structural reforms. It is true that Japan, as the world's second largest economy, has the fate of many others dependent on it. But in all cases, including Australia's, it would be unwise to depend for economic salvation wholly on Japan to do all that is now demanded of it.

INVESTORS CHRONICLE  
UK

Will imported deflation from Asia offset domestically generated deflation? That is the main issue for investors. What is certain is that we are only beginning to see the full extent of imported deflation. Unfortunately it may not be enough to quell the UK's home-grown inflation problem.

## MISCELLANEOUS

THE VOICE  
UK

It appears that Trevor McDonald is under threat from BBC *Newshouse* presenter Jeremy Paxman in the race to present ITV's new flagship current affairs programme. Apparently Paxman has got "current affairs credibility" while McDonald enjoys the support of the ITV audience. If Trevor loses the battle it will expose the lie that Black people are making major inroads into the media, for if Trevor cannot succeed, who can?

NANDO TIMES  
Internet

A lone Argentine pilot who flew his small plane to the disputed Falkland Islands with gifts of tea and oranges landed back in Patagonia on Thursday after being detained in the islands as an illegal immigrant and expelled. Ernesto Barcella, who caused a brief diplomatic headache for Britain and Argentina, landed in the Argentine town of Comodoro Rivadavia to a hero's welcome from the media. He told television by radio from his cockpit that he had planned the flight for 18 months. Asked about his gifts for the islanders, Barcella said "the English like tea" while he had also taken oranges and flour "because neither fruit nor wheat can grow in the islands."

TIMES OF INDIA  
India

The cost of the world's cuppa may no longer be entirely safe from the storm-tossed waters of the international market, what with the Kenyan drought and the Indonesian crisis. The recent confusion in the global tea market comes after years of static lateral growth. In the West, nothing has changed for years except the shape and design of tea-bags. But tea-bag geometry may matter little when tea is buffeted by the gales of supply and demand.



## THE EVENING STANDARD

Since the McPherson inquiry got under way, senior officer after senior officer has given reluctant evidence which has dug the Met into a hole which seems to grow deeper by the day. The Stephen Lawrence inquiry is an unmitigated disaster for the Metropolitan Police. Never before has a murder investigation been so minutely dissected, and never before has such a catalogue of police fecklessness been exposed.

## BOOK REVIEW

'DIANA' BY JULIE BURCHILL

Whatever you think of Julie Burchill, she's written some great putdowns in her time. Her stably gushy book about Princess Diana is currently being put down by readers throughout the land and I wish she'd stick to creating acerbic one-liners, like her telling comment about Camille Paglia: "The g is silent - the only thing about her that is."



## SUNDAY TIMES

It is heady stuff, simultaneously persuasive and distasteful, a blend of shrewd, sensible and silly empathy with the plight of the Princess and a hate-filled, bitter insensitivity to the other tragic protagonist in the drama, the Prince of Wales.

## DAILY TELEGRAPH

Burchill articulates the feelings latent in many hundreds of thousands of men and women and it would be dangerous to ignore them or to assume that they have no reason to exist. She has some valid points to make, and the Royal Family and its advisers need to take them into account in considering their future policies.

هذا من الأصل

مکان از آن

# The place of dinosaur dung in science and literature

THE SCIENTIFIC journal *Nature* has bowed to the pressure of public curiosity and finally published an analysis of that "king size" heap of *Tyrannosaurus rex* dung which was discovered in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan three years ago.

Where I come from, dung is dung, however long it's been hanging about, but to the scientist it's a coprolite – not to be confused, by the by, with the remains of the planet Superman hauled from one tiny fragment of which could rob him of all his strength and self-respect. The substance you're thinking of is

The magnitude of the Saskatchewan find to the scientific community can be measured by the phrase "king size". Scientists work on a scale barely comprehensible

to the rest of us. "Only yesterday" to an astronomer means 30 billion years ago, and when a geologist says "king size" he isn't thinking marital bed. Imagine if you can, a beap of ancient faeces equivalent in mass to the crater that would be cast on the surface of the earth if the moon fell into us. But convex rather than concave. And less of a tourist attraction.

It's what the coprolite contains, though, that's exciting interest: nothing less than the remains of a three-horned herbivorous dinosaur as big as a cow chewed whole, digested badly, and still in pain. Thereby proving what every schoolboy has always suspected, that the *T rex* was one mean mother.

None of this, I have to say, comes as any surprise to me. I've never held with any of the meteor or ice

age theories to explain the disappearance of the dinosaurs. That they ate one another to extinction always seemed to me the likeliest explanation. What else was there to do way back then?

Considering the philosophical implications of the discovery, Shakespeare said it all long ago: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Pity the poor *Tyrannosaurus*: 65 million years after its demise, and all we can find to remember it by is its messy eating.

As far as the where the mega-stool itself was unearthed, here too there is nothing new to report. Didn't we always know that Canada was one colossal shit-heap?

Forget what may look like a gratuitous rudeness. I'm nursing a long-time grievance with Canada on



HOWARD JACOBSON

the grounds that it never invites me to any of its famous waterfront literary festivals. Canada is big on festivals. Places which otherwise have no attractions, give or take a turd or two, always are big on festivals. You ask yourself, "What haven't we

got?" You come up with the answer: "Anything!" So you have a festival. It's smart thinking. What writer wants to miss out on a jamboree? What comedian? Now you know why it's such a long time since you heard a joke against Toronto or Montreal. Or Edinburgh. Or Adelaide.

Hay-on-Wye is another matter. Unlike every other writer on this planet, not to mention those from planets with cellulite, I wasn't there this year. This may have had something to do with the poor reception I received last year.

Wrong place, wrong subject. *Nature* reported its findings earlier. I may have got away with my chosen topic – *The Contribution of Poets to Humour* – by wrapping it in dinosaur talk. Every country person loves a stool when it's an

animal that's dropped it. My mistake was to get heavy with the literature in a rural setting – farts in Aristophanes, turds in Chaucer, dunghills in Rabelais.

It's something you wouldn't wish on your worst enemy, being in a full tent in a muddy field in Hay-on-Wye (I always fill my tent in Hay or at least, I always used to), frozen in horrid silence as you bury yourself deeper and deeper in ordure.

While, from the other tents, came the sounds of male authors talking about their children. "Well, better that than your fixation," my audience let me know. "Better to be a father than a coprophiliac."

In vain did I make protest to my audience that I was no fonder of dung than the next man. That, if anything, I was a coprophobic, a person who had walked in preternatural fear of dung all his life. Hence my passionate advocacy of the value of scatological comedy: it reconciled me to the horror. What did they think I was doing – compiling a list of my favourite droppings? *Poo We Have Loved? Desert Island Dung?*

The tent blew and I died. I signed and sold no books. Sixty-five million years from now, geologists will dig in Hay-on-Wye and find evidence that a creature the size of a man was once passed whole through the digestive system of a many-headed monster. It may even get in *Nature*. But no coprolite will ever tell the true tragic story of what transpired there.

# 'One Chop Zhu', our favourite Communist

AT A conference for China's senior provincial state bankers in Peking last year, Zhu Rongji was in full flow, detailing the urgent reforms needed for the country's ailing banking sector. Then he suddenly paused. "Another problem," he thundered, "is that I hear that some people have been using my name and claiming that they know me." Mr Zhu pointed to one hapless state bank official sitting in the audience. "For instance, I've heard that you've been saying that you are a good friend of mine. Well, let me tell you, I don't know you."

In a country where influence-peddling is a way of life, Mr Zhu has no time for saving the face of incompetent Chinese cadres, but he is certainly the man everyone wants to know. When President Clinton arrives in China next Thursday, his official host will be China's president, Jiang Zemin. But the person who can tell Mr Clinton whether China can possibly negotiate the financial turmoil in Asia is Mr Zhu, who will be celebrating his first 100 days as China's new prime minister.

On his appointment, Mr Zhu vowed that, "No matter what is awaiting me, whether it be landmines or an abyss, I will blaze my trail." And, as millions of Chinese are discovering, the trail-blazing Mr Zhu is doing just that.

His reform policies will throw tens of millions out of work and dismantle what is left of the Communist welfare system. And yet 49-year-old Zhu is probably the only Chinese politician admired by ordinary Chinese people. In recent weeks, the newsstands have been stacked with magazines devoted to "The Grand Master of Governance", with story lines such as "The Iron Fist of Reform" (over a magazine cover showing a picture of Mr Zhu smashing his fist on the table), and "Zhu Rongji Radiates Glamour".

No-one ever said that about his predecessor, Li Peng, whose official biography stressed that he "always helped with the household chores".

## SATURDAY PROFILE

### ZHU RONGJI

Mr Zhu has more important chores, such as fending off the many enemies of his governmental clear-out. "I have prepared 100 coffins," he has said. "Ninety-nine for the corrupt officials, and one for myself."

The Zhu blueprint is bold in the extreme, cutting the number of ministries from 40 to 29, and slashing the number of central and local government civil servants by half. China's loss-making state sector, which the government admits has 37 million surplus workers, is in for a similar overhaul. Added to that are plans to scrap subsidised housing, introduce private medical insurance, and reorganise an insolvent banking system.

The real test of Mr Zhu is whether he can actually implement this programme, especially during a regional economic crisis. In his favour are his credentials as the most accomplished technocrat in the top leadership.

David Shambaugh, a China specialist at George Washington University, says: "Zhu's style is markedly different from other communist leaders. He is blunt, direct, self-assured, and decisive."

Denis Simon, head of Andersen Consulting in China, agrees: "What makes Zhu Rongji a strong leader is not so much that he has a model of change, it's that this is a guy who really wants to see change happen... I think we have a kind of Truman-esque person in charge in China, one who says the buck stops here."

Compared with his lacklustre colleagues, Mr Zhu is every Western statesman's favorite Chinese leader. Tony Blair, who met the new Chinese prime minister in London earlier this year, was said to have been "in no doubt that he was sent to the countryside for five years, and was not finally rehabilitated until 1979."

In the reform era of Deng Xiaoping, Mr Zhu soon proved himself at the State Economic Commission. In 1988 he was appointed mayor of Shanghai, and immediately pledged to boost the city's backward economy, cut red-tape, and halve expense-account banqueting by city of-

Zhu. The US Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, described him as "very, very forward-looking".

Seasoned China-watchers offer a more balanced view. Gerald Segal, at the International Institute for Strategic Studies, says: "Mr Zhu's first 100 days have been mediocre in terms of domestic politics, but he has played a blinder in foreign policy and general public relations. The outside world loves him and his spin control on the question of the risks of devaluation, being blamed on Japan are wonderful to behold – albeit bogus in reality."

Mr Zhu's personal history may explain his singular political style. He was born in 1928 in southern Hunan province, the home province of Mao Zedong, studied engineering at the prestigious Qinghua University, and joined the Communist Party in 1949, the year the People's Republic was established. In 1957 he fell foul of the party hardliners during the "Anti-Rightist" movement, after reportedly criticising the Chinese system and praising Hungary and Yugoslavia's brands of reformist communism.

Mr Zhu is the only senior Chinese leader to have such a politically incorrect background, and when asked about it at his inaugural press conference in March, he said bluntly: "I learned a lot from that experience, but that experience was also unpleasant, so I don't want to mention it now." During the Cultural Revolution he was sent to the countryside for five years, and was not finally rehabilitated until 1979.

In the reform era of Deng Xiaoping, Mr Zhu soon proved himself at the State Economic Commission. In 1988 he was appointed mayor of Shanghai, and immediately pledged to boost the city's backward economy, cut red-tape, and halve expense-account banqueting by city of-

ficials. He even sent the top tourism bureau officials out to clean the city's filthy public lavatories. He was nicknamed "One Chop Zhu" for cutting through the bureaucracy for foreign investors; China-watchers called him "China's Gorbachev", a sobriquet he has always despised as a political liability.

Immediately after the 1989 Tiananmen massacre, when Shanghai was in the grip of huge demonstrations, streets were barricaded, and public transport at a halt, Mr Zhu went on television and calmed the situation by telling the city he had "never considered using troops or exercising any military control". It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that Mr Zhu could be a closet political liberal; he has stuck firmly by the party line on Tiananmen and other human rights issues.

After the 1989 crisis, Mr Zhu's rise was swift. In 1992, already a deputy prime minister, he was catapulted into the top-level Standing Committee of the Chinese Communist Party in charge of the economy. The following year, with inflation heading for 25 per cent in the cities, Mr Zhu launched the savage austerity programme which brought the over-burdened economy under control and put his stamp on policy.

Since his ascendancy, there has been nothing a provincial cadre has dreaded so much as an inspection tour by Mr Zhu. In 1994, on a trip to Heilongjiang province, Mr Zhu locked horns with the provincial party boss – and fired him on the spot. On another provincial visit, he noticed that a local official was wearing an expensive watch well beyond the means of his salary – and sacked him for corruption. Mr Zhu has instructed that banquets for him be limited to one soup and four dishes, instead of the lavish eating at public expense which most government employees go for.

All that still leaves the question of whether Mr Zhu can achieve his goals. Reform of the banks has started, but the civil service is re-

stafing the swinging cuts in staffing. And the deadline for housing reforms in Peking has been delayed because newly-redundant workers are angry at being charged more rent. As Dr Simon observes, "Basically what he has done is create a whole group of losers – people who have lost their jobs or their prerogatives and perks. So it's a very dangerous, risky endeavour". Foreign politicians such as Mr Clinton, who endorse Mr Zhu's project, would do well to remember the power structures of the Chinese political system. Mr Shambaugh cautions: "Mr Zhu is personally extremely vulnerable politically. He has no real patron to protect him, no real clients below him, no bureaucratic base, no ties with the military, has stepped on many toes to get where he is, and has the one policy portfolio that really runs a risk of trouble in the months and years ahead."

If Mr Zhu's bold plans can be put into place without causing a social upheaval, he will emerge as the master technocrat of China in the 21st century. But if his restructuring comes badly unstuck, President Jiang and the other top leaders will swiftly distance themselves from the chief architect of the radical reforms, and Mr Zhu will end his career as a political fall-guy.

TERESA POOLE



China's premier Zhu Rongji is escorted round the Old Royal Observatory in Greenwich in April

# Forget America, this is the European century

## SATURDAY ESSAY by RICHARD PELLIS

IN 1941, the publisher Henry Luce wrote a now-legendary article urging the United States to enter the war in Europe, mould the post-war world, and accept its role as a global power. If it did so, he predicted, people all over the world would concede that this was the "American" century.

At the time, Luce's prophecy was dismissed, even by Americans, as just the sort of pronouncement one might expect from a man with an evangelical temperament and the arrogance to call his magazines *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

Today, no one sneers at Luce. Instead, they embrace his concept of an American century as if this were the only possible way to describe the history of the past 100 years. Or to conceive of the future. In the May/June issue of the influential journal *Foreign Affairs*, Mortimer Zuckerman – the publisher of *US News and World Report* – argues that the US is so affluent and technologically ingenious that the 21st century will surely be dominated by America as was the 20th.

In Britain and on the continent, people are equally taken with Luce's hypothesis. At a recent conference in Leipzig, German scholars recalled how important the American military and cultural presence has been in their country since 1945. The

feeling – sometimes uneasy – that they are living in an Americanised world.

Yet Europe's wars and ideological conflicts have done far more to shape the way people think and act than has Hollywood or Disneyland. The manipulativeness of America's mass culture has been inconsequential compared to the murderousness of Europe's mass movements. Europeans have therefore remained, unhappily, at the centre of the world's history.

Nothing illustrates this better than the two World Wars. Both wars, while they eventually involved America's armies, were less cataclysmic for Americans, especially on the home front, than they were for Europeans. America's cities were not bombed; its natural resources were not devastated; its civilian population was not terrorised. Europeans, in contrast, spent much of the century involved with Europe

Indeed, the rise and fall of totalitarianism is the central political and human drama of the 20th century. And it is predominantly a European drama in which the US played a significant but secondary role.

In the loftier realm of science and the arts, it is usually said that after 1945, America, or at least New York, became the home of Western culture. This was certainly a reversal from the time before World War II when Americans regarded their own culture as a second-rate imitation of Europe's; and when American novelists, painters,

and composers thought they had to go to London, Paris, or Berlin to learn the latest theories and techniques.

But the postwar cultural pre-eminence of the United States was largely dependent on the contributions of Europeans. The construction of the atom bomb, the emergence of abstract expressionism as a uniquely American form of painting, and the evolution of American literature from Ernest Hemingway to Thomas Pynchon could not have occurred without the influence of European ideas or the flight of scholars and intellectuals from Nazi Germany to the US.

Stylistically, and in their campaign slogans, Tony Blair and Gerhard Schroeder may well be clones of Bill Clinton, as their critics claim. But they confront electorates which do not share the American aversion to government programs. So while President Clinton talks vaguely about building bridges to the 21st century, Blair and Schroeder focus more substantively on the large public issues that will likely dominate economic and political discussion in that century.

One of those issues, the rapid expansion of a global economy and culture, is being propelled as much by British and European as by American corporations. Indeed, the most significant of the current multinational mergers consist of European companies taking over American firms.

As we near the end of the century, Europe is again engaged in the most important of contemporary arguments over economic integration and the effort to achieve a balance between the free market and social welfare. The debate presently going on in Germany, France, Holland, and Britain is about how to create a mixed economy which will combine the values of privatisation and deregulation with social benefits like mass transit and state-funded medical care, services that barely exist in the US.

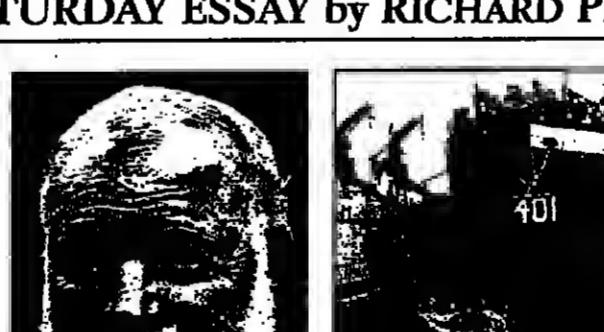
Occasionally, the resentment of globalisation inspires efforts within European countries to preserve regional dialects, as in the case of Gaelic, Welsh, Frisian, Provençal or Catalan. More often, the result is an eruption of nationalism, populism, ethnic assertiveness, and religious or linguistic sectarianism. But whatever its form, the discomfort with a global economy and culture has been a characteristically European phenomenon.

So was Henry Luce wrong? Not entirely. American military power was crucial in ending Europe's wars, hot and cold. The US did become a missionary on behalf of democratic capitalism, just as Luce hoped it would. And America's economic methods and cultural exports have changed how all of us work, what we buy, and how we entertain ourselves.

But this is a century that has been marked by extraordinary achievements in the arts and in sciences like physics and psychology, most of them originating in Britain and on the continent. It is also a century that has been plagued by totalitarian movements and state policies that resulted in the slaughter of millions, tragedies originating in Europe as well.

One can only wish that Henry Luce had been entirely right. Because if he were, then maybe the past 100 years would not have seemed so indelibly – at times for the better but mostly for the worse – the European century.

The writer is a Fulbright professor in American Studies at Bonn University.



From Ernest Hemingway to the US army, Americans spent much of the century involved with Europe

# Carlos Nadal

THE CATALAN painter Carlos Nadal was the last wild expressionist of Spain. He was also perhaps one of the last artists with direct connections to the original group of Fauvist painters.

"A page of script can never replace a canvas," writes Hubert Nyssen in his book *Carlos Nadal* (1980):

Words seem to be inadequate in their attempt to recreate the pictorial work. Looking at this work, five words seem to invite themselves: revelry, childhood, folly, dream, magic...

Nadal's work at first appears to be naive, almost childlike. However, it is difficult not to turn up the sup the extravagant wild colours, bold lines and strange perspective.

Nadal was heavily influenced by Henri Matisse and Georges Braque, whom he met first as a young child at his father's studio. He was born in Paris, in 1917, to Catalan parents. His father ran an atelier of decorative arts, making posters and theatre backdrops, which in the early 1920s was a lucrative business.

In 1921 his parents returned to Barcelona. The young Carlos Nadal could think only of painting. At the age of 13 he lied about his age and



Nadal: 'the artist that got away'

enrolled as a student of the School of Arts and Crafts in Barcelona, and in 1932 became a student of the Senior Fine Art Academy of St George, Barcelona.

In 1936 he was conscripted into the Republican Army during the Spanish Civil War, fighting with them on the Aragonese Front and, towards the end of the campaign, in the front line at Trenz.

In January 1939, he was captured and interned at the concentration camp at St Cyprien. He spent five long months only able to draw on walls and pieces of detritus. This stood Nadal in good stead as he later could and would paint on anything from tea-towels to wallpaper, if the correct materials were not available.

Nadal escaped from the camp and returned to Spain without documents; there he was arrested once again and detained at Figueras. Eventually he was given a conditional discharge and returned to Barcelona, where he continued his studies. In 1942, Nadal's first one-man exhibition took place.

In 1944 he was commissioned by the Spanish painter Miguel Ferré to assist with painting a series of large religious murals in three churches, the Iglesia Santa Ana and the Carmelites in Barcelona, Tarrasa Cathedral and the Chapel Rovellat, at the Rovellat family estate, San Sardina De Noya.

At the end of the Second World War, Nadal returned to Paris with a small scholarship from Barcelona Council. He additionally received a grant from the French Ministry of Culture. He began studies in the atelier of Ossip Zadkine, where he met his wife-to-be, a Belgian art student called Flore Joris.

At this time Nadal roomed in the Montparnasse area, where his close friends included the painters Antoni Clave, Oscar Dominguez, André Lanskoy and Joan Miró, and the writer Jean-Paul Sartre. He also met Georges Braque, Pablo Picasso,



Revelry, childhood, folly, dream, magic: pen and ink drawing by Nadal of Pedraza, in Castile, 1977

Albert Marquet, Raoul Dufy and Maurice Utrillo.

Nadal was able to take up residence in the Spanish Hall at the Université de la Cité and, while sketching in the Parc Monceau opposite, he met Braque again, who had been watching him work for several days. He was invited to visit Braque's studio and, from then on, the Braque family often fed the hungry Nadal.

Although, by this time, Abstraction was becoming the great fashion, Nadal never lost his love for the Fauvist movement. In a series of later

paintings, *Hommage to My Friends*, he captures Fauvism and Cubism within a single canvas.

Nadal was offered a US scholarship in 1949 by the Carnegie Foundation, but chose instead to marry Flore Joris, by now a sculptor. They moved to Brussels, where Nadal took up a contract with the art dealer Louis Manteau, and where their neighbour was René Magritte. Nadal also made friends with Paul Delvaux.

Louis Manteau gave the Nadals use of a house on the Côte d'Azur near Villauris and there Nadal painted

many of his Mediterranean works. *Wild Seas with Luminous Skies*, *Bateau*, and *Paysage*, with its red trees and blue villas - always colours to shock and astound. It was here that Manteau introduced Nadal to Picasso, and the two Spaniards became good friends, sometimes visiting Matisse, who was by now unwell.

In 1957 Nadal was commissioned to decorate the Belgian Pavilion at the World Atom Fair in Switzerland and then in 1958 to paint a large continuous mural for the Belgian Congo Transport Company at the Universal Exhibition in Brussels, consisting of 320 square metres of continuous painting.

By the Sixties, Nadal was in great demand for exhibitions in Europe, although little known in Britain. At last he had enough money to build his own studio and summer house near Barcelona.

In 1978 I was introduced to Nadal in Barcelona, and asked to represent him in the UK. I was stunned by "the artist that got away" - where had he been hiding? After several shows in the provinces, the Harrogate International Festival invited Nadal to hold a retrospective in 1984. Philip

Solomon, Brian Sewell and I travelled out to Spain to make a selection for an exhibition in 1987 at the Solomon Gallery, in London.

The first UK auction of Nadal's work was at Christie's in London in 1983 - the two paintings sold were *La Terraza* and *Los Pirineos*. His work now frequently turns up at auction in Britain.

John Duncliffe

*Carlos Nadal, painter; born Paris 24 April 1917; married 1949 Flore Joris (died 1988; two sons); died Barcelona 6 June 1998.*

## Professor Harry Armytage

HARRY ARMYTAGE had a distinguished career as Lecturer, Senior Lecturer and later, as Professor of Education in Sheffield University, over a period of 32 years from 1943 to 1975.

As a scholar, his output of publications was prolific. As early as 1954, he had already published 110 articles in academic journals and five books, including a major work *Civic Universities: aspects of a British tradition* (1954). He regarded any account of education as incomplete without reference to the historical and social conditions in which it was embedded, as witnessed by his *Social History of Engineering* (1961) and *Heavens Below: Utopian experiments in England 1560-1960* (1962).

However, his major work which will be remembered by students of education was undoubtedly *Four Hundred Years of English Education* (1964) which became an essential entry in everybody's reading list. Armytage's later scholarship extended to accounts of American, French, German and Russian influences on English education.

As a social historian of the future as well as the past, he wrote and lectured widely on the predictable effects of the technological revolution and the demographic changes that were later to create such havoc in the school system.

In the debate that led up to the massive expansion of higher education in the 1960s, Armytage famously contributed an article to the *New Statesman* in March 1961 in which he observed that a university in Coventry was long overdue and added "why not a university in

Scunthorpe?" Why not indeed, in order to bring higher education to the people? It was the Armytage style to press a serious point by using a seemingly flippant example, but his experience in Sheffield had convinced him of the value of harnessing local resources and immersing students in the environments in which they would later work.

His protest fell upon deaf ears when Sussex, Essex, Warwick, Norwich and Lancaster proved to be chosen sites. He lost the battle but did not lose the war. Coventry now has its university (by default), but Scunthorpe must wait a little longer.

Born in 1915, Armytage graduated in 1937 with first class honours in the Historical trips from Cambridge University and proceeded to a Certificate in Education and an MA. He went immediately into school teaching as Senior History Master at Dronfield Grammar School on the outskirts of Sheffield. After Second World War service, he married and returned to Dronfield, and his move to the Education Department at Sheffield University seemed the natural next step.

Educator, scholar, polymath, communicator, raconteur, these are the words that people use when asked to describe the man. He was also a political animal, though less a socialist than a man of independent mind who was proud of his humble origins and chose to work in an industrial environment where he could raise the level of people's hopes and aspirations. He was also a modest man and would say that he had never taken up tempting offers from elsewhere because he preferred to be a big fish in a small

pond rather than a small fish in a big one.

That small pond has subsequently become a big one, not least due to his contributions to Sheffield University, which has good reason to be grateful to someone who worked so effectively to bring town and gown together and to talk and negotiate with students during the unrest of the 1970s. He also committed himself to the daily, unforseen giving round of committee meetings, faculty boards, and working parties to strengthen the university and maintain teacher education within it.

He served as Pro-Vice-Chancellor from 1964 to 1968 and was a member of the planning committee for the New University of Ulster. The New University of Ulster in Coleraine awarded him an honorary degree in 1977 and he was finally admitted to the degree of Doctor of Letters by Sheffield University in 1991.

In the mind's eye, Armytage is always surrounded by students. He was a charismatic teacher and an accomplished raconteur able to illustrate a lecture from his store of frequently scurrilous anecdotes which are remembered long after time has obliterated the substance. He also gave unstinted time to the supervision of many Master's and PhD degree theses for students who are now to be found in leading positions in many parts of the world.

Together with Claude Eggerton of the University of Michigan, Armytage developed an exchange scheme which, by the early Seventies, had brought some 200 Michigan students to Sheffield to join with British trainees for six months at a time, and members of staff in the Sheffield de-

partment to exchange with their Michigan counterparts. Many friendships and joint research projects later helped the department to extend its international links.

His other innovation, a residential course held every year at Beatrix Webb House in Dorking, Surrey, proved to be the highlight of the year for both American and British stu-

dents, who were able to visit many different types of schools and experience a different culture.

After his retirement in 1982, Harry Armytage and his wife Frances (a historian) travelled widely. Harry spent two years as the Gerald Read Professor of Education at Kent State University in Ohio. Sadly, this period of more relaxed activity

ended with Frances's illness and death in 1996.

Harry Armytage did so much for so many, and students and colleagues alike will remember him as a great man.

Pam Poppleton

*Walter Harry Green Armytage, educationist; born Kimberley, South Africa 22 November 1915; Lecturer in Education, Sheffield University 1946-65, Senior Lecturer 1952-54, Professor 1954-82 (Emeritus), Pro-Vice-Chancellor 1964-68; Gerald Read Professor of Education, Kent State University, Ohio 1982-85; married 1948 Frances Horsfall (died 1996; one son); died Sheffield 13 June 1998.*



A charismatic teacher and an accomplished raconteur: Armytage lecturing at Hull University in 1979



COLORATURA mezzo-soprano was a voice category much favoured by Rossini, who wrote many magnificent roles in his operas for such a singer. Lucia Valentini-Terrani was one who took full advantage of this repertory, singing comic characters such as Cenerentola (Cinderella) for her Scala and Covent Garden debuts, in Washington, Chicago, Aix-en-Provence, and many other cities. Isabella in *L'italiana in Algeri*, in which she made her Metropolitan debut; Rosina in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*.

Her voice, wide-ranging, brilliant

in quality, and extremely agile, also enabled her to sing roles in Rossini's serious operas, even more florid than those in his comedies: Arsace in *Semiramide*, the name part of Tonredi, and Malcolm in *La donna del lago*, all of them trouser roles.

Lucia Valentini, as she was before her marriage to the actor Alberto Terrani, was born in Padua, where she studied at the Conservatory. She also studied in Venice, and made her stage debut in 1969 at Brescia as Cenerentola, which was to become her favourite part.

After singing it in Turin, and with

the Turin company at Versailles, in 1973 she took over the role at short notice from Teresa Berganza at La Scala, and her international career was well under way. With La Scala she visited the Bolshoi in Moscow in 1974 and Covent Garden in 1976, when her singing of Cenerentola caused a furor. Meanwhile, in 1975 she made her New York Metropolitan debut as Isabella.

Valentini-Terrani also appeared in operas by composers other than Rossini: she sang Fidalma in Domenico Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto* in Florence (1977), Ma-

rina in Boris Godunov at La Scala (1979), Charlotte in Massenet's Werther in Turin and Dulcinea in the same composer's Don Quichotte in Chicago; but her best non-Rossini role was probably Mistress Quickly in Verdi's Falstaff, which she sang at Covent Garden with the Royal Opera in 1982.

That same year she appeared in Rome as Arsace, and at Pesaro during the Rossini Festival as Tancredi. At Pesaro she also sang Malcolm (1983), Melibea in *Il viaggio a Reims* (1984), Calio in *Macometto II* (1985) and Tancredi (1991).

Other non-Rossinian roles included the title role of Ambroise, Thomas's *Mignon*, Bradamante in Handel's Alcina, Carmen, Gluck's Orfeo and Purcell's Dido. Valentini-Terrani returned to Covent Garden in 1987 as Rosina; her performance was well-received but not with quite such rapture as Cenerentola 11 years before or the Quickly of 1982. Her voice was as flexible as ever, but the tone was less smooth, while the top notes rang out with not quite so much clarity purity as before.

Elizabeth Forbes

*Lucia Valentini, opera singer; born Padua, Italy 28 August 1946; married Alberto Terrani; died Seattle, Washington 11 June 1998.*

## Lucia Valentini-Terrani

## John Smith

**THE ARCHITECT** John Smith was a radical educational reformer. Between 1971 and 1973, as president of the self-financing Architectural Association (AA), he steered its council into a new era of independence after an abortive attempt to absorb the AA School into the Imperial College of Science and Technology at London University.

The AA is an extraordinary institution, founded in 1847 by students to educate themselves. Since 1919 it has been based in Bedford Square, and has depended for its funding largely on the fees of its students. It has had an enormous influence on British architecture.

A quiet, modest, humorous man, Smith was part of that socialist and optimistic generation educated immediately after the Second World War. He studied (with a short interruption for National Service in Italy) at the AA for five years. After graduating in 1952 he began work with ACP the Architects' Collaborative Partnership, with whom later – just before he began practice on his own account in 1960 – he was appointed an associate partner. He worked mainly on the Hertfordshire Schools programme.

As a practising architect, Smith ran a general practice. He carried out small jobs, including youth clubs in Hertfordshire and the Stowe Club for Boys (1968) in Paddington, London, perhaps his best-known building. Both he and his partner David Braithwaite became interested in "pop" architecture and social buildings and initiated a series of books, *Excursions into Architecture*, with the publisher Hugh Evelyn. Their first was *Fairground Architecture* (1968) followed soon after by my own *Picture Palace* (1969). He also designed a Hall of Mirrors for Madame Tussaud's.

A keen thespian, Smith worked tirelessly as a student for the Section AA Theatre Group annual pantos and carnivals (the latter architecture's equivalent to the Chelsea Arts Ball). He served as AA Student Union chairman and even found time to attend a CIAM (Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne) Summer School in Venice. There he came face to face with modernist architects determined to move architectural education away from the traditional Beaux Arts system to a more democratic and open one.

In Britain the AA had long been the major beneficiary of this kind of reform. It was quick to recognise and promote modernism; in the 1930s Walter Gropius spoke here about the Bauhaus drawing style. Since then the modernist architectural establishment in England has been the AA, which was also responsi-

ble for introducing a teaching system broken down into units students can choose from – a practice which is now widespread.

Smith, as the AA's first two-term president, was one of those – at the time of its 125th anniversary – who sought ways to sustain the AA's unique unit teaching system and to maintain its independent role. He encouraged the creation of a new executive role for a chairman to replace the previously divided roles of head of school and AA director.

When he became President of Council in 1971, however, he was faced with a number of dilemmas. Margaret Thatcher's educational policies had ruled out mandatory grants for AA students; the school itself was becoming penniless; and proposals were being considered for its closure.

Smith and others produced an Independence Working Party Report and were determined to maintain the AA's independent status at all costs. The school community – students and teachers – concurred. The council agreed to create a new executive AA Chairperson, a position to be filled through election by the AA student body.

### Smith was determined to maintain the Architectural Association's independent status

After great drama and a period of indecision, the position was filled by an ex-member of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle. The new chairman's appearance at the crisis-ridden scene even before a contract was signed put Smith under great stress. With due prudence he warned the AA about "an autocrat at its breakfast table" but with fairly typical indecision, the council approved the chairwoman's appointment.

With others he was soon marginalised by the very autocrat of which he had warned. The AA Council was similarly sidelined. This was not, however, before Smith had successfully led the AA and eventually the RIBA and ARCUK to sever links with South Africa over Apartheid, despite the fact that both institutions had many South African members and students.



Smith at home in the 1960s: he converted the house himself

Independently, Smith did wonderful line drawings for the national and professional press, including the *Observer* and *House and Garden*, and carried out a series of commissions on architectural education throughout Britain for the technical press. He also reported back to various bodies, including ARCUK (for whom he acted as AA nominee from the Sixties onwards), with his tough findings usually reflecting on the independent status of the AA and the motivation it provided for self-education and easy reform.

After editing the AA Journal from 1963 to 1965 he continued as editorial chairman until 1982. During this time, with the help of his skilful negotiations, it evolved into a new international British journal of architecture, *AA Quarterly*. Although he was never able

to complete a book himself (he had begun a biography of the notable but neglected Victorian engineer Sir Joseph Bazalgette (1819-91), who was responsible for London's foul water drainage system) he was a patient, fastidious and gifted editor.

He moved back to Kent in the late 1970s where he enjoyed county cricket and taught new generations of architectural students at the Canterbury School of Architecture until he was reluctantly forced by age and ill-health to retire.

Dennis Sharp

**John Smith, architect, editor and teacher; born Beckenham, Kent 10 November 1926; President, Architectural Association 1971-73; died Canterbury 28 April 1998.**



19th-century British traders in China

Chinese servants were condemned to a state of infantilism by the use of pidgin English. This conveniently ignored tenses and declensions but reduced all recorded conversations to treaty port memoirs to a rather idiotic level. I have tried to avoid such exchanges although I know of the persistence of pidgin for in 1976, the elderly Chinese servants still employed by the Shanghai representative of the Standard and Chartered Bank would appear silently at 6 a.m. to ask "Missie want cocktail?"

The exceptions to the rule which characterised Chinese servants as unhygienic and prone to cheating are found in the books written by those who were children in the treaty ports. Like all western children at the time, they were largely brought up by servants, and all of them came to love their Chinese maids. Chinese maids were patient and loving and their small charges usually learnt Chinese in their company, avoiding pidgin English.

Childhood memories aside, using memoirs written in the age of Empire raises problems. The separate lives of foreigners in their foreign enclaves and their attitude to the Chinese are no longer acceptable. But unacceptable anachronisms is only one part of the phenomenon of pioneering Victorians struggling to recreate the sort of life they would have enjoyed had they stayed in Godalming or Edinburgh.

Frances Wood is the author of *No Dogs and Not Many Chinese: treaty port life in China 1843-1943* (John Murray, £25)

## HISTORICAL NOTES

FRANCES WOOD

### A foreign life in a foreign land

"I SET no value on objects strange and ingenious and have no use for your manufactures." Thus in 1793 the Emperor rebuffed the first formal British mission to open China to foreign trade. Convinced, however, that in the interior there lay a huge market for their goods, British merchants persisted, initially by diplomacy and then by force. As a result, the first "treaty ports" in China were opened in 1843.

Here, for almost a century, western traders, businessmen, missionaries, consuls and their families lived in separate enclaves or concessions. They were immune from Chinese laws and governed themselves, running their own municipal councils. For the Chinese, two of the Shanghai Municipal Council's many thousands of by-laws which barred dogs and Chinese (except for Chinese names or *anabs*) in charge of small western children from the public park came to stand as symbols of national humiliation.

Writing about the treaty ports is complicated by the fact that their municipal archives are all in China. There was no requirement that archives or copies of archival materials be deposited abroad for the treaty ports were not colonies, but represented a system described as "informal Empire".

As access to Chinese archives is a difficult and exasperating business, involving an enormous expenditure of time, money and patience for a disproportionately small reward, much information must be gathered from the volumes of memoirs written by treaty port inhabitants. These invariably touch on the vagaries of Chinese servants. They continually complain of servants' inability to apply the appropriate tool to a task; their attitude to toothbrushes, in particular, was unhealthily creative. Toothbrushes were used to scrub the bathroom, brush shoes and ice cakes. When challenged, a common line of defence was that the toothbrush in question was not the servant's own hut "Master's" or "Missie's".

Daily life for some treaty port residents appeared to be one long battle with dishonesty. One man, convinced that his milk was being watered, went as far as to buy a hydrometer but still took him weeks to discover the cunning contrivance of a hollow bamboo tube full of water the milkman concealed in his sleeve.

## GAZETTE

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

#### DEATHS

**EVANS:** Unexpectedly, on Tuesday 16 June, Alan Laming, dearly loved son, father, grandfather and friend. Funeral service at Holy Trinity Church, Gidcote, Devon, on Friday 25 June at 2pm. Family flowers only. Donations, if desired, to Exeter and District Leukaemia Fund may be given to the service or to the Addenbrooke Hospital, 2 East Street, Okehampton (01803 22847).

**FOSS:** Eric Francis, OBE, formerly headmaster of the Sir James Henderson School, Miln, Principal of the Gambia High School, Senior Master of St Michael College, Farnham, Surrey, on Friday 18 June 1998, of Yarnton, Castle, Guernsey, in his 91st year. Dearly loved and caring husband of Marie, father of Christopher and Rupert, and grandfather of Imogene and Rebecca. Funeral at the Vale Parva Church, Guernsey, on Tuesday 22 June at 2.30pm. Family flowers only. Donations, if desired, to the Samaritans or the Schizophrenia Fellowship, Guernsey, c/o Marlets Funeral Services Ltd, Brock Road, Sampson, Guernsey, G72 4PL.

**HARDINGE:** Professor Paul, aged 85, on Wednesday 17 June 1998, at Medway Hospital, after a short admission. A private funeral will take place on Friday 26 June. Family flowers only. To celebrate his life with colleagues, students and friends, other events will be arranged at a date. Donations in Paul's memory to Survival International, Save the Children Fund and the Alcorn Bee Fund at Kent University.

#### IN MEMORIAM

**BROUGHTON:** Sandy. Love and miss you, Mark.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS are charged at £5.00 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements, which must be submitted in writing, are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. Include a daytime telephone number. The Independent's main switchboard number is 0171-293 2000.

#### FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr C. P. M. Mowat** and **Miss C. F. M. Harper**. The engagement is announced between Charles, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Magnus Mowat, of Whitemgate, Cheshire, and Clare, only daughter of Mr and Mrs John Harper of Monkland, Herefordshire.

#### BIRTHDAYS

**TODAY:** The Duchess of Gloucester, 52; Professor William Balchin, geographer, 82; Sir Brian Barter, former High Commissioner to Australia, 64; Professor Arthur Bell, former director, Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, 72; Lord Brightman, former Judge of Appeal, 78; Mr Michael Buckley, the Ombudsman, 58; Miss Wendy Craig, actress, 64; The Earl of Cranbrook, chairman, English Nature, 65; Mr Joseph Dwyer, executive chairman, Greenwich Wharf, 59; Brigadier Jill Field, former director, Defence Nursing Services, 64; Mr Stephen Frears, film director, 57; Mr David French, former director, Relate, 51; Mr Ronald Hines, actor, 60; Mr Richard Hornby, former chairman, Halifax Building Society, 76; Mr Alan Lamb, cricketer, 44; Mr Scottie McClelland, broadcaster, 42; Mr Stanley Metcalfe, former chairman, Rank Hovis McDougall, 66; Sir David Mitchell, former MP, 70; Mr Johnny Morris, broadcaster, 82; Sir Antony

Pilkington, former chairman, Pilkington plc, 63; Mr Paul Ramireze, tennis player, 45; Mr Lionel Richie, singer and songwriter, 49; Mr Budgie Rogers, rugby player, 59; Mr Vikram Seth, novelist, 46; Professor Sir Richard Southwood, zoologist, and Pro Vice-Chancellor, Oxford University, 67; Mr John Taylor, guitarist, 38; Miss Claire Tomalin, writer, 65; Sir Haydn Tudor Evans, former High Court judge, 78; The Right Rev John Waine, former Bishop of Chelmsford, 68; Mr Brian Wilson, rock singer and composer, 57.

#### TOMORROW:

Prince William of Wales, 16; Mr Joseph Bamford, founder, J.C. Bamford Excavators, 82; Miss Benazir Bhutto, former prime minister of Pakistan, 45; Lord Brooke of Alverthorpe, trade union leader, 56; Mr Christopher Bonar, former director and chief executive of the NSPCC, 60; Mr Jeremy Coney, cricketer, 46; Professor Anna Davies, philologist, 61; Mr Ray Davies, rock singer, 54; Mr John Edrich, cricketer, 61; Mr Wally Fawkes, cartoonist and jazz musician, 74; Miss Kate Hoey MP, 52; Sir Bernard Ingham, former chief press secretary to the Prime Minister, 66; Mr Gerald Kaufman MP, 68; Professor Patricia Lindop, radiobiologist, 62; Mr Ian McEwan, novelist, 50; Sir Michael McWilliams, former director, School of Oriental and African Studies, London University, 65; Sir Michael Marshall, former MP, 68; Mr

Peter Marshall, former Commissioner, City of London Police, 68; Sir John Morgan, diplomat, 69; Sir Edwin Nixon, former deputy chairman, National Westminster Bank, 73; Mr Richard Poulton, founder, headmaster, International School of the Regents, Pattaya, Thailand, 60; Mr Malcolm Rifkind QC, former MP, 52; Sir Hugh Rossi, former MP, 71; Miss Jane Russell, actress, 77; Lord Saatchi, advertising executive, 52; Mlle Françoise Sagan, author, 63; Mr Maurice Warren, chairman, Aggregate Industries, 65.

#### ANNIVERSARIES

**TODAY:** Births: Jacques Offenbach (Jakob Levy Eberst), composer, 1819; Errol Flynn, actor, 1909.

Deaths: Willem Barentsz, explorer, in the Arctic, 1597;

Francisco (Pancho) Villa, (Doroteo Arango), South American revolutionary, assassinated 1923.

On this day: the foundation stone

of the new St Paul's Cathedral, London, was laid, 1675;

the Royal College of Surgeons was founded, 1804; the musical show *Eriza* was first produced, London, 1798.

Tomorrow is the Summer Solstice (longest day) and the Feast Day of St Agostinus, St Alban of Mainz, St Aloysius Gonzaga, St Engelbert, St Eusebius of Samosate, St John Rigby and St Leofrid or Leofrufi and St Maine or Meen.

Gordon (Morris Gittler), lyricist, 1904; Jean-Paul Sartre, writer, 1955. Deaths: Niccolò di Bernardo dei Machiavelli, diplomat and author, 1527; Iligo Jones, architect, 1552; John Hatchard, publisher and bookseller, 1849. On this day: the foundation stone of the new St Paul's Cathedral, London, was laid, 1675; the Royal College of Surgeons was founded, 1804; the musical show *Eriza* was first produced, London, 1798.

Tomorrow is the Summer Solstice (longest day) and the Feast Day of St Agostinus, St Alban of Mainz, St Aloysius Gonzaga, St Engelbert, St Eusebius of Samosate, St John Rigby and St Leofrid or Leofrufi and St Maine or Meen.

#### LECTURES

**TODAY:** National Gallery: Richard Stamp, "Boating (III): Canaletto's *Venice n regata on the Grand Canal*", 12pm.

Victoria and Albert Museum: Ghislaine Wood, "Art Nouveau Graphics", 2.30pm.

Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Symbolic Shadowplay in Paintings", 1pm.

British Museum: Hilary Williams, "Prints in Stuart Britain", 11.30am; Hilary Williams, "Turner's Landscapes Watercolours", 1.30pm.

Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Summertime Approaches: Millais and Monet", 2.30pm.

National Portrait Gallery: Alfred Bradley, "Fanny Burney", 3pm.

IT WILL be fun at Stonehenge tomorrow: for the first time in nine years, assorted Druids and Pagans will be allowed to celebrate in its precincts the summer solstice. The Gorsedd will be performed, "one of Britain's oldest religious ceremonies" (I quote from no less than the *Independent*). Thus we will be reconnected across the centuries with the gentle nature religion of our pre-Christian ancestors. Or perhaps not.

Historians agree that we actually know very little about the religion of the various Celtic peoples who inhabited these lands before the Romans arrived. We know that the druids were a sort of priestly caste, and that their duties included surgery and human sacrifice; they seem to have had a link with oak trees; much more than that is speculation. Disappointingly, there is absolutely no solid evidence linking them with Stonehenge.

Tomorrow's festival was invented in modern times by Iolo Morganwg, a patriotic Welshman with a frenzied imagination and a penchant for forging ancient documents. He celebrated the first "Gorsedd" in London on Primrose Hill, in 1792. Like so much of what we now think of as Welsh tradition, the Gorsedd was a creation of the Romantic Age.

Philip Shallcross, a contemporary Druid, disarmingly admits our historical ignorance, and indeed welcomes it. "We know little about what druids got up to in the past that we are free to concoct just about anything and call it Druidry today," he writes in a volume entitled *Paganism Today*. Indeed, one of the few beliefs shared by contemporary Druids is that doctrinal tolerance is important; for their attitude to mythology is highly individualistic and unorthodox.

But if there is one other fundamental Druid tenet, it is that nature is sacred. Tomorrow, the worshippers at Stonehenge will pray to the rising sun, and honour the sacred oak tree. It is at this point that orthodox Christians begin to feel uneasy: surely this is pure paganism.

On the other hand, the portrayal of Christianity as a religion hostile to the material world is deeply misleading. The Bible begins with the creation of the heavens and the earth, and God sees that each thing is good. In the incarnation, Christians believe, the Son of God identified himself fully with a flesh-and-blood human being.

Most Christian ritual is highly sacramental: the elements of the natural world become signs of the presence of God. Finally, the restoration to which Christians have traditionally

looked forward is not only spiritual, but also material: the resurrection of the body and the renewal of heaven and earth. Caricatures distort, but they distort an underlying reality. It is true that Christianity inherited from Judaism a passionate opposition to idolatry, and a deep suspicion of anything that suggested nature-worship. We need to be clear about the real reason for this. This was not because Jews and Christians thought that the created world was evil. Indeed, Christians have argued vehemently for its goodness against dualist groups such as the Manichees. The point, rather, was that it was created, the handiwork of the Creator.

For the Jews had made the greatest theological discovery of all time. They had come to understand what it means to claim that the Lord of Israel made heaven and earth. God is not simply a larger, more powerful, member of the universe, one of us but bigger. God is the source of everything that is. Any less than this – any limited being whom we could claim for ourselves, or manipulate, or even comprehend – is not God.

There is indeed a cosmos, the visible world does have a unity and an order, a meaning and a purpose. But that is true because its source and goal is the one Creator. In other words, the Christian attitude to creation is

# Tone deaf? Not according to his teacher

No half-measures for Tony Blair. When he learns classical guitar, he goes to one of the greats. By David Thomas

**T**he flamenco guitarist, Paco Peña, turned 56 at the beginning of June, and some friends held a private Friday-night dinner party for him at their country home. The home in question was Chequers. The friends were Tony and Cherie Blair.

It was not their first meal together this year. At Easter, the Blairs went to stay at Peña's Spanish residence, an austere beautiful, medieval, Moorish house, built around two galleried patios in the Juderia, or Jewish quarter of his home town of Cordoba. Their visit was not as long as had originally been planned - events in Northern Ireland and the Middle East saw to that. But it was notable enough to attract the attention of Fleet Street and to provoke excited claims that Paco was teaching Tony to play the guitar.

He had even, it was said, lent the PM his cherished Gerundio Fernandez - a guitarist's Stradivarius. It was a delicious image: the world's finest exponent of flamenco instructing our Caesar-cut premier in the cool darkness of some Spanish bodega, while Cherie - her hair raven-black, her lips cherry-red - stamped a haughty foot and rattled her castanets.

Paco Peña is a genius. His close friend and fellow guitarist, John Williams, has said he would give his eye-teeth to play as well as he does. Three decades of sold-out concerts have taken him all over the world, and tonight, his flamenco show 'Arte y Pasión' headlines the Hampton Court Festival. But nothing had prepared him for the media whirlwind that struck him when he was ousted as a special friend of Tony's. "It was unbelievable," he says, three months later, still shaking his head in bewilderment. "I was bombarded. Everyone wanted interviews."

But nobody got them. Peña has remained silent. So, as we sit down together in the airy conservatory of his double-fronted north London home, given a Hispanic air by white-washed walls, creeping flowers and decorative china plates, a sort of intellectual *paso doble* begins, dancing round the subject of Tony Blair.

First things first: is the Prime Minister any good as a guitarist? Peña, a normally charming, articulate man falls silent. Eventually he answers, uneasily. "I think so, yes. I feel very strange talking about someone so high-profile." But does he have a natural sense of rhythm with which to convey the throbbing beat of flamenco? Peña smiles. "He is a sensitive person and a musical person. As to rhythm, if you look at his life and



ask whether he does things at the right time, you would discover the answer to that."

Spoken like a politician. And, like a politician, Peña proceeds to set the record straight. He and Tony spent much of their Easter break playing music together. But Peña added:

"The Prime Minister doesn't actually play flamenco, and I am not teaching him. He has a general interest in guitar and classical guitar is what he learns. You know, his family has come to my house before. I have known them for several years. My wife Karin is a friend of Cherie, my children know their children, it is just like anyone else."

There is a reason for this discretion. One of the less welcome side-effects of Blair's elevation is the effect it has had upon his old friendships. As the leader has retreated into the fastnesses of No 10, it has been left to Cherie to maintain ties with the outside world. But this, too, can have its complications. In the micro-managed world of New Labour PR, nothing, however innocent or trivial, can be left to chance. No one can be allowed "off-message" - not even Spanish guitarists. Friends of the Peñas say that the Downing Street spinners were livid when word got out about the Blairs' Spanish excursion.

Paco Peña, the eighth of nine children, first came to London in 1963. By day, he studied English. At night, he earned his keep playing guitar in restaurants, bars and clubs. On Saturdays, he gave flamenco lessons in the basement of the Wigmore Hall, where one of his pupils was a teenage boy called Adrian Lynch, who had ambitions to study the law. In the years ahead, Lynch would become a lecturer in jurisprudence at King's College, London, before joining a barrister's chambers run by a brilliant Scottish lawyer, Derry Irvine.

Though he went back to Spain, he returned to London in 1968 and within months he was making his major concert debut at the Royal Festival Hall as the supporting act for another young guitarist, Jimi Hendrix.

Paco Peña's show, 'Arte y Pasión', is at Hampton Court tonight at 7.30 (0181 781 9500)



Paco Peña (above) with Chard Espina; above left, with his chums Tony and Cherie in Spain

Laurie Lewis (above)

## We're on the march with Romeo's red army

THEY SAID it couldn't be done. And they were wrong. Arena ballet can be made to work - on its own terms. English National Ballet's *Swan Lake* last year took advantage of the vast arena of the Albert Hall to create some magical patterns with 60 could Derek Deane repeat the trick with *Romeo and Juliet*?

Unlike *Swan Lake*, this is not a sacred text: Prokofiev's score was not produced as a ballet until 1938 and now exists in many versions. Derek Deane danced in Kenneth MacMillan's production and obvi-

ously remembers it with particular affection. His steps are well assembled and neatly danced but the overall effect is boring and busy - Deane has a definite problem with the ebb and flow of personnel.

The production designer, Roberta Guidi di Bagno, only had space for a real set, a castle gateway below the organ which screens the orchestra perched above it. Clearly, if all the dramatis personae use the same exit it's going to look a bit like a fire drill, so Deane makes repeated use of the public gangways. Big

mistake. This constant activity in the aisles spoils the sightlines and even when the comings and goings have ceased for a moment, the perimeter of the stage is so cluttered with townsmen that it is hard for the stalls to follow the plot. Higher seats probably fare better.

Deane tries to clear the decks for the big fight in Act I, but not only is the mass exodus distracting, it's also highly unlikely. Let's face it: if a ding-dong sword fight started in your shopping centre, you wouldn't choose that moment to go home.

Formal set pieces work better, such as the "Cushion Dance", in which the Capulets come out in force and give us that awful sense of a violent caste at play. Deane's kaleidoscopic patterns make excellent use of the space. Unfortunately, Howard Harrison's screamingly unsubtle red light made the crimson-velvet corps appear to be

swimming in Beryllin. Lady Capulet was danced by Lynn Seymour (MacMillan's original Juliet in 1965). Seymour, who has been enjoying an Indian summer of plum parts with Adventures in Motion Pictures, seems to be locked in Wicked Step-mother mode, but she still dominated every scene.

Mercutio was the saucy, beligerent Dmitri Gruzdev and little Laurette Guineau snarled his way through Tybalt like a mini-cab driver with a grudge. But we were waiting for the *grand pas de deux*.

The gateway opened and Juliet's balcony lurched out across the floor and pirouetted like a vast, balustraded Dalek. The audience giggled and Tamara Rojo was lucky not to throw up over the side.

Her running romp with hand-some Roberto Bolle contained the usual quota of impassioned embraces and travelling lifts. The couple look good together but it was Rojo's fluid phrasing and heartfelt acting that really stirred the blood.

The first night of ENB's arena *Swan Lake* last year starred the

LOUISE LEVENE

## Shaved head, tall tales

### COMEDY

HANS LIBERG  
PURCELL ROOM  
LONDON

He certainly has an unorthodox imagination. I mean, would you have dreams of playing the sound of a mad cow on a rhythmical lap-top?

If there is a complaint about "International", it's that it is too bitty. Because the show was designed, Liberg tells us, for the seven-second-attention-span generation, it consists of lots of tasty, moreish morsels rather than a more sustained and nourishing banquet.

Nothing if not versatile, he proved himself of soloist standard not only on piano, harpsichord, trumpet, recorder, guitar, drum, and symphonic whiz, but also on Power Ranger.

With his shaved head, Schubert-esque specs and all-white uniform, Liberg resembled an escapee from the set of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Musical comedy is not generally a concept made to delight fans of either music or comedy; it can often fall embarrassingly between the two stools.

Liberg, however, managed to hurdle those prejudices with a

bravura display of musical mickey-taking in his new show, "International". In a melodic whistlestop tour, he mocked everything from Bach to The Beatles.

Nothing if not versatile, he proved himself of soloist standard not only on piano, harpsichord, trumpet, recorder, guitar, drum, and symphonic whiz, but also on Power Ranger.

With his shaved head, Schubert-esque specs and all-white uniform, Liberg resembled an escapee from the set of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

This review appeared in some editions of yesterday's paper.

JAMES RAMPTON

### CLASSIC CARTOONS

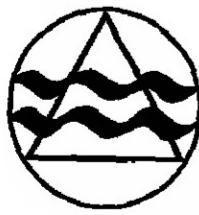
MARTIN PLIMMER ON THE OBDURATE ANDY CAPP



IT WOULD be satisfying to think Andy Capp stopped bashing his wife Flo because he couldn't be bothered any more, but the truth is less appealing. The 41-year career of the shirkster who viewed the world through a cloth cap filter, can be seen to be a gradual capitulation to political correctness, as cartoonist Reg Smythe laboured to please 1,700 syndicated outlets. This is a shame when intransigence is the

unreconstructed men everywhere must be thankful for the year's supply of Andy Capp strips. Smythe left us when he died last week. As an icon the modern Capp is perfect, preserving a message of male obnoxiousness for an increasingly reasonable world.

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of The Independent  
Magazine ...



# They've never had it so bad

Two weeks ago the Japanese barely recognised the word 'recession'.

Now, in the temples, the fish markets, the banks and the bars, its meaning is painfully obvious.

**Richard Lloyd Parry**  
reports from Tokyo

**A**sakusa Kannon, in the heart of old Tokyo, is one of the most famous temples in Japan, but it owes its renown as much to fun and naughtiness as to reverence. In the old days the temple area was alive with entertainers such as fortune tellers and performing dwarfs. People come from all over the country to browse in the traditional shops in the arcade leading to the temple.

If you are after a Samurai sword, brocade kimono sashes, or various dried seaweeds, the Asakusa temple area has always been the place to visit. Later, you could slip into the temple itself for a brief prayer. But in the last two months, a change has come over the area.

The shops are empty, and when people pass through now, they do not linger over the displays of paper umbrellas; they walk down into the temple compound, with its five-storey pagoda and huge vermilion worship hall. Here they bow and wail smoke over themselves from huge cauldrons of burning incense.

"They come here to pray for an end to the depression," says Masatoshi Miyashita, the fourth-generation proprietor of Miyashita Brocade. His sales are down by a quarter, and he can lower his prices no further and remain profitable. The brocade sashes and belts are accessories for kimonos which these days are worn only for grand occasions, such as weddings – but people no longer throw big parties.

His neighbour, Michihiko Sugawara, also has problems selling his bamboo and paper umbrellas – and faces an additional difficulty: the growing reluctance of Japanese banks to lend money. "Ten years ago, the banks would come to you and ask to lend you money," he says. "Now you have to go to them, and they take a lot of convincing." In the

Otori Jinja, a nearby Shinto shrine, visitors attempt to bypass the bank manager and write their prayers on wooden tablets. One man prays for a job; another for money to buy a house; half the prayer plagues contain requests for good business.

It is a week now since the Japanese government admitted that, after eight years of "slow growth", "stagnation" and latterly "zero growth", the country has finally slid into full-blown recession. On paper, the figures are clear: GDP is down more than 5 per cent; unemployment up to 4.1 per cent; and – apart from this week's intervention by the US Treasury – the currency is losing its value by the day. The rest of the world is worried; today, finance officials from the G8 countries will gather in Tokyo to plead with the government to do something about the crisis before it begins to upset the economies of Europe and America. But in Japan the recession is elusive; in central Tokyo you can go about your business without ever coming face to face with it.

The economic troubles here are in a completely different league to those of Indonesia, where shame and anger at the collapse of the South Korean dream has manifested itself into a wounded determination to fight back. It is not even like the recession that hit western Europe in the early Eighties, leaving industries ravaged and communities washed up and jobless.

Visitors, battered with apocalyptic headlines about the collapse, are amazed when they arrive in Tokyo and find what still feels like one of the richest, most fashion-conscious and materialistic cities in the world.

So far, there are still several degrees of separation between the Japanese and their recession. Among the shopkeepers in the temple, everyone knows someone who has been sacked, although

none of the shops are going under yet. But the brooding presence of the slump has become universal.

Gloom is seeping slowly down the economy – from the banks to heavy industries, from big trading houses down to the quiet backwaters of the economic network, such as the shopkeepers of Asakusa Kannon.

Even assuming the unlikely best

– a co-ordinated programme of reform, leading to recovery in the next five years – it is clear that things will

not improve. The latest newspaper these days is *risutora*, a Japanese abbreviation of the English catchphrase "restructuring".

Those who have held on to their jobs have been deprived of that other Japanese institution: the company bonus, usually given out in the summer or New Year; and once so reliable that workers considered it a component of their annual salary. "I was going to buy a car this year, and that's all off," says Hiroshi Udagawa who works at Tokyo's

postors doesn't reassure everyone – and, in any case, with some interest rates at less than one per cent, there is hardly anything to be gained from banks anyway. One of the very few booming markets in Japan these days is that in miniature safes small enough to fit into a drawer or on a bookcase. The country's biggest manufacturer is selling 800 safes a day, as Japanese choose, literally in some cases, to keep their money under the bed.

three businessmen checked into a hotel wearing identical new white shirts and hanged themselves with identical cords in identical adjacent hotel rooms. Japanese life insurers are almost unique in their willingness to pay out after suicides; in their notes, the men specified that the money should go not to their families, but to pay off their company debts.

The consumer funk in which the country finds itself is seen in numerous small ways. Japanese night life culture, with its small bars run by motherly "mama-san", is under threat from the cuts in company expense accounts. Once, no business deal was complete without a string of late-night drinking and karaoke sessions, exorbitantly expensive but paid for by the firm.

Now entertainment budgets have been cut, and the businesses which depended on them have been decimated. The fish market is suffering from the decline in sushi consumption, and the preference among customers for cheaper cuts of raw fish.

There has been a boom in an unpleasant brew known as *happoshu* – a "beer-like malt beverage" which is 50 per cent cheaper than the real thing, thanks to a tax loophole. It looks like beer, tastes almost like beer, and makes you feel like a hippopotamus. A Japanese magazine recently ran a hilarious feature entitled "The things people do to save money during the recession" which unintentionally brought to mind the spoof "Reader's Tips" that appear in *Viz* magazine.

One 26-year-old woman admitted that she waits until closing time to go to the supermarket, when the prices of the day's fresh vegetables are dropped to get rid of them. And a salesman said he'd saved money previously spent on dialling directory enquiries – "instead," reported the magazine, "he looks up the

numbers in the telephone directory." Stranger still, a female bank clerk has taken to collecting the small packets of tissues which are handed out on every street corner in Tokyo as a form of advertising: "I soak them and produce my own handmade paper, which I press into elegant postcards," she chirruped. "It's quite enjoyable."

What all economists agree on is that the causes of the crisis are deep-rooted and there are no quick solutions. Japan can either continue on its present course of stagnation, or reform its debt-laden and protected financial system – a process which will itself lead inevitably to the failure and collapse of inefficient companies. The country's politicians appear paralysed by the prospect, but their failure to act has galvanised no political reaction, other than apathy. Next month there will be elections for Japan's Upper House. Thanks partly to the weak and divided state of the opposition parties, the Liberal Democratic Party of prime minister Ryutaro Hashimoto, appears likely to perform very well, although with a record low turn-out.

At root the problem is psychological. Despite the hard times, Japanese are still rich by world standards. The country's debt problems are internal; it has no foreign borrowing. The problem is not there is no money, but that it is being locked away in safes by people too scared or apathetic to spend. Economists are talking seriously about the boost to the national psyche which could be provided by Japanese success in the World Cup – when the national team faces Croatia in Nantes this afternoon, there will be more at stake than a place in the quarter finals. If, as expected, they lose, it is hard to see what can be done, other than lighting a stick of incense, crossing the fingers and saying a little prayer.



never be the same again: one by one, in the last three years especially, Japanese assumptions about their security and place in the world have been discredited. The concept of jobs for life, part of the post-war social contract on which the country's remarkable recovery was based, has gone, and the wave of closures and lay-offs have led to the adoption of new euphemisms which had no equivalent in Japanese: one of the most common words in any

huge wholesale fish market. "I've got friends who took out huge mortgages and banked on the bonuses to pay them off." And those who do have money in hand face another problem: where to keep it?

Last year, another unwritten law was violated when a number of middle range banks and securities houses went under, broken by the plunge in the stock market and the weight of unpaid loans. The government's promise to protect de-

positors doesn't reassure everyone – and, in any case, with some interest rates at less than one per cent, there is hardly anything to be gained from banks anyway. One of the very few booming markets in Japan these days is that in miniature safes small enough to fit into a drawer or on a bookcase. The country's biggest manufacturer is selling 800 safes a day, as Japanese choose, literally in some cases, to keep their money under the bed.

Crime is stealthily increasing, especially among the young, and recent figures show an alarming increase in the number of suicides. Last year the number of people who killed themselves for "economic reasons" increased by 18 per cent, according to police figures. In the northern island of Hokkaido, where unemployment is highest, the number of economic suicides had gone up by half.

In the most chilling case this year,

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Comparison applies to UK mobile network operators. Details correct at time of going to press.

## So boring, they named it once

A spin doctor is aiming to change the image of the 'most boring place on earth'. By Angela Neustatter

AND SO to Fakenham in Norfolk (3km by 1.5km, pop 7,000, main industry agriculture) to discover for myself whether it really is "one of the most boring places on earth". It's been a hot issue since this sleepy town's *omour propre* was dreadfully ruffled a week ago. The drama broke when the council's computer expert went online to update Fakenham's official entry with such attractions as the Gas Works and the Glandford Shell Factory. He stumbled across an entry for Fakenham on the Guide to Knowhere website, which accused the place of terminal tedium.

Since news of this damning indictment got out, this tiny market town has become the Althorpe Park of Fenland, with press, television and tourists descending, eager to taste the nature of ultimate boredom. It's not easy. Getting to Fakenham requires a pilgrim's dedication. Trains halt at the comparative metropolis of Norwich or the bustling historic town of King's Lynn, each some 20 miles away, after which you rely on a bus that may or may not come, and, if it does, meanders through the hedgerows and lanes, stopping to pick up



Fakenham's biggest fan – Kizzi Nkwocha

offering anything from clothes to "brass bumpy things", and the nearby Muckleborough Military Collection – are worth knowing about. His expression is a study in earnestness: "My purpose is to make Fakenham the most talked-about town in the country. It's not what I hope to do. It's what I will do. I'm going to bring Fakenham to the media and the media to Fakenham."

"He offered his services and we said 'why not?'" explains

some time a young woman had been murdered.

He listed a "fabulous 15" things the town has going for it which include the local water-park, the Fakenham choral society, an archery club, the revamped library and the McVitie's food factory where Linda McCartney's meals are made.

Kizzi's smile was indefatigable. "The town isn't about great architecture, wonderful shops or fantastic discos. It's the people. They've got spirit, they're open to change and certainly far from boring." Grand claims for a visit that lasted just four hours, but Kizzi is confident: "I don't have to stick my head up a cow's arse to know a good steak."

Meanwhile, in the face of local opprobrium, the man responsible for the fateful Internet listing has sold his computer and promised he will not go online again, even though he is unrepentant.

Kizzi is planning further visits: "Taking me on was a brave decision for these people who live so far from the world of publicists, but we've put Fakenham on the national agenda. From now on anything that happens in this town is news." Watch this space.

# 'It's impossible to have any kind of life on this pay. I'd pay all my bills then run out of money and not eat properly'

Lisa Dugdale is 22. And she thinks that the minimum wage plan will turn young people into second-class citizens. By Glenda Cooper

**WHEN LEIGHANE** Ashworth was 17 she used to start her day by running to work at 7.30 to fit in an hour at the supermarket before the school day started. The £3.16 an hour she was paid barely covered her bus fare.

"There's only me and my mum," she says. "I needed the money to give her for housekeeping, so half my wages was going on that. I couldn't turn work down, so some days I was working 12-hour days. They would call me in at any opportunity because it was far cheaper to get me than one of the older women."

It is something that Lisa Dugdale can sympathise with. When she was 18 she worked for as little as £2.50 an hour in an off-licence.

"I was working there with two managers who were both getting far more money than me and yet I was doing the same things - holding the keys, cashing up at the end, fending off huge drunk people."

Under the Government's proposal for the minimum wage, Leighane would have had no minimum wage at all - as she was under 18 - whereas Lisa would have been eligible for only 50p an hour more. They are keen to tell the Government that just being under 25 does not mean life is cheaper.

Nor does it mean that they do not have adult responsibilities. More than a million people aged 16-25 were listed as heads of households in the last census, and a third of them had dependent children.

The situation has got progressively worse for young workers. While in 1979 young men under 21 had earnings of on average 63 per cent of all male workers, this had fallen to less than half by 1996.

The corresponding figures for young women saw a fall of 77 per cent to 57 per cent. Cases reported to the Low Pay Unit have included an 18-year-old paid £1.50 an hour for a 40-hour week in a home for adults with special needs, a 19-year-old beautician from Yorkshire earning £1 an hour and a man from Birmingham who was paid 8p for each pair of trousers he made.

"It's virtually impossible to have any kind of life on these sorts of wages," says Lisa, now 22.

"The problem is that when you are working you are spending more money; you have to take in packed lunches and pay your fares. I didn't feel I had any more money than when I was on income support of £36 a week."



Lisa took home £70 a week; £50 of it went on rent. Top right: Leighane Ashworth had to accept the hours she was offered.

Emma Boam, Keith Dobney

Lisa was taking home £70 a week of which £50 went on rent. Her survival strategy was simple. "I ate a lot of toast and cereal. I'd try and budget and pay all my bills when I got paid and then I would run out of money and not eat properly. Then you end up getting ill."

Other survival strategies for

young people mean working the benefits system from an early age. "Young people I've known would take part-time jobs, cash in hand, to top up their benefit, even if it was for just £20 a week extra," Lisa says. "That happened to a friend of mine and it just meant she had the money to afford the television licence and pay

her bills. It makes it more commercially viable for you to claim benefits and get a cash job."

Leighane, now 18, was working more than 30 hours but because she was counted as part-time she did not get sick pay or holiday pay.

"I needed the money, so I just had to agree to the hours they offered

me." She was taking home about £200 a month, which left her about £10 per week for herself after she had handed over the housekeeping and paid her bus fare and money for food.

Both Leighane and Lisa found themselves increasingly estranged from their friends. "It becomes more difficult to see friends," said

Lisa. "They get fed up asking you if you want to come out and you saying no. Then sometimes they would take you out for a drink and you'd feel like a scrounger because you couldn't buy one back. Or they'd think you weren't really skint, you were tight."

Cathy (not her real name) found



that working as an 18-year-old meant she was not treated as an equal. She took home £55 a week - roughly £1.18 an hour. "I was supposed to be a shop assistant but I used to do the cleaning and go and get the manager's dinner. It was slave labour."

"I was living at home and so I used to give my mum £20 for my board and try to survive on the rest. I didn't spend too much on food because I never got a dinner hour - you took it when you could and if a customer came into the shop you had to leave your food and serve them."

"I was really ill once and the manager implied that if I didn't come in I would lose my job. I came in and was ill and got sent home. When I went back after two days, the two days were knocked off my wages."

She was eventually sacked. "It was raining, I used to cycle to work and I was two to three minutes late. I had a lovebite on my neck and the manager laid into me. He told me to take my work jumper off and that I had lost my job. I'm still unemployed now and although I'm not much worse off on benefit, I want to work."

All three feel that the Government's action will do nothing to encourage young people to take up work. They feel, they say, like "second class citizens".

"Nothing is cheaper because you are younger, and yet we are expected to be paid less," says Lisa. "A landlord is not going to say your rent is cheaper because you are under 25. Your travelcard isn't any cheaper."

## Sorry Jim, time's up

### PARK LIFE

BRUCE MILLAR

HOW DO we know when we're too old to bounce on a bouncy castle, have an eyebrow pierced, or rap along with Buster Rhymes? Do friends or family tell us? Do we instinctively recognise the passage of time and bow out gracefully, or refuse point blank to accept the inevitable?

Age is one of the cruellest tricks that life plays on us, and nowhere can it be crueler than in sport.

I have found that the desire - no, more than that, the desperate need - to play football has become more urgent with age. During the years of my potential physical peak, I wasted my youth on the trivial pursuit of pleasure and measured my fitness by the number of hours put in on the dancefloor. I made my comeback, and indeed my debut in adult football, at the advanced age of 28, and now, a dozen years later, I exercise two or three times a week to stay fit enough to play in a veterans' league. What might be called the *matriarch* attitude of my wilderness years - forever vaguely promising myself that I'd get fit and find myself a team next season - has been replaced by the stark recognition that I might not be playing for very much longer.

With a couple of notable exceptions, my teammates are in the same boat. You couldn't call us has-beens because we were never there in the first place - men now into our forties who have been struggling to make the team since primary school.

We know, all of us, that there is no league we can step down to when the pace begins to tell: this is rock bottom and we are all staring it in the face. When we can no longer keep up with the grandly titled Wansdown Senior Premier-

ship League, we can no longer play football at all.

So it was with some trepidation that we went about the business of shedding our ageing and extremely fragile goal-keeper. Now Jim, as I'll call him, was in all respects the senior figure in the club: he had been player-manager for longer than anyone could remember; set up our league, and more than the rest of us seemed to live and breathe for the team. Opinion was divided over his exact age; some put him in his late 50s, others insisted he was over 60.

He was also, by now, utterly useless in goal. To put it bluntly, Jim was too old to jump, dive, catch or even kick the ball. Our matches would be evenly balanced for 15 or 20 minutes, but then our opponents would cotton on to our fatal weakness, and start hoisting lobs in the general direction of our goal as soon as they crossed the half-way line. This tactic always destroyed the game as a contest by always being successful.

By half-time, two or three of these orbital shots would have floated over Jim's head and into the net. Full-time would find us all exhausted from the completely futile effort of trying to play the entire match in our opponents' half of the pitch, and still losing heavily.

At the post-game drink, which Jim wisely declined to join, he inevitably became the focus of our post-mortem discussions. It was nobody's idea of fun, we agreed, to get up and run around on a Sunday

morning when you knew you were going to be thrashed by four or five goals.

A growing body of players declared that they were not prepared to carry on playing with Jim in goal. "I hope I'll know when I'm past it", someone would announce every week, taking care to avoid eye contact in case he was taken up on the offer. In short, Jim had to go. But who would volunteer to tell him?

Midweek meetings, to which Jim was not invited, were organised in the pub, ostensibly to discuss tactics. The only tactic under discussion was "How to get rid of Jim". We began to feel like a gang of Nigerian Army officers plotting our next coup, or Tory cabinet ministers lining up with knives behind Margaret Thatcher's back; the longer we conspired, the more the whole business assumed mythical proportions as we prepared to assassinate the patriarch. Feelings of guilt blossomed under the indulgent care of our wives who, to a woman, took Jim's side. "But you can't do that to Jim," they would chorus, "playing means so much to him."

Eventually, we came up with a plan: we would institute a democratic "rolling membership", each player taking his turn to pick the week's team - and each player choosing a goal-keeper who was not Jim.

It worked: after losing for week after week, we were undefeated in our next five matches. Jim, we heard on the grapevine, now thought we were a "bunch of bastards", but what did we expect?

As for me, I'll know when it's time to hang up my boots; when I can no longer face the after-match drink, I can be sure that they're talking about me.

A TEENAGE girl loses her head and falls in love with a man twice her age. Her desperate parents try to stop her contacting the man, but that only makes him more alluring. Then the inevitable happens. In spite of all the efforts of her parents to prevent it, the girl runs off with her beau and heads for Gretna Green.

It's an everyday story. A minor tragedy that has been repeating itself for hundreds of years. Yet the story of 16 year-old Kelly Ann Fury and her 34-year-old American boyfriend David Holford has made national headlines. Holford has been arrested and Fury's parents have requested she be made a ward of court. But why all this fuss? Simple: Holford and Fury met on the Internet.

A recent attitude survey showed that most people in this country still associate the Internet with financial fraud, pornography and paedophilia. It's hardly surprising, then, that this mundane story of a young girl (above the legal age of consent) and an older man should have stirred up such hysteria.

It's true that the Net is a sexualised environment, but no more so than the average pub or disco. It's true too that email is a sort of fantasy factory where normally reserved people often feel free to communicate much more intimately than they might do on the phone, or face to face.

That said, the Net changes nothing. Teenage girls have always had access to sexually charged environments. Fourteen-year-olds regularly trowel on the slap and slip into something slinky to get themselves into pubs and over-18 nightclubs. And as for fantasy, teenage love affairs are almost by definition fantasies, projections of some idealised notion of romance. That's precisely why we call them puppy love.

The point is that nothing happens on the Net that doesn't already happen in the "real" world. We persist in the lie that anything - whether it be teenage folly or credit card fraud - that happens in cyberspace must be more troubling, more outrageous, more downright wrong than if it happens in "real life". On the one hand we expect the wired world to be a prelapsarian Eden, and on the other, we condemn it as an electronic Sodom and Gomorrah.

Jacquie Disney of the Parents' Information Network, an organisation set up to support parents whose children use computers and the Net, argues that the Net has been demonised. "It's used to whip up all sorts of hysteria. The Net is no worse than chat lines or meeting people in the pub. Some will take advantage and others won't."

The simple fact that seems to have got lost in all the Holford fury is that teenagers of both sexes have always had a taste for forbidden fruit. To teenage girls, older men are fearlessly alluring. And that's hardly surprising since boys of their own age seem like babies.

When I was 16, my best friend, Julia, began an affair with the village milkman, a married man in his late 30s. This was widely known and talked over, but it was assumed that my friend would get over it. As, indeed, she did. No-one saw the need to involve the police, the courts and the media for the simple reason that it was none of the police's, court's or media's business.

A while ago I visited Walthamstow Girls' School in London's East End to talk to the pupils about their newly-installed Internet connection. The PIN helpline number is 0891 633644. They have a number of free guides on computing for parents

Eloping in cyberspace. It was bound to happen. By Melanie McGrath

## The heart of the Net



Schoolgirl Kelly Ann Fury (left) and 34-year-old David Holford caused a furore as the first cyber-elopers.

The Net had expanded their horizons. By logging on to the Net they could access data from the Antarctic and pictures of outer space and most of their time was taken up with just this kind of exploration.

Once, when their teacher left the room, they hastily quit the Antarctic and logged on to another school's chat forum where they spent a merry 10 minutes flirting with the lads from a local boys' school. In other words, they did exactly what all schoolchildren do. The cat was away and they played.

For girls in single sex education, or for the shy or simply inexperienced, flirting harmlessly on the Net may well help develop confidence and understanding. The Net can provide a safe space where girls can learn to communicate and, yes, flirt with the opposite sex without being pre-judged on their physical appearance.

There will always be those teens who take their experiments too far who have sex too early and with inappropriate partners, who don't know when to say stop to drink or no to drugs. Jacqueline Disney advises parents to put the family computer in an open access area of the house and "try to instill commonsense as you would with any social activity they might be engaged in".

Neither Kelly Ann Fury nor David Holford were committing any crime in running away together. Fury even completed her GCSEs before she went. There was nothing, as far as we know, to suggest that the relationship was abusive or exploitative. It was simply ill-judged. Fury and Holford have made their mistakes. And in making hysterical judgements about the Internet on very little evidence, we continue to make ours.

The PIN helpline number is 0891 633644. They have a number of free guides on computing for parents

# Beautiful but badly behaved

Clematis flowers can make a spectacular show, but the plant itself is a horticultural thug. The secret lies in skilful pruning and shaping to encourage a happy synergy with the host shrub. By Anna Pavord

If I were starting again (dread words) I would plant only late-flowering clematis on a pergola, or indeed anywhere that the clematis was likely to mix itself up with a rose that needed pruning. Or repeat the idea of having early, mid-season and late-flowering clematis in the pergola seemed sound. It would extend the flowering season - something that gardening correspondents are always going on about, even to themselves.

As I tenderly planted April-flowing *Clematis macropetala* to surge through the rose 'Eastea's Golden Rambler', and as I swathed the incumbent solanum with fresh tendrils of the May-flowering clematis 'The President', I did not realise what complications I was making for myself. Both clematis have gone mad. But the solanum has now died and is impossible to extricate from a suit of borrowed clothes, and I can't fight my way through the enveloping blankets of *C. macropetala* to prune the rose when I need to.

If I had planted just late-flowering types of *C. viticella*, all the clematis could have been cut down to the ground in February and he way would be clear for me to get on and do whatever work was necessary on the host shrubs.

But I didn't. So the solanum will have to stay until some disaster hits the clematis too, when I can get both out of the way and start afresh. It's difficult, though, to limit yourself - even in one part of the garden - to the season of flowering, given a family such as the clematis which can provide flowers in almost any month of the year.

The season starts with creamy-yellow, freckled *C. cirrhosa*, often in bloom by February. It's not such a bug as *C. armandii*, which flowers through March and April. Both these are evergreen, unlike the glorious spring-flowering kinds derived from *C. macropetala* and *C. tigrina*. Flowers get bigger as the season advances, so you end up in midsummer with dinner plates such as mid-blue 'General Sikorski' and dark red 'Nobie'.

By August and September, when the viticellas are at their best, the lower size has shrunk. In many situations, this is an advantage. Scented heaviest in the autumn-flowering kinds such as white *C. flammula*, and *C. rehderiana* which smells of cowslips.

The time of flowering to a great extent governs how you should prune your clematis. An enormous fuss is made about this subject, some gardeners thoroughly enjoy fussing, so rather than deprive them of profitable worry, I recommend a week with a good book (see box).

In terms of pruning, clematis fall into three categories: those that need none, those that need a light touch, and those that respond to

butchering. The "none" option, of course, is the easiest, and it is worth remembering that a clematis will not die from lack of pruning. It may flower less than otherwise would. It may flower at gutter rather than at eye level. But it will not keel over just because you and your flashing Felons have not been near it.

You need never prune the earliest flowering clematis, such as delicate *C. alpina* types ('Francis Rivis' and his friends), vigorous *C. armandii*, *C. macropetala* and the popular *C. montana*, though both this and *C. armandii* may need cutting back if they are bullying other plants. If you want to reduce their spread, prune them immediately after flowering. Otherwise leave them alone.

I don't prune the yellow, autumn-flowering *C. tangutica*, either, though some people treat it as a group three (hard prune) type. Ours mounds itself over a wall, flowering magnificently with no attention, so it gets none.

If clematis do need pruning, do it in February. Subjects for light pruning include the popular 'Nelly Moser' (mauve with a flax bar), Barbara Jackman, 'Lasurstern' and 'The President', all of which are out at the moment. Light pruning means taking out dead, weak, or scraggy-looking stems, entirely and cutting the rest of the stems back to the first strong pair of buds you can find. These will already be showing themselves plainly by the end of February.

The clematis that need the toughest treatment are those that flower in the second half of summer; the beautiful purple Jackmanii Superba', mauve-pink 'Comtesse de Bouchaud', sky-blue 'Perle d'Azur' and the Viticellas (my favourites), such as the reddish Abundance and deep purple 'Royal Velours'.

All these should be cut back hard to within a foot or so of the ground.

This is cathartic and gives you an opportunity each year to train properly and tie in the fresh stems to avoid an unhappy tangle of growth. At the same time you can mulch all your clematis with compost or manure to keep the soil moist and the roots cool. More important than pruning, though, is the position in which you plant your clematis. By nature, clematis are scramblers; they have no means by which they can stick themselves to supports. They are, however, beautifully equipped for hoisting themselves through some other growing things, and this is how they look best.

A clematis plant is not in itself a thing of beauty. It has no particular form. Its flowers are its only raison d'être. As it has naturally evolved as a scrambler, clematis thrives best with its feet in the shade and its head in the sun. Grown through some host such as ceanothus or viburnum, these conditions occur without

much effort on your part. Mrs Cholmondeley threading its way through an April-flowering ceanothus will keep decently out of the lime-light until the ceanothus has finished its display and then quietly take over a starring role in late May and June. Or you could use the greenish-white *C. florida* 'Alba Plena' with a summer-flowering ceanothus.

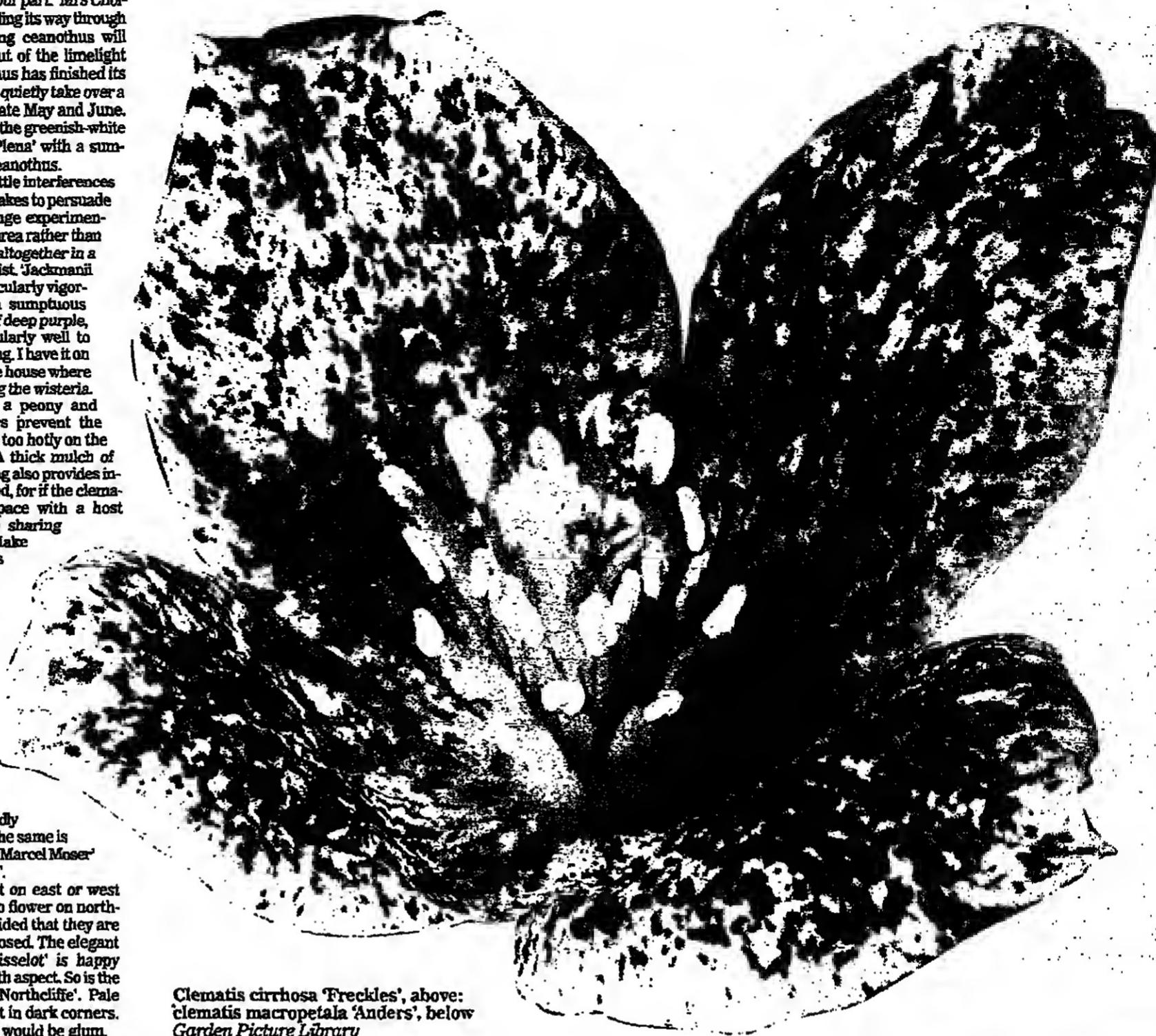
Half a dozen little interferences in spring is all it takes to persuade a clematis to range experimentally over a wide area rather than bunch its stems altogether in a single, matted twist. Jackmanii Superba', a particularly vigorous variety with sumptuous velvety blooms of deep purple, responds particularly well to this gentle nudging. I have it on a south wall of the house where it wanders among the wisteria. A bush of rue, a peony and other neighbours prevent the sun from shining too hotly on the clematis roots. A thick mulch of muck in late spring also provides insulation - and food, for if the clematis is sharing space with a host shrub, it is also sharing food and drink. Make sure there is plenty of both.

Jackmanii Superba' is quite happy with this south aspect. 'Nelly Moser' would not be.

The flowers, pale mauve with vivid carmine bars running from base to tip of each petal, fade badly in full sunshine. The same is true of the similar 'Marcel Moser' and 'Bees Jubilee'.

These are best on east or west walls, but will also flower on north-facing walls, provided that they are not hideously exposed. The elegant white 'Marie Boisselot' is happy with a sunless north aspect. So is the pale blue 'Lady Northcliffe'. Pale clematis shine out in dark corners. Dark purple here would be gloom.

*Clematis cirrhosa 'Freckles'*, above; *clematis macropetala 'Anders'*, below  
Garden Picture Library



## CLEMATIS ADDRESS BOOK

READ CLEMATIS by Christopher Lloyd (Viking); The Gardener's Guide to Growing Clematis by Raymond Evison (David & Charles)

SEE CLEMATIS at Great Dixter, Northiam, East Sussex TN31 5PH, open daily (not Mon) 2pm-5pm, admission £3; 115 Hidlow Road, Tonbridge, Kent, open 12 July, 2pm-6pm, admission £1.50; 133 Crystal Palace Road, London SE22, open

5 July, 2pm-6pm, admission £1; The Mews Cottage, Harrogate, open 29 July, 2pm-5.30pm, admission £1.50.

JOIN THE International Clematis Society, 3 Cuthberts Close, Cheshunt, Waltham Cross EN7 5RB (01923 636524); British Clematis Society, 4 Springfield, Lightwater, Surrey GU18 5XP (01276 476387). National Collections Treasures of Tenbury, Burford House Gardens, (01553 850407).

Tenbury Wells, Worcs WR15 8HQ (01584 810777); The Guersey Clematis Nursery, Domaine Vineries, Les Sauvagées, St Sampson, Guernsey CI (01481 459424).

BUY FROM Great Dixter Nurseries, as above (01797 253107); Pennells, Newark Road, South Hykeham, Lincoln LN6 9NT (01522 880044); Thorncroft, The Lings, Reymerton, Norwich, Norfolk NR9 4QG (01553 850407).

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## Eloquence in a green shade

**Ryl Nowell doesn't believe in instant planting plans; her approach to garden design is rooted in the landscape, writes Ursula Buchan**

IT IS an uncomfortable truth, but a truth nonetheless, that designing a garden is difficult. To do it really well requires a mix of qualities - practicality, artistry and horticultural craft - not given to everyone. Most of us need help, if we are not to waste our time, money and energy on unrealistic or half-baked schemes.

Although she may not put it quite so bluntly, this is essentially the opinion of Ryl Nowell, a professional gardener of long standing, and a past chairman of the Society of Garden Designers. Should you be tempted to mutter "well, she would think that wouldn't she?" it must be said at once that she has developed a "Centre of Garden Design" in her garden, in an attempt to give positive help to gardeners.

The rather charmingly-named Cabbages and Kings (or Wilderness Farm) is to be found on the slope of Hadlow Down, in East Sussex. Here, out of a single acre, next to a jumble of old farm buildings, Ryl Nowell has created an appealing garden, attractive in itself and highly instructive for the sharp-eyed visitor.

The garden is fortunate in its situation: it is set apart from other gardens and there are lovely views from it across the High Weald. But there the luck runs out. It is situated on an east-facing slope and is buffeted by cold winds in winter. The soil is thin and, although a spring rises in the garden, much of the land remains resolutely dry. And, until 1990, it was a farmyard. Among the many enormous tasks that faced Ryl, when she took it on, was the necessity of digging up the concrete yard and laying soil on top of the rubble to make the lawn, as the concrete was too expensive to cart away. One barn had to be removed to reveal the view, while another was so ugly that it needed to be radically changed.

The only attractive feature of the whole place, Ryl says, was a

small brick stable at the top of the slope; beside it, she has made what she calls the Cottage Garden, a space no larger than the average small garden, where many of the design principles by which she works can be seen realised. This is the highest of seven terraces, cut into the slope, each individual in nature, yet linked to the one above.

"I built the garden very much with people walking through it, and gleaned ideas, in mind." The garden has proved invaluable for showing her work to her private clients, as well as other visitors. She has allowed the paving, wall, pool, statues, seats, topiary and planting to speak so much more eloquently than words, or even photographs. That said she has written an illuminating booklet for visitors.

Ryl is adamant that visitors to the garden should not simply copy her ideas; rather, they should feel free to copy them to their own individual sites and requirements, having absorbed the basic principles that guide her work. Her catch-phrase, she says, is "people, place and landscape" for 20 years.

"People", she explains, refers to the ways people will want to use the garden; "place" refers to what the site offers, in the form of soil, aspect, and outlook; and "landscape" is how the place fits into its broader context. "If you ignore any one of these, you are missing out on a great opportunity."

Cabbages and Kings may have been founded as an exercise in didacticism, but it also provides a tranquil and visually satisfying experience. It is tangible proof that Ryl's basic principles work.

The garden is also unfussy modern and forward-looking. Ryl uses tall, statuesque grasses, such as *Stipa gigantea*, in place of hedges, to screen one area from another and to prevent all from being revealed at a glance. And she cleverly em-

ploys recurring plant species, together with directional paths and steps, to give the garden the appearance of flowing from one level to the next. "If gardens are divided by rigid enclosures, they will appear even smaller," she maintains. "The answer is to make rooms that feel enclosed, yet are sufficiently open to also feel part of the whole garden. The walls may be a clump of tall grass, a tree trunk or a few bushes, in fact anything that interrupts the vision. The ceiling is the sky, and if you are lucky it may include overhanging branches of a large tree."

Ryl Nowell has thought long and hard about these matters. Her training was more rigorous than is usual in a field where anyone can put a brass plaque on the door and call themselves a "garden designer". After a first degree in horticulture at the University of London at Wye College, in the early Sixties, she joined a landscape architect's practice and studied part time for four years for a landscape architecture degree. She has had her own practice for 20 years.

"You need several lifetimes, really, because in choosing to go down the design route I have left horticulture and plants behind," she says. On the evidence of the garden at Wilderness Farm she emphatically has not done so, but this is perhaps why she does not suffer from the debilitating British disease of plant mania. When designing for a client, she leaves the planting plan until everything else is settled, and works with larger numbers of the same plant than we might, in order to make strong, unfluffy plantings.

Ryl's desire to initiate us into the mysteries of good garden design is almost evangelistic. Her conversation is exhilarating because she is so little bound by conventional ideas of how the perfect garden should look, while remaining wedded to notions of simple and strong design.



Cabbages and Kings, Ryl Nowell's centre of garden design

Jerry Harpur and Andrew Lawson

using good quality (though not necessarily expensive) materials and plants.

Back at home, with the mantra of "people, place and landscape" running in my head, I found myself looking at my garden in a new way. That is what a trip to Wilderness Farm will do for you.

**Cabbages and Kings, Hadlow Down, is five-and-a-half miles north east of Uckfield, half a mile south of Hadlow Down, beside Wilderness Lane. It is open to visitors from Easter to September, on Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and bank holiday Mondays, from 10am to 6pm. Admission costs £2.50, concessions £2.**



### WEEKEND WORK

■ Prune plants such as *decaisnea* where you want to limit their final size. Take out one or two branches entirely. The suckering habit means that the plant will soon throw new growth from near its base.

■ Prune other shrubs such as *philadelphus*, *weigela* and *deutzia* in the same way, as soon as they have finished flowering.

■ Early-flowering shrub roses such as "Frühlingsgold" and "Nevada" can also be pruned now if necessary. If left entirely to their own devices, they amass a lot of dead, twiggy growth. Cutting out one or two branches at the base encourages new, fresh growth.

■ Tackle bindweed that is growing in between shrubs and herbaceous perennials by untwining the growths carefully and stuffing them all into a polythene sack. Then you can spray the bindweed inside the sack using a herbicide containing glyphosate, without the spray hitting anything else.

■ Indoor plants such as *azalea*, *pelargonium*, ivy and Easter cactus can be sown outside now for a summer holiday. Continue to feed them as usual until you bring them back inside in September.

■ Take cuttings of African violets. Choose strong, healthy leaves and cut them away from the parent plant with about 2in stem attached.

Sink the stalks into a mix made from equal quantities of compost and sand and keep moist and warm (about 65°F). When they are rooted, pot the cuttings singly to grow on.

■ Stem cuttings of bougainvillea, *cianthus*, *philodendron* and *stephanotis* can also be taken now.

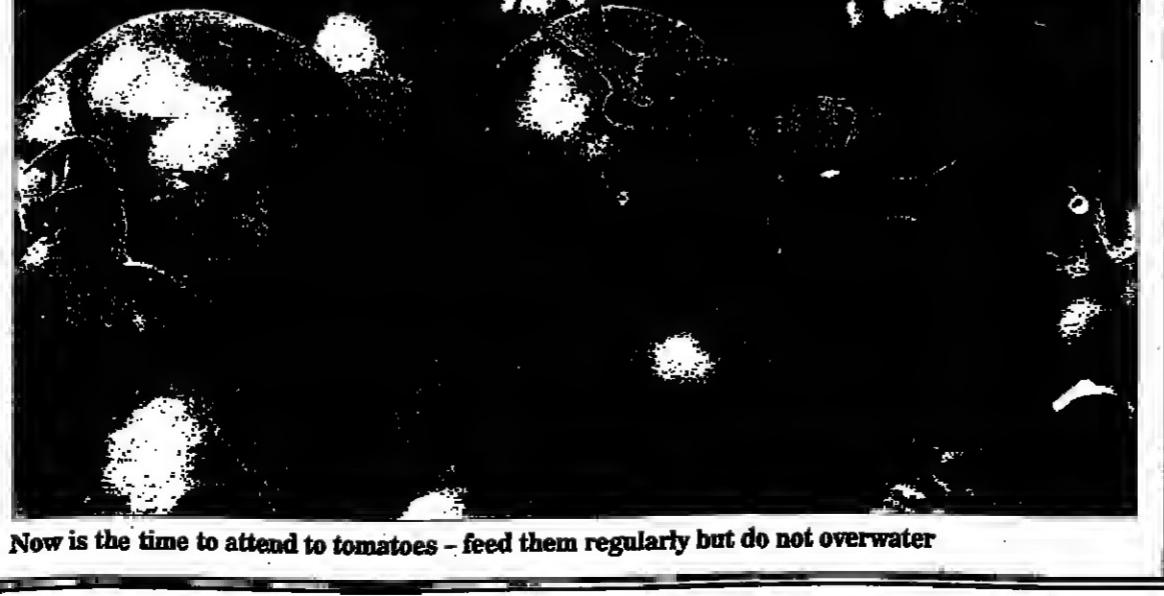
■ Attend to tomatoes. Those grown on a single stem need to be trained up a cane and anchored at regular intervals. Nip out any sideshoots growing in axis of the leaves. Feed regularly but do not overwater, to avoid diluting the taste of the fruit.

■ The COVENT Garden Flower Festival opens tomorrow and continues all next week, with giant floral mobiles in the north and south halls of Covent Garden Market, garden designs with new plants and products along the east and south piazzas. The centrepiece of the festival is the Performance Garden next to St Paul's Church.

Flowers and plants cover the church as well as the stage, where

there is a week-long programme of music, theatre and dance. Off the Wall Gardens features unusual ways to decorate vertical spaces.

### CUTTINGS



Now is the time to attend to tomatoes - feed them regularly but do not overwater

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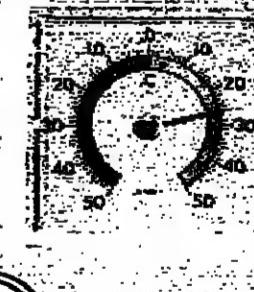
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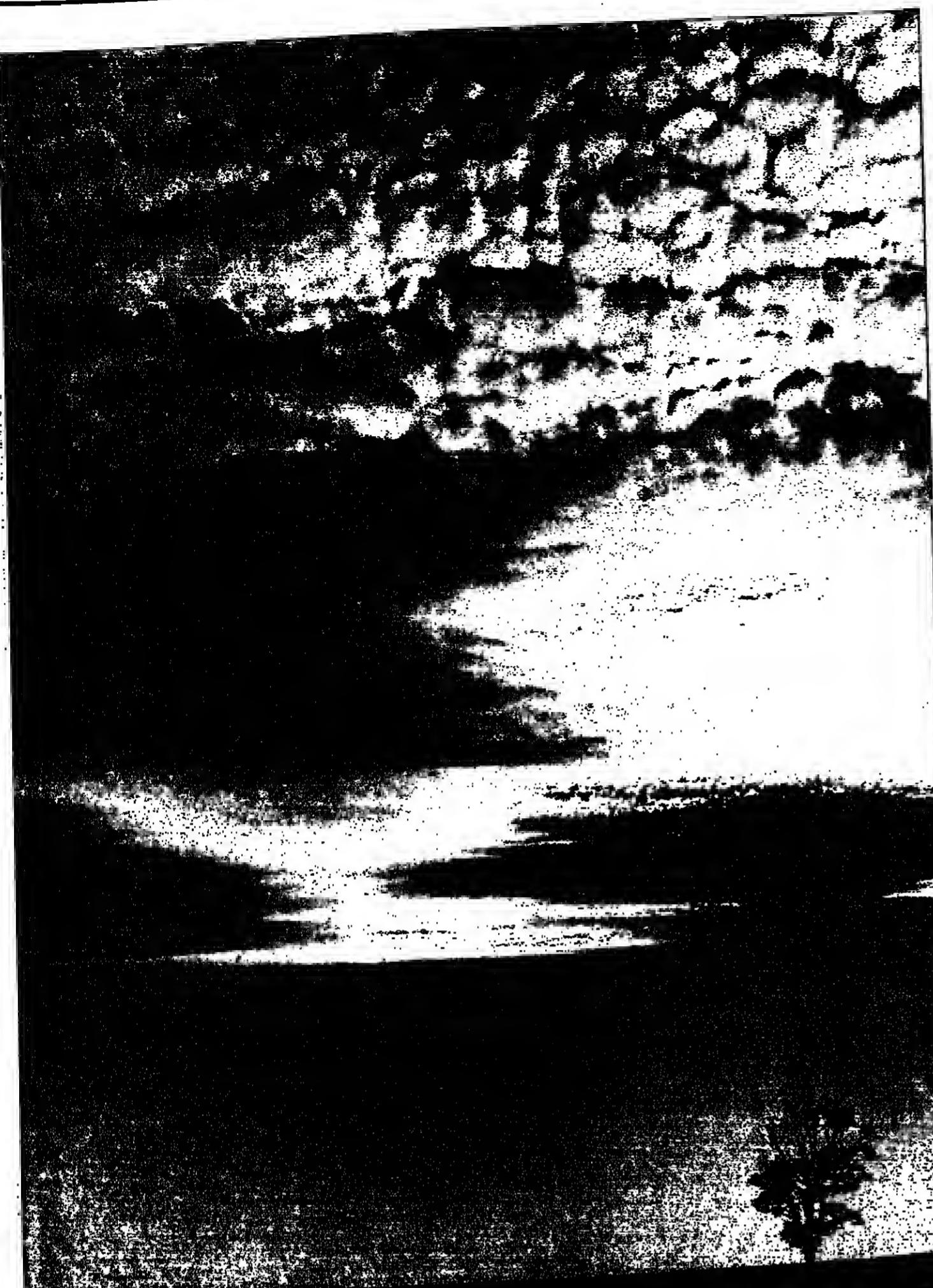
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IND440

# Ill met by moonlight

The cruel and illegal practice of badger-baiting is on the increase, and urban gangs are the main culprits. By Matthew Brace



David Hughes

Summer nights bring danger: about 10,000 badgers are killed every year by baiting

## What's on this weekend

FANCY A skirt this Sunday? Then head for Hazlehead Park, where cabers will be tossed, reels danced and heavy hammers thrown to the poignant sound of bagpipes at the annual Aberdeen Highland Games. There's sword-dancing, a salute to the Chieftain, a display of massed pipe bands and lots of traditional Highland competitions. You can flex your muscles at the tug-of-war, and meet special guest TV Gladiator "Hunter" (aka James Crossley) before drinking a restorative wee dram - Glenfiddich is one of the sponsors.

Aberdeen Highland Games, Hazlehead Park, Aberdeen, on Sunday, 21 June, 10am-5pm. Admission: adults £4, children £2, family ticket £10.

SALLY KINDBERG



## Old tricks for a young dog

How do you train a gun dog? Perhaps it's the dog that trains you. Duff Hart-Davis disagrees

WE THOUGHT hard before getting a new puppy. Having owned Labradors for 20-odd years, we knew all too well what a tie a dog is. A cat can leave its own devices for a day or two; a dog cannot be left for more than a few hours.

After the demise of Zephyr, our last old stager, the first dog-free months seemed a delightful liberation; but gradually we began to feel that an element was missing from our lives, and when a friend announced that her bitch was pregnant, our fate was sealed. The mother-to-be, a nice-looking pedigree black Labrador of medium build called Madhild (Gaelic for "dog", pronounced "Maddy"), had never been trained as a gun dog, but we knew that she had a generous temperament. The father lives in Warwickshire, and during the pregnancy I took the trouble to drive up and see him, to make sure he was not one of those huge, hulky dogs that are bred more for show than for work.

Going up the Fosse Way, I kept thinking of Alan, a game-keeper of my acquaintance, who once memorably condemned a show-bred Labrador that he saw on a television clip of Crufts'. "Bloody old gun come on," he grunted. "Dog spruced up to buggery. You fire one shot, that hugger'd be gone. Wouldn't see him no more for a week. Bloody useless."

I need not have worried. Man of War was beautifully built, strong, fast and agile, full of zip yet under perfect control. I returned reassured, and confirmed that I was in the market for a black bitch.

The litter arrived on 28 February; one yellow, six black. When they were a month old I went along and, having spent a few minutes watching them stagger about, picked one of the little bitches, which we marked with a dab of nail varnish on her claws. When she was two

months old I returned to take her away, but at the last moment I treacherously changed my mind. One of her sisters, not yet bespoke, seemed even more attractive, and quicker in her reactions, so I took her instead.

Thus we acquired Jemima, with her big, soft, puddleduck paws, and within hours were forcibly reminded of the astonishing destructive power of a puppy. Forget the odd puddle or mess; that can easily be cleared up. Infinitely more damaging is her compulsion to gnash everything on which she can close her jaws.

Hide chews from the pet shop detain her for an hour or so, as do rubber balls that squeak like rabbits in their death-throes. Much more satisfying, however, are other objects. Plastic flower pots make a gratifying racket when hustled across flagstones. Old training shoes are tough enough to offer prolonged resistance; the pine legs of the kitchen table, on the other hand, are soft enough to yield satisfying chips and shavings, and every unsupervised session leaves them noticeably thinner.

I can forgive Jemima all this because she is irresistibly attractive: we have put in many hours getting to know each other and my reward is that she follows me everywhere, going to sleep - for preference - on my feet while I am working. Besides, I detect in her the makings of a splendid gun dog.

I take it as a sign of intelligence that she likes to grapple with two different objects at once: to kill a plastic bottle and a knotted pair of old socks simultaneously is evidently more of a challenge than single combat with either. I rejoice in the speed with which she retrieves any portable object, and in the way she uses her nose, her chin furrowing the grass as she follows early-morning scents along the hedgerows.

At not quite four months, she has many hard lessons still to learn: that the cats have as much right to be indoors as she does, that chickens and alpacas are not for chasing, that sheep droppings are not on her menu, and that deep mining operations are not permitted in the vegetable plot. She recognises her name, but so far the only skills she has acquired are those of coming to the whistle and sitting when told. More complicated accomplishments must wait a few more months - and then I face the agonising question: should I train her myself, or send her away to a professional? Sixteen weeks' board and tuition would cost at least £800, and during that time I would not be allowed to visit her. She might return performing brilliantly but having more or less forgotten me.

Meanwhile, I can only marvel at the power of such a small animal to provoke innovation and expenditure. Within hours of her arrival I had to build several sets of wooden shuttering, to blank off electric cables and prevent them being eaten. Outside, I blocked off the steps leading up from the terrace, to make a temporary pen - only for Jemima to jump out anyway.

She herself cost £300, her compulsory inoculations more than £50, a sag-bag £35. I spent £20 on reinforcing the farmyard gate with netting - whereupon she jumped straight through the bars above the barrier.

Yet she is about to provoke a far greater extravagance than any of these. The flagstones of our ancient kitchen are cracked and pitted, and lie directly on the earth with gaps between them, so they are hopelessly unhygienic, especially when under nightly bombardment. For this reason, the puppy has provoked us into ordering an entire new kitchen, floor and all, for which the bill will certainly reach high into four figures.



Jemima: not quite four months and many hard lessons to learn Christopher Jones

no stranger to cruelty. Baiting has gone on for 100 years and more, and has traditionally been most popular in mining districts. South Yorkshire, County Durham and Derbyshire are still among the counties with the highest incidence of baiting.

However, according to campaigners and police wildlife officers, the majority of today's baiters are urban men who travel out to the countryside to indulge in their pastime.

David Dunne, who has campaigned against badger persecution for many years, and jointly runs the Ryedale Badger Group in North Yorkshire, says: "It's always been a very macho thing, and I would say it is 95 per cent town and city people who come out to the country to do it."

"We know a lot of people who come out from Leeds, York and Sheffield, even Middlesbrough sometimes, and one man is very well known - he travels each weekend from Leeds to the West Country to dig badgers."

"If you can get £10 or £20 for selling a badger to organised baiters, then that will pay for your petrol and you've had a good weekend out in the country."

"I can understand them enjoying being out there on a crisp night. They'll see all sorts of things that the public don't normally see - deer, foxes, badgers. They've got the world to themselves, and they can stand back and watch their dogs go about their business."

"But why in God's name do they want to dig out and hurt these creatures for sport? That is what I can't understand."

Whatever the appeal of badger-baiting, it is practised by what appears to be a growing number of people who are doing much to eradicate Britain's badger population, and are testing the resources of the wildlife officers who patrol our hedgerows.

H

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Duff Hart-Davis  
meets a Cotswold farmer who has turned his land over to a crop of weeds

**H**igh on the edge of the Cotswold plateau, near the village of Nailsworth, an ambitious agricultural experiment is starting to bear fruit. The largest plantation of elder bushes in England, covering 75 acres, is now three years old. This week pickers were out collecting the heavily scented flowers, and the owner, Richard Kelly, was cautiously optimistic that as his little forest grows on towards maturity, it will start to do him proud.

An elder plantation? It sounds a contradiction in terms, for the straggling bushes normally grow wild along hedges and woodland borders. Yet in 1984 a combination of two quite different factors prompted Richard to launch his radical innovation. One was that he faced major expense if he was to upgrade the dairy farming enterprise which then dominated his farm; the other, that the Bottle Green Drinks company, which makes elderflower cordial and other soft beverages in the neighbouring village of South Woodchester, was looking for somebody to grow its raw material.

Until then, Bottle Green had relied on wild supplies of elderflowers, and during each short season, for a few weeks in May and June, had launched an army of several hundred pickers into the surrounding countryside, paying £1 per pound for good flowers brought in. This method produced an adequate harvest, but it also provoked irritation among landowners who saw strangers raiding their hedges and smashing down the bushes, often without asking permission. Another drawback was that the company could not call its products organic, because there was always a chance that some of the flowers might have been contaminated by fall-out from road traffic or agricultural sprays.

Bottle Green, then, were keen to find a regular supplier, and when Richard offered the use of his land, the two decided on a joint venture. Having sold his dairy herd, Richard set out to research the strange plant on which he proposed to base his future. He learnt that burns beings had used elder at least since Roman times, and that the shrub had an ambivalent reputation. Known as a frequenter of dung-heaps and churchyards, because it likes rich soil, elder was credited with strong medicinal powers, and also with the ability to ward off evil. In Victorian times the drivers of hearse carried whips with handles made of elder wood, to keep the devil at bay.

The plant itself embodies many ambiguities: the flowers smell of honey, and the leaves of mice; the white pith inside young branches is the lightest natural substance known to man, but mature wood is as hard and heavy as ebony.

Folklore was one thing, the plants themselves quite another. In his search for 30,000 bushes Richard cleaned out most of the nurseries in England, Wales and Scotland, and had to go to Holland for his last 5,000. Having conducted soil tests, he set out his plantation in rows aligned north and south, with the bushes at 3-metre intervals, and sat back to watch them grow.

Little did he realise what he had let himself in for. Every year Dutch saplings died, as did 2,000 of the home stock. Grass and weeds threatened to overwhelm the surviving plants: an experiment with chemical herbicides on a trial plot showed that any elder touched by the spray collapsed; so he reverted to organic methods, mulching the plants with straw and manure. Now he hopes to use free-range chickens, loose among the rows, as living

weed-controllers and providers of fertiliser.

"We thought elder was a pioneer species that would grow like a weed anywhere," he says. "But we've realised now that it's a sensitive plant, which needs good soil, a lot of light, and shelter from the wind."

Last year he and his helpers applied 700 tons of manure, forked it by hand from trailers. Badgers, at-

tracted by worms and slugs under the straw, began digging up the roots; voles joined in the subterranean attack, and roebucks from the adjoining woods frayed the springy stems with their antlers. Pigeons pecked out the flower buds, and cuckoo-spit invaded new shoots.

So the plantations are patchy – but in the best areas the bushes look wonderful. Frequent pruning has

made them grow many more stems than they would in the wild; the manure has given them luxuriant foliage, and flowers 8in or 10in across. This year's harvest is small, but Richard has always reckoned that he would not get his first full crop until the year 2000.

He remains agog to see what the plantation's yield will amount to. A bucketful of flowers, not pressed

down, weighs about 2½ lb, and calculating on the basis of a wild elder of roughly the size that he hopes his bushes will reach, he reckons that each should produce between 4lb and 9lb a year, for up to 30 years. If all goes well, gross income could be as high as £80,000 per annum.

When the farm enters full production, the itinerant, seasonal pickers will work it, instead of despoiling

local hedgerows, and the output should fulfil all the needs of Bottle Green, even though the company has expanded fast, with recent sales to Saudi Arabia and Nigeria.

One remaining challenge is to find a use for the dark berries that ripen in the autumn if flowers are left. "We've looked at elderberry cordial, which sounds like something that should sell," says Kit Morris, one of Bottle Green's founders. "But in fact the juice has a lot of tannin and colour and not much else."

In preparing his Spiced Berry Cordial, be soon decided that "the less elderberry in it, the better", and ended up using a blackcurrant base.

Yet out on the farm Richard remains hopeful of creating a second product from his bushes: he recently heard that the berries contain as much protein as eggs, and the gleam in his eye is that he may be on to a source of cheap protein for Third World countries.

Richard Kelly and his experimental elder crop

Christopher Jones

## Respect your elders

known to man, but mature wood is

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### NATURE WATCH

MOST SPECIES of deer give birth during the month of June, and by now there are thousands of fallow fawns, red and sika calves and roe kids dotted about the countryside, only a few days old. Mothers make a habit of leaving their offspring in what they consider safe places while they themselves go off to graze; thus it is common to see a fawn curled round in a ball and lying by itself in the undergrowth.

Many people, finding Bambi apparently abandoned, make the mistake of stroking the creature, or – worse still – picking it up. Any such handling may seriously damage its chances of survival, for when the mother returns, she may be so put off by the smell of humans that she rejects her baby. The moral is, therefore: leave well alone.

One form of protection from predators is that

newborn deer have practically no scent. Another defence is immobility: by lying still in deep grass or bracken, a fawn can escape detection by foxes or (in the Scottish Highlands) eagles. Yet in farmland the same habit can be lethal, especially for roe deer, which tend to leave their kids in silage crops where all too often they are cut to pieces by forage harvesters.

DUFF HART-DAVIS

## A rendezvous with the bad boys of rock

**Weekend walk On Midsummer's Eve, the Rollrights are a suitably pixified destination. By Catherine Stebbings**

THE SCENT of cow parsley, elder and ripening crops is almost overpowering as midsummer approaches. But there are other energies at work around this time, particularly if you make for some of Britain's ancient sites. Take the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire, for instance. A fairly strenuous walk here takes you across a landscape steeped in folklore and superstition.

Start in Long Compton, a pleasant village sadly divided by a busy main road. From the Red Lion Hotel walk northwards towards the church and turn left through a couple of gates beside the school. Follow the cow tracks across the field, through another gate and cross a further field through a metal gate beside a noisy smallholding full of chickens and barking dogs.

Jink left and right following a road until it peters into a well-marked track which climbs slowly towards the ridge. Go over the stile at the top and follow the arrows marked Macmillan Way, continuing in the same direction across pastures grazed by a spectacular herd of Jersey cows.

Head towards the farm in the distance and take the higher gate out of the field, skirting around the barns before taking a well-worn path straight across a field in the direction of a water tower. This will bring you on to a road where you turn left. There are lovely views from here as the little hedged fields,

coppices and rolling hills fade into the distance.

Continue down the road until you hit a T-junction where you go straight across and join the farm track descending into the valley. As the track veers right follow the footpath through a lush field of wheat to the hamlet of Little Rollright. The simple square bell-tower of the enchanting 15th-century church dominates this group of medieval houses.

Follow the track past the Old Rectory and the Manor House with tiered lawns. As the track bends left follow the signed footpath back up the hill through more waist-high corn.

As the path meets the road you can choose to continue across the fields towards Great Rollright, following the well-worn path opposite; this will give you a view of the Rollright Stones. However, for the only entrance to the stones you must turn left then right along the road, adding an extra mile to the walk.

The stones are steeped in mystery. No one really knows why they are here but they definitely date back to the Bronze Age. They are situated on strong ley lines and are regularly visited by healers and dowser.

They provide a forum for pagan, mystic, occult and other celebrations throughout the year. The legend is that a king and his men were turned to stone by a witch. A group of knights conspiring

in the background met the same fate. The result is the three main sites known as the King's Men, the King Stone and the Whispering Knights.

Start at the King's Men, a ceremonial stone circle dated 2500-2000 BC. There are around 70 granite and pitted stones in this circle but try to count them and you will be unlikely to come up with the same

number twice: touch them and some are warm, some cold. Hire a dowsing rod for 30p and search for the pull of the ley lines or simply re-energise yourself for the rest of the walk. If you drop in on Midsummer's Eve, rumour has it you may find a group of witches around a bonfire in the middle.

Across the road is the large mis-

shaped King's Stone. There are so many legends surrounding this, they make Midsummer's Eve sound like quite a party. Young girls who press their breasts against the stone at midnight will be guaranteed fertility and if they listen to the stone they will learn their future. If anyone dares to cut the elder in the hedgerows the King will move his

head as the elder begins to bleed. At midnight the King joins his men for a dance and a drink until petrified once more by the morning sun.

A little further down the road, turn right into a field and follow the path to the Whispering Knights, a group of five large stones set on the edge of a cornfield.

Picking up the trail of the walk

again, head back to the road and continue along it until you meet the busy main road. Turn right and then left after 50 yards up some steep steps carved out of the bank.

From here, follow the overgrown path through fields of rape and wheat. The track eventually meets the road into Great Rollright; turn right and after quarter of a mile turn left through a mature spinney of beech trees, following the bridleway around the right hand edge of the field.

Bear right across the road (or turn left here if you need refreshments at Wyatts Farm shop 400 yds away) and walk across the rich pastureland ahead. Beyond the patchwork of fields and hedges of the valley you will see Long Compton. Keep going through a couple of gates and straight down following the bridleway signs. This is a glorious walk past magnificent milking herds chewing the cud. A small brook follows the course of the hedge row encouraging a splash of colourful fauna along its banks.

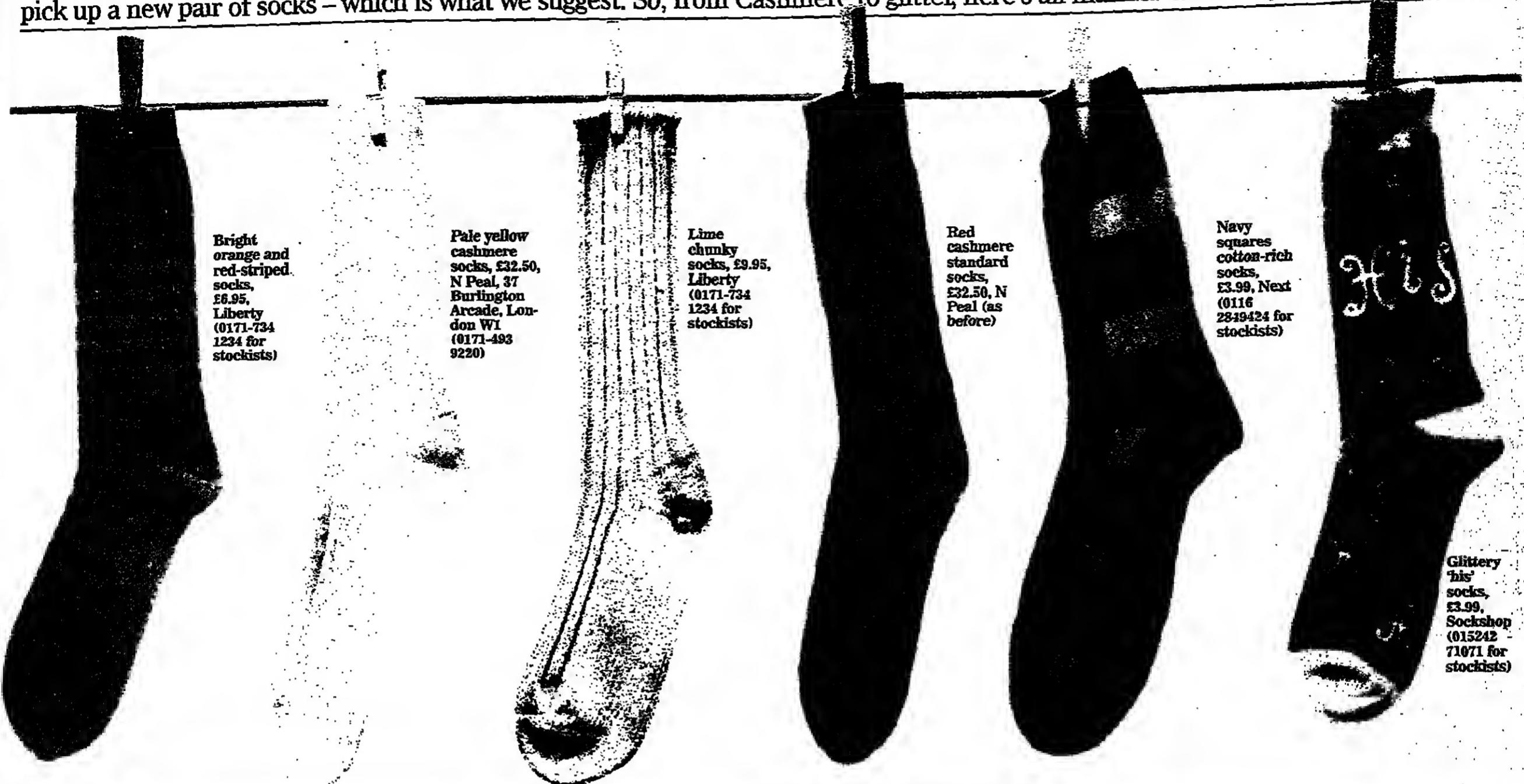
Zig-zagging along the edge of the field the track takes you right and then left over a little footbridge and back uphill past some ageing oak trees to a farm track. Turn left and follow this for one and a half miles into Long Compton. Follow the road past pretty rose-clad cottages and impressive houses to the church, if only to admire the thatched lychgate. Return southwards through the village back to the Red Lion.

Length about nine miles over gentle hills along some fairly overgrown footpaths. Ordnance Survey Maps: Landranger 151 and Pathfinder 1044. SP 23/83



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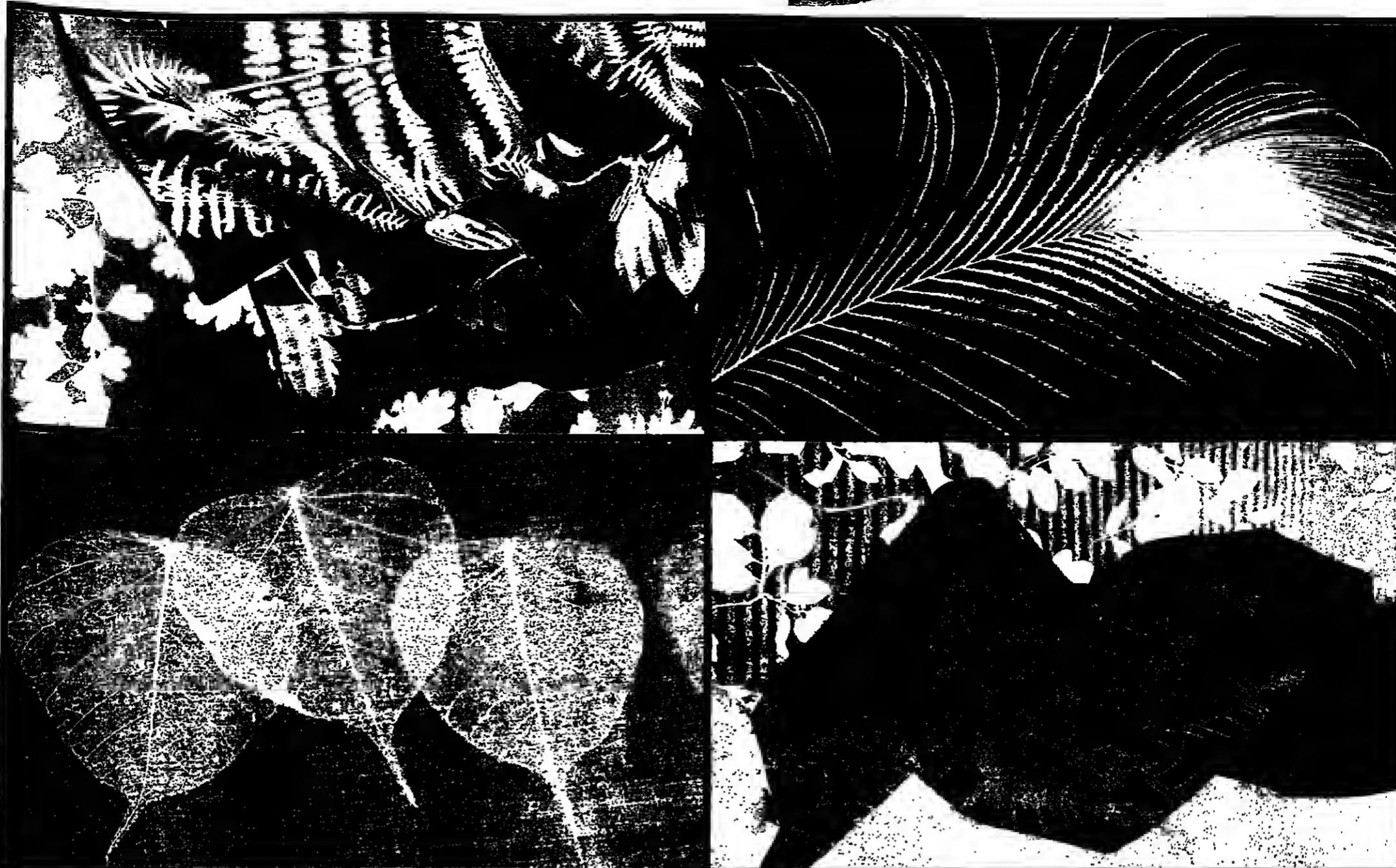
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It is hard to believe that these fresh, modern designs were based on Victorian techniques

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## Out of the blue

**The designer Barbara Jones depends on sunlight to create her spectacular flower designs directly on to fabric.**

By Charlotte Packer

available at The Cross in London. Cyanotype, invented in 1842, is a photographic process that allows the user to make an imprint of an object by placing it on a surface, usually paper; that has been treated with light-sensitive chemicals. In daylight the chemicals react and turn the exposed area blue, while the space beneath the object remains white. The intensity of the contrast and the speed with which the image is obtained depend both on the strength of the sunlight, and the exposure time. The process is halted and the image fixed by rinsing the surface with water. Because flowers are so delicate, the light often passes through, triggering a mild reaction with the paper; thus the imprint of a clematis comes complete with stamens and variegated stripes along the petals.

"I am on permanent weather alert," says Barbara Jones. "One of my first orders came through last Christmas - Selfridges wanted around 30 of my cushions - and I was stuck in the garden in January. It was freezing cold and overcast, and my designs were taking hours rather than minutes to develop."

Jones is unusual among textile designers in that she does not work in paper; her tools are not paintbrushes, watercolours or pencils. Instead she creates her unique designs directly on the fabric - without preliminary sketches - using a little-used, largely forgotten technique called cyanotype. The results are ethereal imprints on a dazzling blue ground, which reveal the texture and beauty of the subject matter in exquisite detail. They are then made into plain-backed cushions with mother-of-pearl buttons (£19-£20 each), and scarves (£58-£90). This winter will see the launch of some new colourways - red, plum and aubergine - and also the fruits of her collaboration with the fashion design duo Elisabeth Mirella, whose clothes are



the process, so it took research, trial and error before she had successfully produced a cyanotype image on paper. Next she had to work out how to apply the method to fine silks and linens, and much time was spent juggling different quantities of chemicals and experimenting with drying methods. As far as she is aware she is currently the only person working in cyanotype on cloth. Her cellar is now kitted-out with a complex arrangement of suspended drying frames, and she has even invented a stretcher to secure the feathers, leaves and seed-heads to her silks during the development process. "It all sounds a bit like the mad professor, but I'm not scientific in my methods - I don't really time anything," she says.

Although trained as a textile designer, Jones had moved into journalism. "At that point I was deputy editor on *International Textiles*, a fashion forecasting magazine. So I just filed away the idea for cyanotype." Similarly, her freelance design work was on hold. "The design process for a freelancer is quite soulless," she says by way of explanation. "Your agent calls you to discuss the kind of look particular companies are interested in, and then you just run up a mass of samples that are sent out speculatively. I never knew where my work would end up. Last month, when I was in New York, I spotted something I'd designed ages ago."

But after seven years spent predicting trends and promoting design, Jones finally convinced herself that she should be doing what she was only writing about. "People would come in with their portfolios hoping to get some coverage and often I would think, 'I want to be doing this', and occasionally, 'I could be doing this, and better!'

It was then that Anna Atkins and her cyanotypes came back to Jones. Not much had been written about

Barbara Jones can be contacted on 0171-629 6010. Her work can be seen at the Cockpit Arts Summer Festival open studio event at Cockpit Yard, Northington Street, WC1, 26-27 June, 12pm-6pm, and 28 June, 12pm-6pm, admission £2.50, and at Selfridges (0171-629 1234) and The Cross (0171-727 6760).

## Fabric fans paint without brushes

**There are so many ways to produce stunning effects on fabric, and a course can show you how. By Sally Staples**

THE STRAINS of chamber music filtered through the open windows that looked out on to a beautiful English garden filled with flowers. In this peaceful setting of an old Sussex rectory, a group of students sat down for the first day's tuition of a weekend course in fabric painting.

Tutor Mary Fortune surprised them all when she told them to put away the paint brushes. "Today," she said, "is Blue Peter day. We are going to experiment by making designs on fabric with a whole range of implements to create some surprising effects. But we won't be using brushes."

Each student had a piece of fabric - usually calico - pinned to a wooden frame and was told to mix a good, dark colour on the paint palettes. Then Mary distributed each of them with a piece of card, a cotton wool bud, a cocktail stick,

a cork, a small sponge, a knotted piece of fabric and some pieces of polystyrene and corrugated paper.

In turn each of these was dipped

into the paint and used to make marks on the fabric. Eva McCartney, from London, has exhibited some of her work and she showed her experience with this technique by using the different marks to create a complete picture, showing how easy it is to paint designs on fabric without recourse to a brush.

Jean Brown, from Hampshire,

had chosen to learn about fabric painting on this weekend residential course because she found it more challenging than silk painting.

"You have total control over the texture and effects on the fabric and there is so much variety in what you can achieve."

Every half-an-hour, Mary demonstrated a different technique to create designs on the fabric,

showing the students how to use wood blocks and stencilling and how to apply colour. First, she cut out several flower shapes from card with a craft knife to use as templates. Next came the application of paint using one of the spraying techniques.

This is done by loading an old toothbrush with paint and using the thumb to flick the paint to produce an evenly distributed layer of colour which gives a stippled effect. Too much paint causes blots - the art of thumb-flicking is more complex than it looks.

The alternative to the toothbrush technique is using the mouth diffuser. For this demonstration, everyone trooped outside to watch Mary in action. It is important to blow the paint straight on to the fabric and not at an angle. Check the wind direction before you try this one at home.

Mary pinned a selection of geranium leaves to her fabric and positioned the frame against a tree. Then she knelt directly opposite the fabric and positioned the mouth diffuser about six inches from the screen, with one end in the paint pot and the other in her mouth. The idea is to blow paint evenly across the fabric, and Mary used first red, then blue, to produce a mottled purple background. When the leaves were unpinned they left a perfect

Surrey, has always enjoyed quilting but until now had been frightened of using colour. "I've learnt so much today about mixing colours. I've found some of the techniques irritating, provoking and even mad-making, but I'll be in the studio till late tonight practising."

Some of Mary's own work shows how different disciplines can be fused into one. A selection of kitchen cushion covers showed how she had used cross sections of peppers, onions, apples and pears as a printing block and then quilted the material.

"You can apply sequins on to calico, you can print with little wooden blocks, stencil with leaves, print with potatoes to get the effect you want. You can paint calico and then sew silk organza over the top and weave in some beads for a pretty wall hanging. I enjoy encouraging students to experiment a bit and

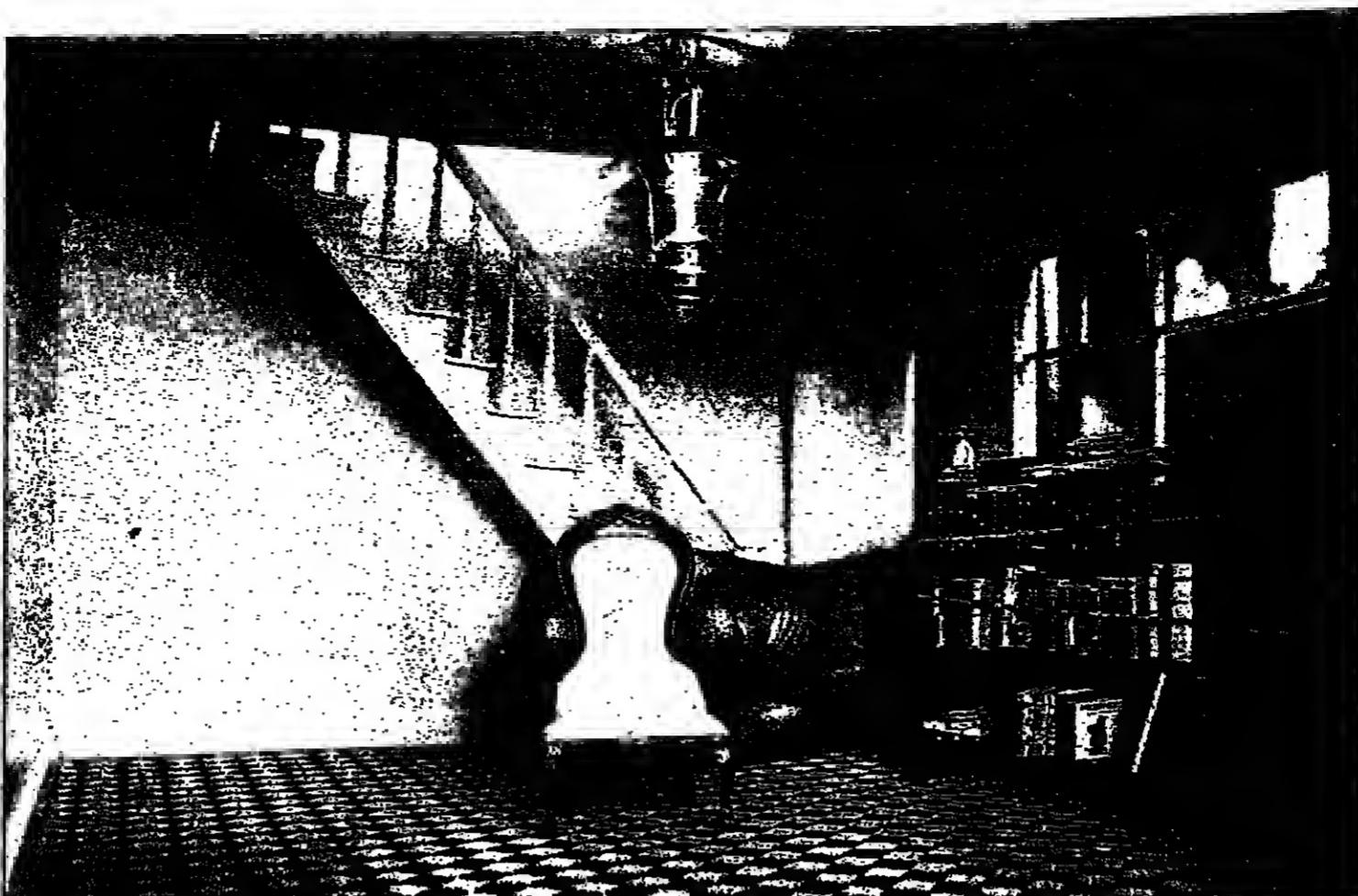
it is quite interesting how southerners seem to be more willing to play around in the abstract than northerners.

"In my teaching experience I've noticed that students from the north want to produce something specific. They want to take a picture home to show their husbands what they have been doing. Perhaps it's practicality versus fantasy, but the contrast is interesting."

Mary Fortune has a City and Guilds qualification in creative studies and is a member of the Embroiderers and Quilters Guild. She also teaches at the Women's Institute residential college in Oxfordshire. Her weekend course at the Old Rectory adult education college in Fittleworth, near Pulborough, Sussex (01798-563361) costs from £95 for non-residents to £119. All meals are provided in the price.



**From Swiss chalet to stately home, the sky's the limit in the growing market of doll's house collecting. Rhiannon Batten discovers that the miniature property game is a battlefield of competing buyers**



Brought down to size: DIY can be therapeutic when it comes to the tiny furniture and structures on sale at The Copper Kettle doll's house shop in Epsom (above and below)

## The Lilliputian jungle

**B**rand-new one-bedroom house, house, fully furnished and adapted according to Feng Shui, close to Tube and amenities. Zen garden and swimming-pool. Price £5,500. Too good to be true? It is. Or rather too small to be true, because this is a description of a doll's house currently on sale at the London Doll's House Company (29 Covent Garden Market, London, 0171-240 8861). A price of £5,500 for your dream house is par for the course to the modern doll's house collector and keeping up with the Joneses is an expensive business in Lilliput Land.

The striking thing about the modern world of doll's house collecting is that it is not merely a pleasant children's pastime, based on a ramshackle building knocked up by your grandad, or a home-made effort put together clumsily with egg cartons, and sticky-back plastic. Neither is it just a place where bettered old animals and cartoon characters have parties on the roof or park their miniature cars in the sitting room.

It seems, rather, that playing with doll's houses is no longer just a game for the kids. Of course, children do still play with doll's houses and pestle their parents for a miniature home of their own before forgetting about it a few months down the line. But, the pastime is enjoying a boom with grown-ups, too.

If proof were needed that adults have just as much miniature fun as children, go to The Dolls House (Market Place, Northleach, near Cheltenham, 01451 860431), tucked away in the Cotswolds.

Opened originally in Covent Garden in 1971, this was the first specialist doll's house shop in England and it now sells a range of handmade houses, including a £980 stone cottage which matches the local Cotswold stone. Since the shop first opened, the industry has mushroomed.

Now there are doll's house fairs every weekend somewhere in the country; over a hundred specialist shops and four specialist magazines available at most newsagents. Michael Morse, who runs The Doll's House, suggests that the description of doll's houses should really be changed to "toy houses" since people of all ages and all genders collect them.

Of course, the appeal to adults is nothing new. Amongst the 51 doll's houses on display at the Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood is a very rare German one made in Nuremberg in 1673, according to the date on the chimney. Nuremberg was a well-known centre of doll's house manufacture in the 17th and 18th centuries and these rare remaining houses are treasured for providing records of domestic life.

Many were expensive toys designed for older girls to learn how to run a household, but lots of 18th century houses were made by carpenters specifically for adults to play with. One of the houses on display is a cleverly-disguised writing desk and another is Mr Theobald's house, a perfect replica of a Thirties suburban home.



What has become apparent is the competitive nature of doll's house collecting, with increasingly sophisticated designs and accessories all pushing themselves on the collector's shopping list.

Although their most popular doll's house (the Richmond - a Georgian House with six rooms for £450) is still very much in keeping with the traditional idea of what a doll's house should look like, the Singing Tree (£9

New King's Road, London, 0171 736 4527) catalogue now includes fountains, gardens and conservatories. Country types can even get a range of scaled-down Aga cookers. Likewise, Gable End Design (190 Station Road, Knowle, 01564 777607), alongside their standard doll's houses, will design a detailed miniature replica of your own home from £2,000, or sell you a speciality design. Their clapboarded "Shaker" style house with fully working sash windows, £2,950, or the end-of-war Arcon MkV Prefab, £960, are probably their most unusual houses and these are also available in kit form or even as just a set of plans for keen miniature-DIY enthusiasts.

So where do you go for inspiration apart from the specialist doll's house shop? Most enthusiasts go to the Miniature Fair held at the NEC in March and September.

However, possibly the most impressive doll's house in the country, Queen Mary's doll's House, is on public display at Windsor Castle and any potential enthusiast should pay a visit. Designed by architect Sir Edwin Lutyens and presented to Queen Mary, wife of George V, to help raise money for charity, the Doll's House is a miracle of minuscule engineering, with electric lights, a water system and two working lifts. A social document rather than a toy, it is a model of a Twenties mansion - albeit with little crown jewels rather improbably locked up above the butler's strong room above the pantry. There is even real wine in the miniature bottles in the cellar.

If you emerge full of ideas for a doll's house of your own, you can start a collection for 50p with miniatures from the Pollock's Toy Museum shop (1 Scala Street, London, 0171-636 3452), or go to the other end of the scale with a visit to Switzerland. In the land of the chalet, old doll's houses are so sought after that they are rarely for sale - and then only at auction.

However, between 14 and 18 September this year there is a doll's house sale, organised by Christie's (0171 581 7611) at Schloss Herberstein, where toy kitchens, room settings and dolls - all part of a large house sale - will go under the hammer. The collection will include a wide variety of tea sets, some of Wedgwood, expected to fetch an affordable, if slightly ludicrous, £300-£400 each. But, for investments closer to home, contact Triflax Ltd.

The branch at 124 Walcot Street, Bath (01225 469455) has a specialist service whereby collectors can get advice on everything from different houses to furniture to the top British doll's house craftsmen.

*Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Road, London, 0181 980 2415, is open from 10am to 5.50pm Monday to Thursday and Saturday (it is closed on Fridays), and from 2.30 to 5.50pm on Sundays. Entrance is free, although donations are welcome.*

*Windsor Castle (01753 868286) is open daily from 10am to 5.30pm (last admission 4pm) and a ticket, which includes entrance to the Doll's House, costs £9.50 for adults and £5 for children.*

## Tables for tiny houses

THERE ARE rarely any children in the Copper Kettle in Epsom, Surrey, despite the fact that this shop sells doll's houses and a huge variety of furniture to fit in creations as diverse as a miniature butcher's shop and a 300-year-old manor-house. This is strictly for the grown-ups, whose DIY skills may be thwarted in their own home but whose imagination can run riot inside a doll's house.

"I think many people start making and furnishing a doll's house for therapy," explains the manager, Linda McCutney, who has run the business with her mother, May Homewood, for the last five years.

"Men who are made redundant or are recovering from a spell of ill-health can gain a great deal of pleasure building one of our kits. And many of the women have made the concept into a favourite hobby. It is a form of escapism for lots of people - and it's better than watching the TV."

Certainly the Copper Kettle can provide anything you need for a doll's house. Local craftsmen are commissioned to produce some of the tiny items - all made to exactly one-tenth the size of the real thing. One tiny bookcase on display has shelves containing more than 70 postage-stamp-sized books.

Tiny King Charles spaniels, Alsatians and a selection of puppies made from old bits of fur sell at prices between £30 and £100. And if people are furnishing period houses, they will think nothing of paying £15 for a miniature pheasant to hang from the game-rack in the kitchen. Characters dressed in 18th and 19th-century clothes cost £30 each, while more modern, archetypal favourites include Hilda the cleaning lady complete with mop - and a cigarette dangling from her lips.

There are flickering fires, period stoves (£85), a Sheraton four-piece set (£31.95), tiny candelabras, genuine oil-on-canvas paintings (£20), miniature bicycles (£4.50) and a set of four copper saucepans at £2.95. A box of Heinz cans is displayed next to a tiny basket of eggs, and there are even mini walking sticks and tiny bottles of red wine on offer.

For the DIY enthusiast there is the opportunity to wire the house for electricity, paper the walls and carpet the floors. The Copper Kettle even sells spindles for making staircase banisters, or you can buy tiny door hinges for 25p, or decorative door knobs for £1.50. Customers can buy kits of an eight-room Georgian town house for £165, a 17th-century manor-house for £625 or a corner shop for £395. Each will cost an extra £50 if you buy them already assembled.

*The Copper Kettle is at 6 East Street, Epsom, Surrey (01372 2221). Open Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday 9.30am-5.30pm. Sundays by appointment.*

SALLY STAPLES

Sprays, repellents, incense, perfumed candles: our guide to the best way of avoiding insect bites

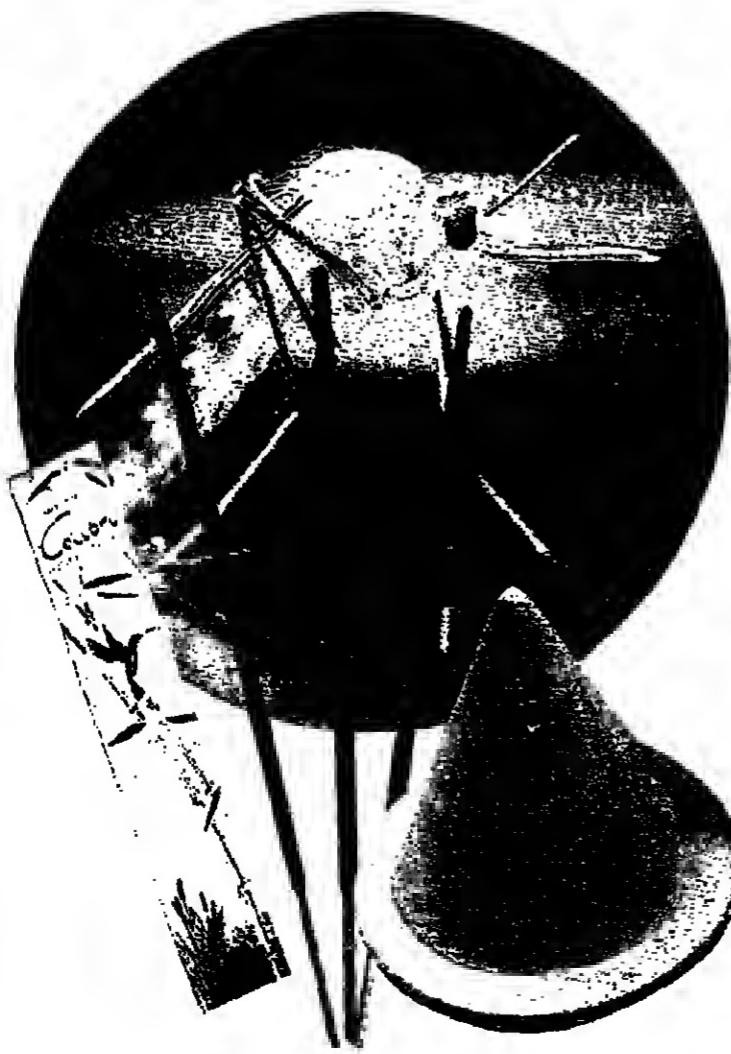
## Oils and odours to keep invading insects at bay

IF YOUR dealings with bugs are restricted to outdoor summer evenings in Britain, here are a few ideas for repelling insects that don't require smearing, dabbing or daubing a substance all over you.

Start by giving your garden woodwork a coat of Os Colour Gard Brown Ecol, an organic wood stain that repels insects at the same time as protecting the wood. It is based on the wood plant, and costs £2.99 for 2.5 litres from the Burford Garden Company (01993 822502) and specialist paint shops. Once painted on, this will fend off circling bugs all summer long.

When you need some extra help, forget old-fashioned coils and greenhouse strips, and instead light insect repellent incense sticks around the garden. Crabtree & Evelyn's (01235 862244) Gardeners' Outdoor Burnsticks cost £10 for 10, or try Colibri insect-repellent incense sticks from £1.79 at Planet Organic (0171-221 7171). Both will add pleasantly to the outdoor atmosphere.

Alternatively invest in a Merlin's Lamp, £2.50, and some cedar powder, £2.95, from the Conran Shop (0171-589 7401). Make a coil of powder on the saucer, set light to it and, after a few seconds, blow out the flames. Replace the little pyramid lid and leave the lamp to



smoulder away happily on your patio. It will last for about an hour.

Having set the scene with your pyramid, sit back and relax while deterring nocturnal nibblers by lighting some citronella-laced candles. Citronella polygon candles cost £2.75 from Colour Blue Mail (0171-820 7700) for catalogue and enquiries. Lakeland Limited (01539 481000) has a good range, including Citronella Flower Candles, £1.95, and Citronella Tealights, £2.50 for 10.

If you are playing away from your own garden, remember to carry protection with you. Crabtree & Evelyn's new outdoor defence towelettes, £5.50 for 10, use lavender, geranium and citronella essential oils to discourage insects, and basil, orange and sweet almond oils to hide the rather pungent smell. Or you could dab some lavender oil, a natural insect repellent, on to shirt cuffs and hat brims and let the scent waft away hungry insects. A bottle of lavender oil costs £5.25 for 10ml from Norfolk Lavender (01485 570384).

Finally, if all else fails, try an electric insect killer, £19.99 from Homebase (0845 801800). This is a portable device which plugs into an electric socket and zaps invading insects with no mercy whatsoever.

RHIANNON BATTEEN

## Neet solution to a biting problem

FOR MANY travellers, the most unwelcome sound in the world is not the airport public address announcing an indefinite delay, or the final anaemic splutter of a car engine as it expires. The noise usually begins just as you've turned off the light: the first hint of a drone from the mosquito that will make a misery of the rest of your night.

You name it, and a mosquito probably spreads it: malaria, dengue fever, encephalitis - a roll-call of diseases ranging from debilitating to deadly. And even if the insect isn't carrying a disease, you know that the minimum sentence carried by a bite is an itchy few days. So the chorus of advice is to avoid being bitten.

Easily said; harder to achieve. But in somewhere like the Darien Jungle, messily divided between Colombia and Panama, the odds that a mosquito bite could infect you with malaria are so high that meticulous protection is essential.

An insect-repellent represents the last (or first) line of defence: a compound that deters the creature from landing and hence biting. But plenty of concoctions marketed as repellents would be jettisoned as excess baggage before I'd even reached the airport. A jar of Vaseline with added insect-repellent, on sale in Zimbabwe, proved utterly ineffectual one miserable Christmas Eve at the Christmas Pass Hotel in the east of the country, when the mosquitoes decided to dine in style.

The ideal place to buy any kind of repellent is at the airport on the way

out - where you'll avoid the irritation of paying VAT - but the last time I bought some there I was unimpressed. Boot's Repel Plus looks serious but when you read the small print you discover that it contains only 20 per cent Deet, the active ingredient of most repellents. Latin American mosquitoes would scoff at such a dilute solution.

Reliable repellents depend upon strong concentrations. Deet is marketed by the north London travel specialist Nomad (0181-882 7014) in 100 per cent concentration: Neet Deet is the brand name. A similar compound, Repel Plus, is "only" 95 per cent Deet, but proved effective in keeping Darien dangers at bay.

People who prefer naturally occurring mixtures could try Mosi-guard, a citronella-based repellent marketed by the travel health specialist Masta (0891 224100). Bayer has recently developed a new compound, used in its Autan repellent, which I have not yet had a chance to test in the field.

The best way to reduce the amount of repellent you use (besides staying at home with the windows closed) is to cover up. That I survived Darien was partly thanks to Deet, but mainly due to a strange but effective sartorial regime that involved wearing long trousers, long socks and long-sleeved tops for a week. Only my hands, neck and face had to be dosed. You get jolly hot and look very silly but you stay alive.

SIMON CALDER

# A game of highs and lows

The art of weather forecasting has turned into an international sport, and the results show just how accurate the science of meteorology has become

**HOW ACCURATE** is the weather forecast? If you look at the daily forecast for Britain, you'll see that more often than not it's more or less correct, at least as far as the temperature is concerned. But looking out of the window and saying "I expect it'll be much the same as yesterday" also scores pretty well for accuracy. For midday temperatures in London, "the same as yesterday" is within two degrees of a perfect prediction about 75 per cent of the time.

Where the Meteorological Office really shows its skill is in getting the remaining 25 per cent of days right most of the time.

The rule for weather forecasting now seems to be that if you can see it coming, you can tell when it will get here and what it will do when it arrives. Until about 20 years ago, this meant, in practice, that weather forecasts were fairly accurate up to 24 hours in advance.

In the past two decades, however, faster computers have been running more and more complex models of the weather, which have extended the accuracy of forecasts considerably. In the late Nineties, forecasts three days ahead are about as accurate as 24-hour forecasts were in the Seventies.

In 1992 Paul James, who was then a student at Reading University, became involved in a series of "Current Weather Games" which turned weather forecasting into a competitive activity. The success of these games led to the idea of a Europe-wide weather forecasting contest among teams from universities and weather services as well as a few individuals. A set of weather stations would be selected, and the entrants would have to forecast the temperature at each on specified days and times. Points would be awarded for accuracy.

The first European Weather Challenge began in November 1997 and ran until February 1998. By the third week (the rules made contingencies for late entrants) there were 22 teams making forecasts by noon every Friday of the noon tempera-



WILLIAM HARTSTON

tures on Sunday at each of 10 European locations. Some of the entries were transmitted automatically by computer weather prediction systems; most had human involvement. When the weather data came through on Sunday, scores were calculated for each team: full marks for an exact prediction, with one point deducted for each degree discrepancy between forecast and actual temperature, down to zero points for any forecast six degrees out or more. The results of the first competition were as follows:

1. Meteo Consult (Netherlands) 631
2. Meteotest (Switzerland) 620
3. Glasgow Forecasters 610
4. Thomas Gobig (Düsseldorf) 607
5. Meteo Self-service (Belgium) 605
6. Meteofax-Wetterdienst (Berlin) 600
7. Jürgen Schmidt (Gießenheim) 592
8. Ymet Weather Team (Belgrade) 576
9. Jozef Ikn (Bratislava) 574
10. Goethe University (Frankfurt) 557
11. Weatherscape (Munich) 542
12. Hungarian Weather Forecast 527
13. Troposphärenforschung Leipzig 511
14. C Tytskiv (Copenhagen) 495
15. Ioannina Met Lab (Greece) 489
16. Birmingham University 488
17. Atmosphärenphysik Inst 480
18. Graham Danby (UK) 471

With a maximum of 60 points on offer for each of the 12 weeks the competition ran,

the theoretical maximum was 720 points. In other words, the winning team dropped only 115 points in making 120 predictions. Their average prediction was less than a degree out.

More important, however, was the general measure of predictive success compared with the benchmark of a "much the same as the day before yesterday" prediction of Sunday's weather. This "persistence forecast" would have scored only 465 points in total - worse than any of the competition entrants.

The second European Weather Challenge competition, now run from Munich University by Paul James and Michael Sachweh, has just finished in a resounding victory for the Ymet Weather Team from Belgrade, ahead of the Swiss Meteotest team and Meteo Consult of Wageningen in The Netherlands. The Dutch team was perhaps most impressive of all, because after winning the first competition, they added to the challenge by sending in their entries a day early for the second one. Curiously enough, the Meteotest (Thursday) entries proved to be more accurate than those submitted by the same organisation a day later.

The organisers now plan a series of mini-tournaments over the summer, before the third full contest begins in the autumn. After the success of the first two contests, they hope to extend the concept in a way that will require entrants to forecast not only the temperature but also the weekend totals of rainfall and sunshine.

The whole idea of turning weather forecasting into a competitive sport is greatly to be welcomed, not only for the fun it provides but also because it gives, for the first time, an objective measure of the accuracy of forecasting techniques and a way to compare one group of forecasters with another.

Perhaps the various European television weather services might get together to take the event to a higher level still: a Eurovision weather contest is just what we need to cheer up these drizzly days.



Could last week's mudslides in Spain have been predicted?

## CONFESIONS OF A PUZZLE MASTER

CHRIS MASLANKA TURNS FROM SETTER TO SOLVER

HAVING SPENT so many years devising puzzles for others to solve, I had all but lost the knack of solving them myself. It's one thing to devise at leisure cruel mind-traps for others to blunder into; quite another to volunteer to wade blindfold into a minefield of them and attempt to defuse the lot within one half hour of Radio 4's *Puzzle Panel*. I would be up against some of the sharpest minds in the business. What had I let myself in for?

Harry Parker, the programme's producer, had stressed from the outset that I should not know the questions in advance. Oh, it made sense. We were laying bare the thinking process. Hadn't I rabbed out about how it was the licence to make mistakes that made puzzles such a useful cognitive aid? Mistakes were learning opportunities. Me and my big mouth.

As I ran a critical eye over the panelists in the first edition of the programme, doubts crept in. Take the much-travelled but completely unshattered Professor David Singmaster, visiting professor at South Bank University, London, who wrote the

first guide to solving Rubik's cube. If memory serves, Dylan in one of his songs is asked by Kennedy: "My friend Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?" Dylan answers "Brigitte Bardot". When in an as-yet-unwritten song Tony Blair rings me and says, "My friend Chris, what do we need to make maths awareness grow?" I'll answer: "A small band of itinerant Singmasters". His ability to communicate enthusiasm for maths makes him a more valuable educational tool than all the library vans in the universe.

How on earth was I going to fool some of those comprehendible knowledge contained in the lineage of every puzzle ever devised? And if I succeeded, would he thank me for doing it on network radio? It took him only a minute to defuse the horological horror I posed the panel.

Q1: A man wears two watches, one gaining, one losing a minute per hour. When the two watches first agree it will be time for *Puzzle Panel* to start (1.30 pm Thursday). How long before that were they synchronised?

Professor Angela Newing, director of medical physics for Gloucestershire, then set us - as befits a campanologist - a combinational puzzle.

Q2: In each of four dances, Alan, Bob, Chas and Dave danced with one of Erica, Fiona, Gloria and Helen. No man danced with any girl twice. In the first dance Bob danced with Erica, and Dave with Fiona. In the second Alan danced with Gloria. In the third Dave danced with Erica. Who danced with whom in the fourth dance?

Those logicky things, where you deduce from apparently irrelevant snippets of data answers to such riveting questions as "What was the name of the engine driver?" - they aren't real puzzles, I thought. It was just a question of exhausting the possibilities before they exhausted you. Where's the skill and insight in that? A mere computer could crunch through thousands of them before you could find the off switch. But the panel was already busy solving, so I grudgingly set to work.

Luckily for me I happened to draw out my 4x4 grid as shown (1-4 stand for the dances and E-G the girls' names). A, B, C & D needing inscribing once per line and once per row. To my amazement it unravelled like an old sock. Once I'd written in the start-up information the remaining letters practically dropped into place. The symmetry enabled me to steal a march on one of the panelists, whose grid looked like this:

A	1	2	3	4
B	E			
C				
D	F			

Fresh from the Eureka-ish buzz of being first past the post, and conquering a type of puzzle I'd always shunned, I was due an

other object lesson in experiential learning. Pride goes before a fall, the fall in this case being at the hands of a former chess champion of Great Britain. Bill Hartston is the sort of chap who knows (among many, many other things) that ants have five noses. His puzzle turned out to be of the five-noser variety.

Q3: In what context (the boudoir asked), had he come across the following list the previous evening: LIST, HANDY, ZUCCHINI, STUBBIER, VIVIDLY, BRAHMA, PERGOLAS.

Recognising List and Handy (as in the father of the Blues) I hurried out "must-clues", only to dismiss it out of hand at once. ZUCCHINI?! Had he written The Magic Fruit? It must be a Hartstonian bluff. Would he have started a list with LIST and HANDY if it were a list of musicians?

Having once yielded to that assumption (it seemed plausible at the time) all further lifelines threw me - "You can have PECAN instead of ZUCCHIN" but not both" and "You can add BAH to the list" just made me thrash around more.

Everyone else got there ahead of me. As I limped ashore kicking myself for making unnecessary assumptions, I noted with chagrin that I'd hit upon the answer right at the start but hadn't had the wit to realise it! BAH!

### SOLUTIONS:

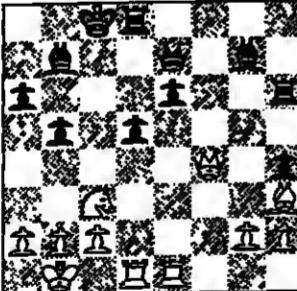
1. 15 days before. If one gains a minute an hour and the other loses a minute an hour they take 6 hours to accumulate a 12 hour difference and be back in sync again. The number of minutes in 6 hours is 360. That many hours is 15 days. But what if it had been a 24-hour clock?

2. Filling in either grid leads to the conclusion that in the fourth dance A danced with E, C with F, D with G and B with H.

3. They were composers' names all right: List, Haydn, Puccini, Schubert, Vivaldi, Brahms, Pergolesi - but passed through a spellchecker. Grrrrroan!

Chris Maslanka's "Puzzle Panel" is broadcast every Thursday on Radio 4 at 1.30pm, and repeated on Sundays at 11pm.

### CHESS: WILLIAM HARTSTON

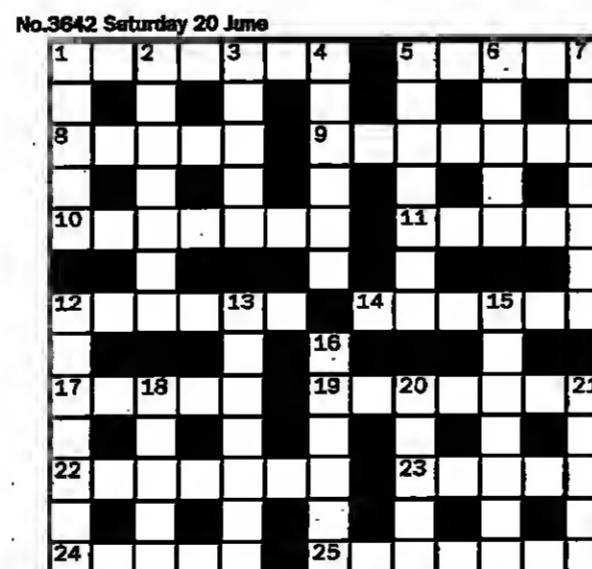


The real question is whether, after 1.a3, Black had anything better than Rg5. His king cannot move off the h3-c8 diagonal but 1...Bc5 might have been an improvement. Black's position is precarious, but I do not see an immediate way to kill him, though White can always go back to an improved version of the Qxh6 combination if all else fails.

Here are the full moves of the game:

**White:** Garry Kasparov  
**Black:** Vassily Ivanchuk  
Frankfurt 1998  
1 e4 c5 19 Bg4 h5  
2 Nf3 Nc6 20 Bf3 h4  
3 d4 cxd4 21 Qf4 Bg7  
4 Nxd4 Nf6 22 Rhei Rh6  
5 Nc3 d5 23 a3 Rg6  
6 Bg5 e6 24 Bxe6+ Rxe6  
7 Qd2 a5 25 Qg4 Rd6  
8 0-0-0 Be7 26 Rxe6 Qxe6  
9 f4 Nxd4 27 Qxg7 Qf8  
10 Qxd4 Bf5 28 Qg4+ Kb8  
11 Bxf5 gxf5 29 Rf4 Re6  
12 e5 d5 30 Qxd4 Qf1+  
13 Kh1 Bh7 31 Kd2 Qxg2  
14 f5 fxe5 32 Rg4 Qf1  
15 Qxg5 Bf5 33 Rg8+ Ka7  
16 Qg3 Qe7 34 Qd4+ Rb6  
17 fxe5 fxe5 35 Nxd5 e4

### CONCISE CROSSWORD



**ACROSS**  
1 Hampshire town (7)  
5 Sumpuous meal (5)  
8 Call on (5)  
9 Bounty (7)  
10 French pilgrimage shrine (7)  
11 Asian country (5)  
12 Ripe (6)  
14 Disregard (6)  
15 Regulations (5)  
19 Let-up (7)  
22 Impure (7)  
23 Small non-rigid airship (5)  
24 Perfume (5)  
25 Everlasting (7)

**DOWN**  
1 Metal block (5)  
3 Disturb (7)  
3 Exercised democratic right (5)  
4 Savour (6)  
5 Agriculture (7)  
6 Forwards (5)  
7 With a will? (7)  
12 Nobleman (7)  
13 Regard (7)  
15 Considered view (7)  
16 King's son (6)  
18 Sordid gain (5)  
20 Sword (5)  
21 Drive out (5)

**Solutions to yesterday's Concise Crossword:**  
ACROSS: 1. House, 4. Genius (Homogeneous), 9. Terrier, 10. Idaho, 11. Owy, 12. Samson, 13. Owy, 14. Brab., 16. Shire, 17. 20. Adieu, 21. Loma, 24. Atac., 25. Bassoon, 27. Silver, 28. 29. DOWN: 1. Hot-pot, 2. Merry, 3. Raid, 5. Emigrate, 6. Waller, 7. Shire, 8. Rock, 13. Obstacle, 15. Orbital, 17. Salads, 18. Bribe, 19. Maka, 20. 21. Adieu, 22. Agre.

### BRIDGE: ALAN HIRON

Game all; dealer South			
North	♦Q J 5	♦10 8 6 3	♦A
South	♦K 10 9 7 6		
West	♦7 2		
EAST	♦6 4 3	♦K 7	♦J 9 8 2
	♦Q 5 4	♦A 8 4 3	♦A 8 4 3
South	♦A K 10 9 8	♦A J 2	♦K Q 7 3
	♦J		

THE ARCANE art of making "impossible" contracts is, not unnaturally, mastered by only a few declarers. See if you can spot a possible way of bamboozling the opponents on this deal after you have reached Six Spades and have been greeted by a lead of ♦4 to the three and king.

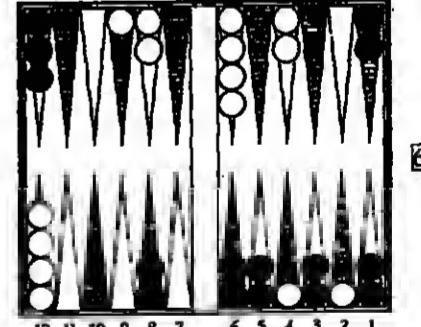
South opened One Spade, North responded Two Clubs, and South rebid Two Diamonds. North gave jump preference to Three Spades, Blackwood revealed a missing ace, but South plumped on Six Spades. After winning the first trick with ♦A, prospects looked abysmal but declarer had the bright idea of returning ♦2 immediately.

West looked at this suspiciously but it seemed to him impossible that South could play like this, inviting an immediate ruff, if he had started with ♦A. So West played low and ♦10 won the trick.

Declarer was still not out of the woods for there was no future in cashing ♦A, coming to hand with a trump, and ruffing a heart after taking two discards. He would still have a diamond to ruff and would be unable to return to hand quickly.

After cashing ♦A, therefore, he led ♦K from the table! East won but had no heart to play. He led a trump which declarer took in hand. Now the entries were fluid; after discarding two hearts on ♦K, South was able to cross-ruff his way to the rest of the tricks.

### BACKGAMMON: CHRIS BRAY



ONE OF the complexities of backgammon lies in the fact that on each turn there are 21 different possible rolls of the dice: the six doubles and 15 combinations. A good training exercise is to take any middle game position and then decide how you would play each of the 21 possibilities.

Before rushing into deciding on your moves you should study the chosen position, to assess the strengths and weaknesses of each side and decide what your overall game plan should be. Where the dice rolls allow you a choice, you should then select the move that best fits in with your overall game plan.

In the above position Black is on roll. Studying the position, we note that Black has the better board and White does not have an anchor. Thus an attacking strategy is indicated. If Black hits any of White's blots and White stays on the bar then Black will have a very strong double and White in all likelihood will have to pass. For example, 43 should be played 13/10, 8/4\*.

This position is used in Michael Deprel's quiz in this month's edition of *Bibofuz*, the excellent quarterly magazine of the British Isles Backgammon Association. There is a scoring system for rating each choice for each move. This type of quiz gives you a good idea of how well you understand the game. One final thought about the position as it appears above - would you double as Black? Would you pass or take as White? Bibofuz also covers these points. Biba can be contacted at 2 Redbourne Drive, Lincoln LN2 2HG.

*An Independent View*, an anthology of Chris Bray's articles in *The Independent* and elsewhere, costs £11.99 + £1.25 p+p from: C Bray, 18 Glendower Road, London SW14 8NY.

# Planet Soccer and a Pratt called Gascoigne.

**There's more to football than the World Cup. It's a funny old game, whether you like it or not. By William Hartston**

**Richmond, Virginia**  
Research at the Medical College of Richmond, Virginia, in 1995 showed that soccer players who frequently head the ball risk a deterioration in their mental skills. Players who headed the ball more than 10 times each game scored worse than average on tests of attention, concentration and overall mental functioning. Evidence of harm from less frequent heading was inconclusive.

**Shanghai**  
In July 1995, a 29-year-old supporter of the Jinan Taishan football team committed suicide by flinging himself out of the window of his fourth-floor apartment when his team's opponents, Beijing Guoan, equalised in the semi-final of a Chinese league competition.

**Japan**  
A survey conducted before Fathers' Day in 1995 revealed that 47 of the 2,867 men questioned would like to be soccer players if they could be reborn in any form they chose. The most popular response was a bird (155 respondents), followed by a woman (148) and a baseball player (125).

**Brazil**  
In August 1995, Brazilian players were told that they could still celebrate scoring goals, but not by climbing the fence around the pitch, or by running to the phone box behind the goal and pretending to make telephone calls. Covering their heads with the front of their shirts was deemed permissible.

**Devon**  
When the team from Channings Wood prison, near Newton Abbot, qualified to meet Victoria Rangers in the final of the 1995 Les Bishop Cup, the prison authorities refused to let them out of jail. All previous rounds had been played at home, but the rules specified a neutral venue for the final. A team of prison officers substituted for them and lost 16-1.

**Italy**  
When Padova beat Genoa on penalties in an Italian league relegation play-off in 1995, three Genoa fans died of heart attacks, two at the stadium and one at home watching the match on television.

**South Africa**  
The start of a first division match in Soweto between Moroka Swallows and QwaQwa Stars in 1995 was delayed after the visiting Stars team had accused a Swallows official of splashing magical water on them. The referee delayed the start of the game to allow the players' shirts to dry.

**London**  
When the rules for Euro 96 were drawn up, bagpipes were included, together with knives, fireworks and gas canisters, on the list of offensive weapons that had to be left at stadium entrances.

**Congo**  
Lightning killed 11 soccer fans during a match in 1996 at Moutamba. They were watching the match during a thunderstorm from the branches of a mango tree. It was the worst single case of lightning deaths ever recorded in Congo.

**Peru**  
As Peru prepared to meet Colombia in a vital World Cup qualifier in 1996, they called on the services of a witch doctor to send their opponents to sleep. The "Shaman of the Andes" Juan Osco set up an altar on the pitch in Lima and led groups of medicine men in rituals that included stabbing, kicking and spitting at miniature effigies of the top Colombian players.

**Poole**  
The players of Poole Town were carried shoulder high by fans after they drew with Basiley 0-0 in the Beizer Homes southern division in 1996. The result brought to an end a 39-game losing streak. A 40th defeat would have earned Poole a place in the Guinness Book of Records as worst team of all time.



A magical meeting between supporters of Italy and Cameroon at the World Cup

had three points deducted when they called a match off because they could not field a full team. "There's always next season," said landlord Brian Cook.

**Lowestoft**  
The Stanford Arms ended the Lowestoft Sunday League in 1996 with minus two points. They had managed one draw in their 18 games, but

**Turkey 1**  
Two soccer fans committed suicide who Fenerbahce beat Trabzonspor 2-1 in a crucial league match in 1996. The result pushed Trabzonspor down to second place with two games still remaining.

**Turkey 2**  
Nejdet Yavuzer, 45, a Fenerbahce fan, fell to his death in 1996 as he tried to adjust a television aerial to improve his reception of his team's match against Manchester United in the European Champions' League.

**Argentina**  
In August 1996, a florist was among three men arrested in Buenos Aires for murdering a Brazilian after he had cheered the goals scored by Nigeria that won them the Olympic final against Argentina.

**Britain**  
In December 1996, supporters of the second division club Gillingham were warned that they risked being banned for life if they brought celery into the stands. The club's allegedly overweight goalkeeper Jim Stannard had been pelted with the

vegetable at recent matches. "Perhaps if they threw lasagne, I might take more notice," he commented.

**Wales**  
In 1997, researchers in Wales and Hull showed that soccer teams do not improve their results by changing their managers.

**Doncaster**  
In 1997, Kelvin Pratt changed his name to Kelvin Paul Gascoigne. He said he was fed up with being asked: "Are you a Pratt?"

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## THIS WEEK IN THE SEVEN-SECTION INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



### Is there life after This Life?

'I'm a believer in nudity – I like it when it's frank and honest'

What Daniela Nardini did next ...

# TRAVEL

هذا من الأصل

## Home from Holmes

**Deep in Conan Doyle country, something stirs. No hellhound, no mystery; it's a festival, writes Andy Bull**

**E**nven for Sherlock Holmes, this would have been a real two-pipe puzzler. After all, the peeling sign on the side door at the Crowborough Cross declared that this was the Conan Doyle Bar.

So it would be reasonable to deduce – given the generally accepted concept of the theme pub, and that the little hilltop Sussex town of Crowborough will play host in just two weeks' time to the annual Sherlock Holmes Festival – that there would be a spot of branding inside. A collection of deerstalkers behind the bar, for example. A Hound of the Baskervilles' hot dog special on the blackboard. At the very least, a few well-thumbed Sherlock Holmes novels artfully arranged among the old farm implements without which no modern pub is complete.

And yet, while there was a theme, it had nothing at all to do with Sherlock Holmes. It involved a wide-screen TV, a barman in an Umbro shirt and a kit, and a bunch of luchtime drinkers whose idea of fun was to blast out an accompaniment to a football chant on a hiaring hooter.

Perhaps, half an hour before kick-off for England's first World Cup match, Crowborough can be forgiven for having other things on its mind than the author who spent the last 23 years of his life in the town, who is immortalised with a plaque tacked to the side of the Waitrose supermarket, and who is about to draw around 25,000 fans from around the world to events such as the *Hound of the Baskerville Dog Show* and the Holmes/Watson Billiard tournament.

This is Conan Doyle country. In a neat triangle of rolling downland on the edge of the Ashdown Forest with Crowborough, Groombridge and Forest Row at its extremities, you'll find the places he loved most.

But seekers of the Sherlock Holmes experience may be initially disappointed. For example, Windlesham Manor, the home in Crowborough to which he moved in 1907 with Jean, his young second wife, a year after his first had lost a 13-year fight against tuberculosis, is now a nursing home. And while Forest Row, a mock-Tudor place that peers at the world through leaded lights, does have the Brambletye Hotel, in which Holmes stayed in *The Adventure of Black Peter*, it has precious little else, other than a small army of crusty old codgers.

But in Groombridge, you really do get the authentic Sherlock Holmes experience. Conan Doyle knew Groombridge Place, a remarkably intact 17th-century pink-brick moated manor house, very well. A con-

vinced spiritualist, he came here often for séances, and used the house in *The Valley of Fear*, renaming it Birstone. He wrote: "The Manor House, with its many gables and its small diamond-paneled windows, was still much as the builder had left it in the early 17th century ... the wooden drawbridge and the beautiful broad moat, as still and luminous as quicksilver."

In a former dairy in the spectacular gardens, a shrine to Conan Doyle has been created. You can trace part of the plot of *The Valley of Fear* in the Drunken Garden, so named because of the eccentric topiary applied to the yew trees that dot its lawns.

The lord of the manor, one John Douglas, has been blasted with a sawn-off shotgun, and is lying dead on the study floor in a pink dressing gown. Watson takes a stroll in the garden and comes upon a curious sight. Brass plaques at appropriate points, on which passages from the novel are inscribed, guide you to his discovery. On one, you read: "I took a walk in the curious old-world garden which flanked the house ... In that deeply peaceful atmosphere one could forget or remember only as some fantastic nightmare that darkened study, with the sprawling, blood-stained figure upon the floor."

Farther on you stop to read: "Concealed from the eyes of anyone approaching from the house, there was a stone seat ... my eyes lit upon Mrs Douglas and the man Barker (wife and closest friend of the deceased) before they were aware of my presence. Her appearance gave me a shock ... she had been demure and discreet. Now all pretence of grief had passed away from her."

And there, beneath a rustic arbour, and guarded by a posh stone gnome in bowler hat and peasant smock, is the seat in question.

Conan Doyle's shrine has much of interest. There is his calling-card, his camera, his pipe-nest, and gifts he gave to his staff, including two button books, a London police whistle, and a pencil advertising Nugget boot polish. The clock on the mantelpiece is stopped at the time of his death – 7.24am, on 7 July, 1930.

For much of his time at Crowborough, Holmes was in Conan Doyle's past. The novels for which he is remembered belonged largely to the unhappy period when, out of loyalty to the wife who lay dying in Switzerland, he did not consummate his overpowering love for Jean.

Conan Doyle came to believe implicitly in spiritualism, and there is on display here a passage from an article on the subject, in which he wrote: "I have clasped materialised hands and held long conversations



The Sherlock Holmes society settles in Crowborough

with the dead voice. I have smelt the peculiar ozone-like smell of ectoplasm. I have seen the "dead" glimmer from a photographic plate which no hand but mine has touched. I have seen spirits walk round the room in fair light and join in the talk of the company."

In this room, we also learn that the powers of deduction of Sherlock Holmes's creator were not as priceless as we might have expected. Holmes was always being called in by Scotland Yard to crack an impenetrable case. But when Conan Doyle took up his case in print, pointing out that all the evi-

dence against him was circumstantial, but he was ignored, and Thorne was hanged.

There are less obvious echoes of another case in which Conan Doyle failed. In 1920 he became convinced that photographs taken by two girls, one 10, the other 16, purported to be of fairies, were genuine. Sherlock Holmes would have cracked the case in five minutes, concluding that the girls had performed a crude hoax by cutting illustrations from magazines and photographing themselves alongside them.

The creator of the world's great

detective, however, fell for it, and wrote a book called *The Coming of Fairies* which was his investigation and vindication of their story.

The gardens of Groombridge Place look as if they were created by fairies. In 1992 the owner, Andrew de Cande, hired the surrealist gardener Ivan Hicks and created a 50-acre Enchanted Forest, a landscape of pools, fern valleys, mazes, grottoes and a vast Indian teepee area.

Conan Doyle would have loved visiting today. There is Dragon Wood, the Serpent's Lair and the Mystic Pool. A boat called The En-

Rui Xavier

chanted Lady takes you down the canal linking the moat with the river Cram and into this fantasy world.

Conan Doyle may like to return in a fortnight, in spirit form, to Crowborough, where he will find the place alive with talk of him and his creations. Or he will if, by then, England are out of the World Cup.

The Sherlock Holmes festival runs from 3 to 10 July. Festival hotline: 01892 665464. Groombridge Place: 01892 863999. Brambletye Hotel, Forest Row: 01342 824144.

**HEATHROW, HERE we come. Over the next few days, expect to see dozens of races comparing the time taken to reach Britain's busiest airport by various modes of transport. The trigger for these, of course, is the opening on Wednesday of the Heathrow Express between Paddington station in (or close to) central London, and the airport.**

The least reliable airport link anywhere in the world is the steam train that puffs wheezily from the capital of Paraguay to Asuncion airport; a close second is the Piccadilly Underground to Heathrow. Furthermore, my attempts to reach the airport by bus, taxi, cycling and hitch-hiking have all proved to be alarmingly haphazard, and on the first day that the Heathrow Express ran through to the airport the train was on shuddered to a halt in the middle of nowhere four times, issuing disconcerting clouds of smoke on each occasion.



**SIMON CALDER**

*The only reliable way to reach Heathrow, I concluded, was by walking ...*

*So the only reliable way to reach Heathrow, I concluded, was by walking ...*

*And what a fine experience it is. Allow four hours from Oxford Circus (where I began), or longer if you*

*get diverted by the many attractions en route: first the benign urban jungle of Marylebone and Paddington, Notting Hill and Shepherd's Bush; then leafier Chiswick, where I diverged slightly south of the direct track to glance past the Thames and head out to Hounslow Heath – a piece of wilderness that used to conceal highwaymen.*

*Now the walk becomes implausibly rural. You turn north towards Feltham, and scramble along the bank of a fast-moving (for Middlesex) river.*

*Then across some protected land harbouring chattering birds unperturbed by the one-Jumbo-a-minute drone, up a steep incline, and suddenly Heathrow appears before you.*

*Well, Terminal Four, at least. Your hike ends with the ignominy of a bus ride to the main part of the airport, which is now entirely inaccessible on foot because the old pedestrian and cycle tunnels have*

*been given over to cars. But at least you'll doze contentedly on the flight.*

**WHOSE FLIGHT, though? The last time I flew on Virgin Atlantic 3019 to Newark (from Gatwick), I found myself aboard a Continental Airlines DC-10. So when I checked in for the Virgin flight last Sunday, I was expecting to travel on Continental, Virgin's code-share partner – but saw that the plane was painted in the colours of VASP, a Brazilian airline based in São Paulo.**

**Does anyone have a more extreme example of flying with a "friend of a friend" airline?**

**MY COLLEAGUE Hamish McCrae**

*has observed that a number of people equivalent to the entire population of Britain passes through Heathrow each year.*

*For many British travellers, the easiest way to reach Heathrow used to be to fly there. But people coming from Inverness, Newquay*

*and Guernsey, for example, find themselves disenfranchised; air services to and from these locations have been scrapped so that the slots at Heathrow can be used for more profitable routes.*

**A TRANSATLANTIC flight to Boston last Boxing Day led to an adventure for Richard Downs of Cheshire, who sends in the latest episode in the US car rental saga. He and his wife had planned to make the three-hour drive to the aptly named ski resort of Mount Snow in Vermont. At the Alamo depot, it wasn't just a question of the booked car not being available: "We were told by several disgruntled British holiday-makers who had arrived two hours earlier that there were no hire cars at all at the depot."**

*The Alamo people explained that no one had been able to return a rental car because of the depth of the snow, and told customers to take a taxi to their destination – which*

*for Mr and Mrs Downs could have cost more than the flight from Heathrow. "There was, however, a small bus at the back of the building which might be going in our direction. Were we interested? We certainly were.*

*"This turned out to be one of the airport shuttle buses, driven by a Haitian who had lived in America for only two years, had never been outside Massachusetts and didn't generally drive outside the airport perimeter.*

*"There were seven of us on board, the other five going to Killington. We left everyone else from both flights behind when some unseen force told the driver that it was time to leave. It turned out that he had volunteered to do this in his own time in order to help us; he had just finished his shift.*

*The journey took us seven hours, as long as it had taken to cross the Atlantic. Our travelling companions had no American*

*money with which to tip the driver, and as we were the last to be delivered we felt obliged to try to make it worth his while. What we gave him in no way compensated for his efforts, especially since he faced a seven-hour return journey and the next day's shift."*

*Vehicle-less in Vermont, Mr Downs spent the next two days on the phone to Alamo in Boston – during which he was told variously that he had cancelled the car, and that one had already been delivered. Finally one arrived. "It came on the back of a transporter, to save the mileage, and was indeed the one I had ordered, down to the ski rack on the roof. I still wonder, however, what happened to our driver, and whether his act of heroism ever went rewarded by his employers."*

*Enough US car rental stories for now; what about more tales of workers in the oft-maligned travel industry going beyond the call of duty?*

# Ring of bright water



The 'Big Boys' of the surfing milieu ride waves that novices can only wonder at

**The tube is the holy grail of every surfer – but for the first timer, mere mastery of the board has a very steep learning curve, as Eric Kendall found out**

**A**t first glance there is not much to surfing. First catch your wave, then jump to your feet, do some tricks and soak up the glory back on the beach. Simple – just you, the board and the waves – but not easy.

To bring the dream to life, meet Darren, your reassuring surfing instructor. He's the perfect mix of surfer relaxed affability and not so much cool as to make you lose yours completely. He's certainly bronzed enough to look the part but much of that tan is on top of his head, where stereotype suggests a flowing blonde mane should sprout.

Now meet your board, enormous and obviously buoyant – stick on a mast and you could call it a dinghy. Like Darren, it's perhaps not quite as sleek as you might have expected, but it's all the more confidence-inspiring for that.

With one of these bright yellow foam blocks under your arm there's absolutely no chance of anyone mistaking you for a real surfer, least of all when you file like a duckling across the sand, wearing a damp wetsuit, behind Darren in his Day-glo Surf South West instructor's bib.

There is no chance of charging into the waves, either, which I thought was de rigueur for all surfers.

With an onshore gale, it was all we could do to claw our way to the

## CATCHING WAVES

MUCH of Britain's coast has surfable conditions at various times of year, if your wetsuit is thick enough. In practice, the West Country is where it's at, but you don't need to go all the way to Newquay to find excellent, consistent conditions. Surf South West (01271 815888; www.britsurf.org/SurfSouthWest), is based at west-facing Croyde Bay, in north Devon, which has consistently good conditions and clean water.

For details of other approved schools and information on learning to surf, contact the British Surfing Association (01736 360230).

Surf schools provide wetsuits and beginners' boards as well as tuition; you provide a swimsuit, waterproof sunscreen and determination.

Other than during flat calms or raging storms, surfing will always be possible – don't be put off just because rain is forecast. Since the surf is a free, natural resource that doesn't get used up, it's a relatively cheap sport. Even qualified coaching tends to be excellent value.

water's edge, which is where you cover the basics. They don't take long, Darren knows you can swim, because the booking form said you have to be able to do at least 50 metres, though it hardly applies to rip-tides, is also essential listening.



Probably more important, is knowing what to do the instant you fall off – cover your head with your arms – because even these soft-skinned boards can give you a battering. The advice on currents and rip-tides is also essential listening.

The key thing, while you're still dry, is to learn the position to adopt when out on the waves, lying face down on the board. Too far back and it pops out and upwards, too far forwards and it nose-dives as it accelerates, dumping you head first into

the water and quite possibly on to hard sand.

It's worth paying close attention to avoid having to learn these vital stages by trial and error.

Hugely prematurely, you then learn the technique for jumping to your feet, a sort of cross between a press-up and a squat thrust in reverse, only more firing.

In an ideal world (where the water's a constant 25°C and the sun always shines) you go from lying down to a side-on stance in one smooth move.

In practice, it's more likely to be a fumbling on to one knee manoeuvre, followed by a shaky phase before falling off. Hawaii will just have to wait. Out in the water it can be a struggle to make even a few yards through the surf. You don't go out anything like as far as the big boys, who deserve respect for their prodigious paddling ability alone, and you do not need to: long before you can try any of the real deep-water stuff you need to practise catching waves.

When you spot a likely looking wave (a big, foaming wall of water coming straight at you will do nicely), the technique is to point your board straight towards the shore, jump on and paddle like crazy. Faced with my first large wave, this response felt pretty well instinctive. The paddling action feels futile and looks hilarious.

Like most funny things, it's all about timing: paddle harder as the wave hits – either it lifts you upwards and forwards (good, you've caught it) or surges over and buries you (bad, it caught you). When that happens, just remember not to breathe until you surface and (timing again) don't take your first gasp just as the next wave arrives, or it could be the beginning of a downward spiral.

It's about now that Darren cruises casually past (standing up – how does he do that?) to impart some pearls of wisdom (and talking at the same time). The fact that you're catching up four or five gallons of seawater and have green things flying out of your nose reinforces the pupil-teacher relationship; it's a very long time before anyone gets too big for their boots when learning to surf.

But the sensation of catching that first wave – smooth power, speed and pure fun – is in a league of its own, topped only by each surfing breakthrough that follows: clambering tentatively to your feet, standing up and staying up, and learning to turn.

Finally, you can graduate to a real glass fibre board and head out into big waves. This is the ultimate goal, what all those songs have been written about and what otherwise normal people reorganise their lives for. And it's such an elusive grail that Darren is as happy as his pupils when they make it, even if they still have slimy green things running out of their noses.

## CHECK IN

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Destination \_\_\_\_\_

### A train

Or is it a plane? Britain's newest "airline" is the Heathrow Express (0845 600 1515). Even though this is a train company, it has just been awarded its own Iata airline code. Just as BA is the code for British Airways and VS is Virgin Atlantic, Heathrow Express becomes 2E\*. The 15-minute link will be officially opened by the Prime Minister on Wednesday. The one-way fare in standard class will be £10, in first class £20.

### A boat

Duty-free sales within the European Union end in a year's time. Until then, expect ridiculously cheap ferry day-trip offers – such as the latest ooze from Bryant & May. Buy £60 worth of matches, and you get free tickets for five people on P&O's Stena Line from Dover to Calais.

### A plane

Tomorrow, Air France (0181-742 6600) begins flights from Paris to Havana; this means that travellers from Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Norwich, Southampton and London can reach the Cuban capital with a change of plane at Charles de Gaulle airport. Through agents such as Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108) fares are available for £448 return in June.

### A room

The continued strength of Sterling plus the availability of cheap flights, means Switzerland is once again a competitive destination. The Swiss organisation Retta Holidays, based in the capital Bern, offers family holidays on farms. Prices start at SFR 350 (£200) for a family of four self-catering. Call 00 41 31 329 6603, or fax 00 41 31 329 6601.

### A meal

The absurd BA World Offer of £299 from London to Tokyo has now been removed from sale, but anyone who got a ticket should call in at Tsukiji market. This is where most of the sushi and sashimi sold in the city originates, and a new restaurant, the Uoshiki, offers a fish lunch for around a fiver.

### A drink

Bargain airfares to Australia continue until the end of the month; you need not pay more than £600 return. Once there, you could begin drinking vigorously in preparation for the 36th Beer Can Regatta held in Darwin, northern Australia, on 3 August. The "boats" are made from 6,000 or so empty beer cans. The Northern Territory Tourist Commission (0181-944 2992) says "Cheating and sabotage are mandatory".

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## Zero tolerance time

**Want to party on public transport?  
Then catch the magic bus that's a  
clubbers' dream. By Simon Beckett**

**transport. The idea was to con-**

**tinute the club environment."**

Passengers can take their drinks (in cans on board, smoke, or buy a little something for the weekend from the condom machine. There is a flat fare of 50p. Outside the buses are silver with a large white zero on the front, back and sides. Inside, the colour scheme is silver and grey and black with a four-speaker sound system. The seats face each other across the aisle under the glow of an ultraviolet light (although there's also a party-pooper white light above the emergency door), leaving more room to cluster and even dance, should anyone have the inclination and the balance.

The drivers wear black "Bus Zero" sweatshirts and seem to enjoy the atmosphere as much as the passengers. "I'm right into it," says one of them. "It's friendly. Nobody complains. There's never any trouble. Everybody's happy."

The drivers can choose the music from a selection of tapes, but generally just tune in to the condom machine. Attitudes towards finding this particular item on a bus are mixed. "It's good that it's promoting safe sex," says Josie, a first-year student at Sheffield Hallam University. Her friend Rachel, however,

disagrees. "It's just so blatant."

Even if the condom machine fails to do a roaring trade, by 11.30pm the bus itself is heaving. Cans of beer are swigged, cigarettes smoked, and a good time is being had by all. "Really wicked!" says one girl, out on her 18th birthday.

The atmosphere is loud and sociable. Then there's a problem: the sound system develops a fault. There are shouts to turn up the music, but it sinks into the background babble, and without it Bus Zero is in danger of becoming just a grey minibus with funny lighting.

Luckily, the passengers start singing their own songs. A cluster of young men are chanting, "Magic bus, magic bus, get on the magic bus."

The driver throws his route to the winds and zig-zags around the city, dropping people off wherever they like. Finally, the bus is empty except for four girls at the back. Which club are they going to? "We're not," they say. "The driver's taking us home." And, music still playing, Bus Zero parties off into the Sheffield night.

The Bus Zero route takes in Sheffield's Ecclesall Road, the City Centre, and West Street. The continued strength of Sterling, plus the availability of cheap flights, means Switzerland is once again a competitive destination. The Swiss organisation Retta Holidays, based in the capital Bern, offers family holidays on farms. Prices start at SFR 350 (£200) for a family of four self-catering. Call 00 41 31 329 6603, or fax 00 41 31 329 6601.

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# 48 hours in Mackintosh's Glasgow

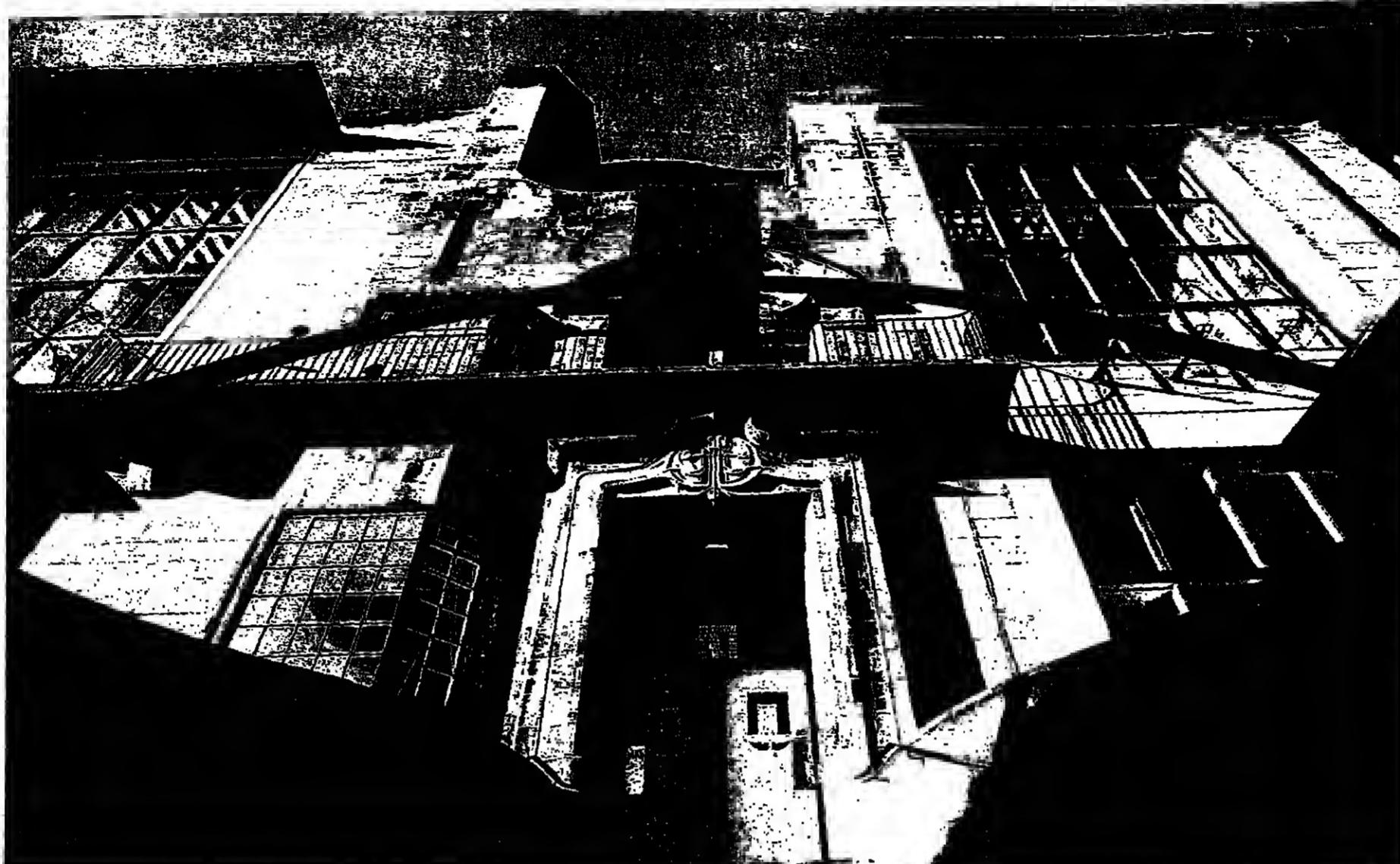
**Why go now?**  
By celebrating the city's architecture and design before the official party in 1998, you'll be able to contemplate its achievements in relative solitude. And because during the second half of June a glimmer of daylight hangs in the skies above Glasgow almost until midnight, midsummer bestows a late-night glow upon Scotland's largest city.

**Beam down**  
Fly from Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, East Midlands, Inverness, Leeds/Bradford, London (Gatwick, Heathrow, Luton and Stansted), Manchester or Southampton. Most of these flights arrive at Abbotshinch airport, eight miles west of the centre, from where a £2.50 bus ride takes you to Buchanan Street bus station. Some, from Stansted and Belfast, arrive at Prestwick, 30 miles south west; a train to Central station takes 45 minutes. Train and bus services from all over Britain will get you there more slowly but more cheaply; I booked a week ahead and travelled on the ScotRail Sleeper from London Euston for £79.

**Get your bearings**  
Glasgow sprawls for miles on either side of the Clyde. As in London and Merseyside, most of the action – including Mackintosh's work – takes place on the north side of the water. The city centre is relatively compact, a square mile hemmed in to the north and west by the M8 motorway and to the south by the river. In the east, the Greater Glasgow Tourist Information at 11 George Square (0141-204 4400) will kit you out with maps and information – including the *Charles Rennie Mackintosh Buildings Guide 1998*.

**Check in**  
For comfortable and relatively cheap B&B, the best hunting grounds are on and around Renfrew Street, in the north west of the city centre; and the Hillhead district, a couple of miles farther west. Both are well placed for a Mackintosh marathon. I paid £32 a night for two at the Willow Hotel, 228 Renfrew Street (0141-332 2321). Later, I paid £50 at the artless but extremely central Charing Cross Tower Hotel (10 Elmbank Gardens, 0141 221 1000), a hideous Seventies cubic office block that has been converted into a remarkably comfortable hotel. At the top end of the scale, you could try the sumptuous One Devonshire Gardens, whose name is its address (its telephone number is the more prosaic 0141-339 2001).

You need a break – and a short cut to the soul of a city. This week, as Glasgow gears up to be City of Architecture & Design, Simon Calder sets out on the trail of Charles Rennie Mackintosh



Glasgow School of Art – Mackintosh's greatest achievement

Adam Woolfitt/RHPL

**Take a ride**

The little orange trains that rumble around the circular underground line are (a) cute, (b) handy for many Mackintosh locations. The flat fare is £5p. The drawback is that you'll see little of the city.

**Take a hike**

If it's Saturday at 10.30am, you really must tour the Glasgow School of Art – it's the last chance you'll get all weekend to explore Charles Rennie Mackintosh's greatest achievement. The underground will take you

to Cowcaddens, and a steep hike will bring you to 167 Renfrew Street (0141-353 4526). Admission £3.50. Tours from 4 July; book in advance.

**Lunch on the run**

Ninety-five years ago Charles Rennie Mackintosh created the Willow Tea Rooms at 217 Sauchiehall Street. His client was Miss Kate Cranston, a well-known restauranteur.

The tall, handsome structure fell into decline but 20 years ago it was restored, and leased to M.M. Henderson as a jewellery shop. The tea

rooms were reopened; there is often a lunch-time queue, but hang on for a table at the first-floor Room de Luxe. Here, high-backed chairs facilitate conspiracy in a chamber crowded with elegance and hurrying waitresses. Alternatively, you can still find deep-fried Mars Bars on sale in some Glasgow takeaways.

**Cultural afternoon**

Head east along Sauchiehall Street then south past a couple of Mackintosh's journalistic achievements. The Daily Record building on Ren-

field Lane and the Herald building on Mitchell Street. At St Enoch, take the clockwise underground train three stops to Shields Road. In the Scotland Street School, just opposite, Charles Rennie Mackintosh compiled a civic amenity which it must have been a joy to attend. The school now houses a museum of education, but you can still smell the carbolic. The School (0141-429 1202) is open 10am-5pm Mondays to Saturdays and 11am-5pm Sundays, and, like most museums in Glasgow, is free.

**An aperitif**

Rogano's (1 Exchange Place, 0141-248 4053) was created after Mackintosh's death, but this beautiful Art Deco bar restaurant pays tribute to him. You can see where the designers for some of the Clyde's great ocean liners got their ideas.

**Demure dinner**

Credit-card limit permitting, stay here to dine. Alternatively, take the underground to Hillhead. Many of Glasgow's most innovative restaurants are on and around Byres Road.

**Bracing brunch**  
The strangest restaurant in Glasgow, if not Scotland, is on unassuming Woodlands Road, close to the junction with Lynedoch Street. Entering the Insomnia Cafe (0141-564 1700) is like stumbling into a set for some surreal Seventies album cover. This restaurant is open around the clock, but comes into its own on Sunday mornings with a repertoire of classic brunch dishes such as eggs Benedict and excellent cappuccino.

**Sunday pm: go to church**  
It's not open on Sunday mornings. The global headquarters of the Charles Rennie Mackintosh Society is at 870 Garscube Road – and his memory is suitably sustained in the Queen's Cross Church that he built here. Mackintosh's excursion into ecclesiastical construction is one of his most intriguing designs, allowing his imagination to flourish while constrained by the needs of the Church of Scotland. From the enthusiastic staff here, you can enrich your understanding of Mackintosh – and sign up to the society. The church (0141-946 6000) is open 10am-5pm, Monday to Friday, 10am-2pm on Saturday, 2pm-5pm on Sundays.

**A walk in the park**  
Just south of Junction 23 on the M8, in the north-east corner of Bellahouston Park, you discover a building that took nearly a century to be realised: House for an Art Lover.

In 1901, Charles Rennie Mackintosh entered a German magazine competition. Construction according to his winning plans finally began in 1939, and ended in 1996. This Mackintosh mansion embraces most of the techniques and touches that were his hallmarks – and boasts an excellent cafe, House for an Art Lover (0141-333 4449 for midweek opening times) is open every Saturday and Sunday, 10am-5pm. Admission £3.50 for adults, £2.50 for children, £7 for a family.

**The icing on the cake**  
Despite his vision, Mackintosh died a broke and broken man in 1928. The city rewarded his memory by knocking down his house, 78 Southpark Avenue, after the war. A near-replica has been built on the university campus, and is stuffed with salvaged chattels. The bedroom is a dazzling white feast, the five-poster (count 'em) bed balanced by a sleek fireplace and elegantly curved mirror. The seeds of Art Deco, not to mention Habitat, are evident. The Mackintosh House on University Avenue (0141-330 5431) is, however, not open on Sundays.

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**Q :- Who scored England's first goal in France 98?**

- a) Shearer
- b) Scholes
- c) Sheringham

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## How to fill the gap

Taking time off – what to do, where to go,  
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YOUR PRACTICAL GUIDE TO HOLIDAYS

# Isle of pilgrims and martyrs

**St Ninian began it all. For centuries pilgrims made their way to the Isle of Whithorn in south-west Scotland. Now the area is hoping to attract a new type of visitor. By Harriet O'Brien**

**PILGRIMS:** THEY were the earliest tourists. And what a potent combination must have fired them – penance, conviction, curiosity and no small amount of courage.

Standing on the shores of the Isle of Whithorn, with sunlight dancing on the water, waves gently churning the pebbles on the beach, it was difficult to appreciate the determination and discomfort with which the pioneer globe-trotters must have travelled to this remote corner of south-west Scotland. The area is so quiet and thinly visited today that it requires a leap of imagination to conceive of the numbers of sea-weary travellers who came here. Yet from England, Ireland, even Italy and beyond they would arrive to pay tribute to a saint now relegated to the margins of folk memory.

Few hard facts about St Ninian have survived. It is known, however, that vast and valiant numbers of people came to pray here over the centuries, not least because Ninian was the first missionary to bring Christianity to Scotland. More than 100 years before St Columba set up his monastery on the island of Iona, Ninian had already converted the southern Picts of Galloway. It is thought that he was the son of a local Solway chieftain, and that at some stage he left to study in Rome. He returned not only to preach, but also to build a stone chapel which became one of the wonders of the region, the Picts not having seen a stone construction before.

The roofless ruin of the building, which was rebuilt in the 13th century, stands at the edge of the Isle of Whithorn. Follow signs a few miles north to Kildale, and you can

pick up a trail running through woodland and down to a sea-lashed cave where legend has it that the saint sought meditative sanctuary.

Whatever the truth of this, the cave was certainly the site of many visits from those early pilgrim tourists. Meanwhile, inland, in the little town of Whithorn itself, some of the mystery of St Ninian is being dug up in an archaeological excavation of the monastery and town that grew up around the saint's shrine.

Indeed, in its time the Whithorn area became something of a Lourdes of the north: Ninian died around 432 and from then until the latter part of the 16th century, when pilgrimages were banned under the Scottish Reformation, those coming to pay tribute to his relic would

travel to a saint now relegated to the margins of folk memory.

For my own part, I had come to both to satisfy my curiosity and to seek a modern-day cure of space and peace. The Isle of Whithorn is not in fact an island at all, but a pretty harbour village lying more or less at the point of a gloriously quiet peninsula.

Railways replaced this in the last century, but when the last of the trains stopped running in the Sixties the place all but died commercially.

It was in a bid to inject new life

into The Machars when the Lake District gets full up – it's not far, after all, one Whithorn resident explained. "And then they come back, again and again."

So why was the area now so undervalued? Peaceful and unspoilt though it may be, such tranquillity comes at a price for local prosperity.

"Transport," came the brief reply.

The Scottish Reformation may have brought an end to the steady stream of pilgrims, but the peninsula had continued to attract sea-faring trade. Railways replaced this in the last century, but when the last of the trains stopped running in the Sixties the place all but died commercially.

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The Scottish Reformation may have brought an end to the steady stream of pilgrims, but the peninsula had continued to attract sea-faring trade. Railways replaced this in the last century, but when the last of the trains stopped running in the Sixties the place all but died commercially.

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# Swiftly through paradise

The West Highland Way can be run as well as walked – but the true joy is to take it slowly. By Rob Stepney

**V**ou take the fast road, I'll take the slow. The West Highland Way is a popular long-distance footpath. Today, it is also a race track that makes many look like a jog round the block.

For Terry Marsh, writer of definitive walking guides, the best part of the 95-mile West Highland Way is the 94½ miles in the middle. He would forgo the first few yards, which take the walker through a supermarket car park on the outskirts of Glasgow, and the last few yards on Fort William's grey streets. "But plonk me down anywhere else on the Way and I'd be happy," he says.

No other long-distance path in Britain can rival the West Highland Way's variety of terrain and historical associations. It moves from pastoral lowland, along the bonnie wooded banks of Loch Lomond, across bleak Rannoch Moor to the Pass of Glencoe – scene of the massacre of the clan MacDonald in 1692 – and finally through true Highland country, over the Devil's Staircase and to the foot of Ben Nevis itself.

Part of the Way is on remote military roads built to suppress the Jacobites, part on old tracks used by drovers taking upland sheep and cattle to market, and part on rough woodland or moorland paths. This richness of experience, and the neatness with which it fits into a week's holiday, has made the West Highland Way Britain's most popular long-distance route. Every year, 15,000 people walk it from end to end.

Steve Westwood, the path manager, explains: "Pressure-pads buried at five key points record the

number of walkers pretty accurately. On busy days we can plot a wave of people moving along Loch Lomond."

For Terry Marsh, the Way is best appreciated slowly. Ideally it should last more than the usual week, with perhaps a day off en route. "The longer you take, the more you'll enjoy it," he says. But there is a radically different approach. At 3am today 60 of Britain's most hardened "ultra" athletes set out to run the whole of the West Highland Way within 24 hours. The record is under 17 hours.

Their task is equivalent to completing more than three London marathons in succession, while climbing Ben Nevis twice in the process. "Each runner will consume 35,000 calories, more than most of us expend in a week. It's equal in energy to 7lb of fat," says Dr Roger Eston, lecturer in human physiology at Bangor University. The 40 or so runners who endure to the end will be sore for a week.

What makes them do it? For Adrian Stott, aged 43, running the course for the fourth time, the experience is oddly on a par with yoga and meditation. "There is obviously incredible elation at the finish. But it is also a humbling experience," he says. "It is as if there is a hidden force driving you on." For those who prefer a more relaxed pace on what they hope will be a sunny June day, the way is set with flowers: late bluebells along Loch Lomond, and on Rannoch Moor the yellow stars of the bog asphodel, bell heather; and perhaps the first signs of the purple marsh orchid. Across Glen Falloch south of Crianlarich are ancient Scots pine, remnants of the giant forest that once

coasted most of Caledonia, and the fresh green of new birch and rowan.

From the bare hills above Bridge of Orchy, a walker may be lucky and see golden eagles taking flight. Along Loch Lomond there is a chance of spotting feral goats and perhaps one of the shy pine martens that have recently returned to the area. North of the loch, red deer are common, though in this calving season they prefer the high ground.

Running the course against the clock, there can surely be little chance of taking this in, not least because (even so close to the longest day) some of the route will be run in darkness. But, Adrian Stott argues,

not all is lost on the ultra-athlete. "The point is not to switch off, but to switch into the wonder" he says. "You try to stay focused as much as you can. And at times you can appreciate incredible beauty, such as the play of intense evening light on the mountains."

There are others, such as David Rogers who completed the course last year, who remember nothing but the torture of climbing 10-ft deer fences and being forced to bananas, while looking no further ahead than the next yard of rough ground.

Of the different Highland ways, you take the fast road, and I'll take the slow.

The West Highland Way – 95 miles stretching from the outskirts of Glasgow to Fort Williams' grey streets

Jeremy Sutton Hibbert

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The problems of walking the Way in late spring and summer include pressure on limited accommodation. May is the busiest month. But rooms can be booked, and the difficulty is reduced by starting the walk mid-week. There are often long spells of fine weather in October.

Bus and train routes run reasonably close to the Way at several points, so the walk can easily be done in stages.

Pack-carrying services will ferry rucksacks from one overnight stop to the next. For £28 per bag, Travel-Lite (0141 956 7890) will cover the whole walk.

Among those organisations providing guided walks of the West Highland Way are Scottish Youth Hostels. 01786 891301, whose price of £325 includes all accommodation, food and carriage of heavy bags.

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# Back to Balkan basics

**There are still corners of eastern Europe where storks nest on roof-tops, and monks welcome the weary traveller. By Roderic Dunnett**

THIS IS where the horizontal becomes the vertical," boomed a voice from up front. And we found ourselves pitched up an abrupt, pine-needle-strewn mountain path, climbing upwards for almost an hour through a forest of beech, hazel and hornbeam. Suddenly we burst through bracken on to a sun-baked plateau.

My party of 10 was making the ascent to Midzium; at 7,100ft one of the tallest pinnacles in the Balkan region, straddling the western border of Bulgaria that abuts the former Yugoslavia. Beyond, uninhabited green valleys cascade away towards Nis and Serbia.

This must be one of the most idyllic, least trumpeted niches of southern Europe, where you can turn a corner and encounter a view as striking, in its way, as the English Lake District, France's Massif Central or the foothills of the Pyrenees.

I had opted for a trekking holiday (on foot and sometimes by minibus) into out-of-the-way Bulgaria, starting out from Vratsa.

Our first day's walking from here set the pace: an ascent, up steepish mountain paths and over a plateau dotted with grass-of-Parnassus and wild lilac, to Ledenika Cave. This Bulgarian equivalent of Cheddar was proudly shown off by Vanko, the chatty, English-speaking proprietor. Ledenika boasts 350 separate underground chambers and a main cavern large enough to stage concerts by the local symphony orchestra.

Later we skirted the spectacular Skaklya, a vast span of 600-ft rock-face and waterfall, on the way to Okolchitsa, the spot where Hristo Botev, who led the courageous mid-19th-century Bulgarian-Turkish resistance, met a sticky end in 1876 at the age of only 27. Our descent lay past neatly laid out village smallholdings, with bright displays of peach, pear, orange and plum trees and with red peppers drying in the sun. One local resident cheerfully offered the dusty walkers clusters of his succulent dark grapes.

At the small village enclave of

Ciprovtsi, a two-night stay in a *gostoprygnytza* (a tourist pension), with well-herbed fish for dinner and hot apple-doughnuts (*melitsi*) for breakfast, offered a further glimpse into village life. Old men sunned themselves on a verandah outside the bar, setting the world to rights in a cheerful haze of smoke and racy Slavonic. Storks nested on precarious chimneys. Flocks of village goats wound up our street in a baleful morning cortège, and returned with tinkling bells at dusk. Donkey carts - still a prime method of transport in rural Bulgaria - sauntered past. Frail old women (the grandmother, or *baba*, is an indispensable part of the Bulgarian extended family) piled up newly-sawn logs, or pitchforked long grass into old-fashioned propped hayricks.

There were purchases to be made here. Prices (in dollars) for locally hand-woven carpets and hand-carved silver were hammered out in private homes over copious coffee, fruit and heady *rakija*. In a tiny, cramped weaving factory nearby, the speed and artistry of a trio of women at their looms awed us into respectful silence. Next door, the local primary school children chirrupped nursery rhymes in English to welcome their visitors.

From here, after a four-hour saunter over gentle hills, we came to Lopushanski, a monastery with sprawling dogs and a spacious, low-lit church. Here Father Endion proudly owned up to never having been outside Bulgaria, served lukewarm lime tea and presided at dinner in vociferous broken English, holding forth on Turkish duplicity, women priests and the merits of beans for the diet.

Lopushanski's once-rickety rooms, like those in other monasteries, are now being handsomely renovated in pink and white plaster with funds from the Orthodox church. Most luxurious of the monasteries we visited was Cisurski, with its verandah, bar and restaurant. It seemed all the more welcoming after two nights spent in basic mount-

tain hostels, with their communal kitchens and suspect plumbing.

But the sumptuous views from the relaxed, two-day trek across Kom mountain easily made up for any deprivation. And there was better to come. No sight in north-west Bulgaria quite competes with the breathtaking vista from the spa town of Belogradchik. The balcony restaurant of our eyrie-like, Bavarian-feel hotel looked out across sandstone pillars. It felt like Saxon Switzerland, or a mini-Arizona.

There are other sites worth sniffing out nearby: the elaborate Magura Caves - out of action when we were there, owing to an electricity failure; the awesome Boyka Most - a huge, river-level, arched cavern hollowed out of limestone over countless millennia, which feels like an entrance to the Underworld; the almost Imperial mineral baths at Varshtet; the spectacular gorge of the Iskar River; with the Cherepish monastery nestled deep at the foot of the canyon.

Ours was a low-budget tour definitely not suitable for the five-star traveller. It was the sort of trip that's heaven for anyone with a love of the great outdoors, an urge to walk and explore, and a penchant for the sort of decaying charm and simplicity that you find in old Eastern Europe.

Roderic Dunnett paid £650 for a fortnight in Bulgaria with Mountains and Monasteries, 10 Cecily Road, Cheylesmore, Coventry, CV3 5LA (01203 501959). For the regular Bulgarian tourist routes, Ace Study Tours (01223 825055) offers stylish, upmarket lecture tours; Balkan Holidays (0171-491 4499) can organise winter skiing as well as a range of summer holidays. Balkan Bulgarian (tickets from Apple Air on 0181-741 7993) and British Airways (0345 222111) fly to Sofia from Heathrow and Gatwick respectively. The lowest fare for travel in July is £210 return, including tax, on Balkan Bulgarian. British passport holders no longer require visas for Bulgaria.



In the Balkans, accommodation for visitors is often at monasteries renovated by the Orthodox church

Robert Harding

## Retreat from Moscow

**Sochi on the Black Sea is every Russian's dream of a seaside resort. By Richard Naisby**

SOCHI IS not like the rest of Russia. Palm trees line the promenade; bamboo grows in the gardens; tea plantations cover the slopes that rise from the sea. In a land of endless forests and desperately grey cities, Sochi is a gem. Russians get misty-eyed at the mere mention of the name - particularly since the collapse of the Russian economy means that, for most, Sochi is as remote a destination as the Seychelles or Barbados.

It is a 36-hour train ride from Moscow to the Black Sea coast. There was excitement as the train drew in to Sochi station. Hordes of eager holiday-makers crowded on to the platform, jostling to enter this paradise. When the crowds cleared I made my way to the booking hall, haunt of that most useful species, the dispatcher.

The dispatcher arranges the B&B accommodation, vital to anyone travelling on a budget in Russia. He spoke no English,



and I no Russian, but after a bit of frantic arm-waving, we agreed on a price range and I was taken to a suitable host. I was given a bed in a spotlessly clean triple, with kitchen and bathroom attached, all for 30 rubles a night (£2). My hostess gave me tea and sandwiches, then lent me a map so that I could explore the town.

Sochi sits on a thin strip of land wedged between the Caucasus mountains and the Black Sea. War-torn Abkhazia is a few miles to the south, and Chechnya to the north.

Sochi may be the most popular resort in Russia, but the most exclusive lies a few miles along the coast. The Dagomys complex was built by Intourist in the mid-Eighties as a showcase for the tourist facilities of *Friendly Towers* here.

At the tourist desk in the giant Hotel Zhemchuzhina I asked the receptionist what there was to do in Sochi.

"Nothing," she replied. She paused, considered for a moment and repeated "No. Nothing. People come to Sochi to do nothing. Would you like to see the list of activities the hotel can arrange?" She handed me an old Intourist brochure, in English, with pictures of happy Soviet citizens windsurfing, water-skiing, horse-riding. "But most people do nothing." Why? She shrugged. "This is Russia."

She was right. The pebbly beach was dotted with people doing nothing. Even in the bars, people drank vodka with less than the usual energy. The arboretum was the busiest place in town.

The Sochi arboretum is Russia's biggest, and the displays of rare and exotic plants are truly spectacular. The grounds are huge, with winding paths and glorious vistas. Italianate villas, statues and a cable-car all hide away among the giant ferns and bamboo. It is a long climb to the highest point of the park, but the views compensate. Caucasian peaks drop to tea-

clad hills, which sweep down to the sea. Far along the curving coastline, the distant hills of Georgia are visible.

Sochi harbour was beautiful in the fading orange light of a Black Sea sunset. A few fishing boats bobbed at anchor and the air was filled with the enticing smell of cooking. The local specialty is *shashlik*, a sort of Caucasian shish kebab. The similarity with Turkish cuisine is not surprising, the Turkish town of Trabzon is only five hours away by hydrofoil.

Sochi may be the most popular resort in Russia, but the most exclusive lies a few miles along the coast. The Dagomys complex was built by Intourist in the mid-Eighties as a showcase for the tourist facilities of *Friendly Towers* here.

by Russians who cannot now go to resorts in the Ukraine or Baltic States. Few Western tourists come to the region. Most, it seems, are put off by the proximity of the trouble spots, though there is no violence in Sochi.

The lack of familiarity with Westerners has some amusing consequences. *Friendly Towers* Manuel might have been proud of the local English language guide. It waxes lyrical about the area, praising the "notoriously pleasant climate" and "interesting cooking".

As long as there is enthusiasm like that, Sochi will remain a rewarding destination for anyone seeking the quiet and the quirky.

The cheapest fare to Moscow may involve a journey via Helsinki; Finnair offers a return fare of around £250 through discount agents, travelling from Gatwick, Heathrow or Manchester. Non-stop flights from Gatwick or Heathrow to Moscow on British Airways are generally expensive for those not travelling as part of an organised tour; you may have more luck with Aeroflot (0171-355 2233), particularly if you book through a consolidator such as IMS Travel (0171-224 4678).

Visitors to the Russian Federation require a visa. Obtaining one can be a frustrating and expensive business. All applicants require an invitation from an organisation in Russia. People booking an organised tour get this automatically; independent travellers have to arrange their own. Many Russian companies will supply the necessary visa support, for a fee, but it's not always acceptable to the Russian consulate where you apply. The Embassy of the Russian Federation has a premium-rate phone service explaining the requirements, on 0891 171271.



The harbour at Sochi

Richard Naisby

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Tati immortalised in stone, above, on the esplanade of St Marc-sur-Mer and as he appeared in 'Monsieur Hulot's Holiday'

Nicola Barranger

**Nicola Barranger enters a Jacques Tati time-warp called St Marc-sur-Mer, site of the comic classic *M Hulot's Holiday***

IT'S NO good looking for Hotel Jacques Tati, or even Hotel Hulot, if you come to St Marc-sur-Mer in Brittany. If you want to immerse yourself in the atmosphere of 1953 and share the same lodgings as M Hulot, you will have to check in - as he did - at the Hôtel de la Plage. The hotel's name has never changed; indeed, apart from some post-war rebuilding, St Marc itself has changed little.

Unless you are a *Mastermind* specialist on the films of Jacques Tati, there is little to welcome you to the location of *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*. St Marc is not a town in its own right, but a district of the port of St Nazaire. Exploiting cinema fans is not a priority. At the end of May, the tourist office was closed and my request for Tati information at the sub-office of the Mairie was answered with a shrug. Don't expect an American-style visitor's centre here. There is no small *tobac*, no souvenir shop and certainly nowhere to see the

black-and-white film that won the French actor/director/writer a string of film awards in 1953.

No one knows exactly what prompted Jacques Tati to visit St Marc in that summer of 1952. It was only his second film and from July to October that year any unsuspecting visitor who checked in to the Hôtel de la Plage might have found himself playing an extra or - perhaps worse - being told to keep out of the way of filming.

*Les Vacances* was M Hulot's cinematic debut. As with most Tati films, the plot (amiable social misfit joins holiday-makers beside the sea) is virtually irrelevant. It was the vignettes of modern life that fascinated Jacques Tati.

International audiences loved the visual and particularly the aural humour that underlined his social observation. For Tati, sound effects were essential. Dialogue itself didn't interest him. It was the pitch and intonation of words that he chose to

parody. You need no French to sympathise with the holiday-makers at the railway station in the film. The tourists race from one platform to another, unable to make out a word of the distorted, squawking station announcements. In all Tati's films, the director of sound had his work cut out choreographing squeaking shoes or spluttering cars. In *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday* there was the restaurant door which "kerplunked" every time it swung open or closed; in *Traffic* the women who yacked in time to windscreen wipers; in *Playtime* the soft chairs that gently broke wind when sat on. But Tati's humour was subtle and underplayed (you wonder how much inspiration Inspector Clouseau drew from M Hulot) but tuning in to his language of observation could take a little time. Some people in his cinema audience would sit quietly, slightly bemused, while others guffawed helplessly.

You won't have any problem recognising the shots from *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*. We decided that it was

about time we paid tribute to Tati. The sculptor, Emmanuel Debarre, a friend of the Tati family, was invited to represent the much loved director. Debarre, who is best known for his abstract work, has portrayed Hulot in classic pose - hands behind his hips, weight over the toes, bending forward slightly at the waist. "I wanted to do a living image," he says, "and I'm delighted that the people of St Marc just love it. They've taken him straight to their hearts."

Visitors love him, as well. "Apparently, one or two visitors haven't realised he was a statue," says Debarre. The figure has the familiar flat-backed hat, and trousers that are just a little too short. What he does not have, however, is his pipe. Not that Mr Debarre omitted to craft the famous accessory, but within 36 hours someone had swiped it - not that easy, since the statue is bronze.

M Hulot is contemplating the sea. Half-close your eyes, and he is about to take off in the direction of the pier.

swipes his arm outstretched, shouting "Ah, mais non!" While the local authorities like to blame souvenir hunters, Emmanuel Debarre is more pragmatic. "First it was the pipe, then within two months the face had been hit with a hammer." The council has now installed floor-level floodlights and has commissioned Debarre to redo the head. Visitors to St Marc this summer, however, are unlikely to be confronted by a headless Hulot. "Fortunately I've kept the cast," the sculptor explains. "I can prepare the new head in the studio and then go over to St Marc to replace it."

If a similar statue to a former hero had existed in the film, no doubt Jacques Tati would have used it to great effect.

Reaching St Nazaire takes three hours by train (0990 300003) from Paris or about two hours by car from St Malo. Brittany Ferries (0990 360360) has a daily overnight service to St Malo from Portsmouth.

## See Naples and haggle

**Extrovert and hectic, Italy's most colourful city is a melting pot of vibrant markets. Paula Hardy takes in the drama of the street theatre**

THERE ARE many myths about Naples; it is violent, you'll get ripped off, every sweatshop in Italy is here. Admittedly, there is a grain of truth in all this, but it comes nowhere close to describing the place.

This lawless, petulant city lies in the heart of what the Romans dubbed *campagna felix* (happy land) and topographically Naples has certainly been blessed by the gods. Hugging its huge curving bay, it sits in the shadow of Vesuvius, Europe's most dangerous pressure cooker - and not only geologically speaking.

Certainly, a city of two million anarchists does not make a recipe for a quiet life, and Naples definitely has its own way of doing things. However, the Neapolitans are anarchist only in that they don't follow other people's rules. Hardened by centuries of foreign domination - the Greeks, the Romans, the French, the Spanish, the Austrians, the Spanish again and finally Italian rule in 1860 - the people of Naples have learnt to rely on their wit and cunning, and here in this city of counterfeit culture it is advisable to take nothing at face value. In Naples, deception is a creative tool.

The Neapolitans can be over-

whelmingly friendly and hospitable. Despite struggling to make ends meet, Maria and Marcello, Albanian Gypsies, gave us a royal welcome when we dropped by. Living in a one-room tenement in one of the city's oldest and most notorious districts, the Spanish Quarter, they entertained us handsomely, offering us cigarettes and small cups of thick sweet coffee, more Turkish-tasting than Italian, a relic of their Macedonian roots. In Naples, it seems, any lack of hospitality is seen as downright meanness of spirit.

Like many other Neapolitans, Maria and Marcello make their living in the city's famous marketplaces. Similar trades cluster in the same alleyways, and what at first appears to be a motley array of goods is, in fact, a carefully ordered system. The Via del Duomo is the obvious location for bridal wear; Via dell'Annunziata is naturally for baby clothes; designer boutiques and antique shops occupy Piazza dei Martiri, and second-hand books can be bought on Via Port'Alba near Piazza Dante.

Neatly dissected by the Via Toledo, which runs north-south, and Spaccanapoli, which runs east-west,

the city is fairly easy to navigate, although even as you head purposefully for one market you are almost guaranteed to get waylaid by another. There is the Corso Malta shoe market, where you may find yourself being talked into buying the euphemistically termed *scarpe scomparse* - "unaccompanied shoes"; there is the large weekend flea market, held twice monthly in the Viale Dohm; there are numerous food markets, the most picturesque being the one in Pignasecca, north up the Via Toledo as you head towards Vomero; and then there is the mother of all markets, known to the locals as the *casabà Forcella*.

Situated around the main railway station, Forcella is Naples' most famous slum. Although desperately run down, it has an atmosphere and an attitude that preface pity. And at the *casabà* you'll find Neapolitans entrepreneurial enough to try to sell you your own grandmother. This is street theatre at its best - heated, melodramatic, extrovert and hectic.

Forcella was established as a black market at the end of the Second World War, when there was nothing that could not be obtained there at a price. Today, the area is

one huge open-air market, which still does a roaring trade in shady goods. If you are not in the market for these, there are still plenty of bargains to be had. At the top end of the counterfeited market are good copies of Etruscan vases and ancient bronzes; these are closely followed by excellent quality leather goods which could almost be mistaken for genuine Gucci or Louis Vuitton.

Perhaps the most bizarre of all the markets is the crib market on Via San Gregorio Armeno in Spaccanapoli. It originated in the 17th century, and more than any other market it illustrates the Neapolitan tendency for sentimentality and showmanship. At Christmas, lavishly decorated terracotta scenes from the market adorn churches and houses all over the city. Last year brought two exceptional additions to these nativity scenes: you can now buy a Princess Diana or a Mother Theresa along with your shepherds and three Wise Men. Although, obviously, more atmospheric at Christmas, the market is well worth a visit even in summer.

In Naples, religion shades into simple superstition, and lurid neon shrines in niches are dotted along the

labyrinthine streets of the old town. Gambling is also a favourite pastime, and football and the local lottery are approached with a similar fervour. Even today, gamblers employ the *cabbala* (a Jewish system of numerology) to predict winning numbers. Alternatively, you can visit the Cimitero delle Fontanelle, in Santa, to touch the revered *capitano* (a skull that can reputedly predict winning lottery numbers, as well as curing rare diseases).

Naples, utterly compelling in every way, is a city of extremes. You may find you hate it as much as you love it - but one thing is guaranteed: you won't forget it in a hurry.

British Airways (0345 222111) flies daily from Gatwick to Naples. Charters are available through Italy Sky Shuttle (0181-748 1333). Summer fares from London cost around £200 including tax. Or try for a £100 flight from Stansted to Rome on Go (0845 60 54321); you can save considerably by taking a train from Rome Termini station; trains to Naples take two to three hours.

Italian State Tourist Office, 1 Princes Street, London W1R 8AY (0171-408 1254)



In the back streets of Naples, city of 2m anarchists Hutchinson

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# Dances with the Senator



Pow-wow dress code - anything goes, but the more flamboyant the better

Nicola Kurn

**Watching Indian ceremonial dances used to be a hair-raising experience for palefaces – in more ways than one. Today, writes Lynne Patrick, you can see the spectacle and keep your scalp intact**

The day had been spent among Indians, learning with growing remorse how the white man trampled over their sacred places, and how respect for the spirit of the Earth has flown out of the window and led to environmental havoc.

That word, respect, kept coming up. A wise Indian sat beside me at dinner. They're not all wise, he told me with a twinkle; some know as little as the white man. But his tribe holds him in esteem, and has given him the title of Senator.

I asked him what a visiting Brit should wear to pay proper respect to that quintessential Indian occasion, the pow-wow. He looked puzzled.

"You wear what feels comfortable," he said. "I'll be going dressed just as I am now." In the classiest restaurant in town, he was in cotton slacks and T-shirt. Wise Indian that he was, he turned down a brandy with his coffee. He told me that he was having a hard time pulling out of alcoholism – along with half his race. This was a legacy of the white brand of wisdom: before the 18th century there was no booze in North America.

Next day at the pow-wow there were signs forbidding alcohol and that other manifestation of white wisdom: firearms. There was also a car park filled with row upon row

of elderly, boneshaking station wagons, and thousands of brown-skinned people, mostly in jeans or shorts and skimpy tops. I had decided on a cotton jump-suit, with sun block to cover the parts my straw sombre failed to reach. Some things have changed; but not the Midwestern summers.

It was hot and dusty and noisy and colourful. It wasn't the picture evoked by a thousand Hollywood movies: circles of buffalo-hide tepees straight-backed braves in feathers and war-paint, a peace pipe going the rounds of venerable elders.

There were a dozen or so tattered old food shacks; and some of the traders sold leather and beadwork, amulets of fragrant herbs and polished wood. But there was also the kind of entrepreneurial style you'd expect at any carnival; ice-cream carts, hot dog stands, children begging for balloons. Every wagon was doing a spanking trade in Coke; an iced six-pack is essential equipment in Wyoming in summer.

The chief of the host reserve put me straight on the relationship between picturesque history and modern reality. "Pow-wow used to be a ceremonial gathering. They travelled on horseback or on foot, and it would take days, weeks, months, to make the journey. They would feast, meet their friends and hold special ceremonies, such as the sun dance. Today pow-wow is a dance festival, with prize money for the best dancers in each category – grass dancers, jingle dancers, fancy dancers."

That was as far as the conversation could go; a highly efficient sound system began to fill out wailing music and compelling drumbeat. I offered respectful thanks to the chief (his name was Melvin) and followed the vibes. It all seemed to be happening under a vast barn-like canopy. I was one of a mere sprinkling of whites in 1,000 or so people perched on tiered, rickety seating around the stamped-earth arena.

The dancers stood out from the crowd like Sixties movie posters. Beads, bells and trailing fringes festooned their brilliantly coloured costumes. Some had huge, feathered bustles fanning out behind them; others sported face-paint in scarlet and black. One stood, muscles a-ripple and glistening with sweat, warrior brave written all over his polished bone breastplate. I swallowed my indigenous yellow streak and asked if I could take his picture. "Sure," he grinned. "Shall I take my glasses off?" Looking around, I spotted several more bespectacled warriors. Close by the drums were pounding.

Americans are famous for their informal friendliness. "My grandma sewed my costume," a resplendent teenager called Little Eagle told me. His grandma herself turned out to be a jingle dancer, with rows of silver bells stitched to her calf-length blue dress.

My new friend led the way back to the arena, gathering up two small competitors from a neighbouring camper van. "I'm

Wayne," said the taller of the pair. "I'm Rising Sun," said his companion. When the white man was trying to impose his brand of civilisation on the Indian peoples, the authorities insisted on white-sounding names for their official records. Now one sign of the resurgence of Indian values is the ritual naming of children by tribal elders. Five-year-old White Crow was another friend I made.

The seats around the arena were packed for the Grand Entry. Chiefs in tribal regalia followed, dancers in full fig, smooth-skinned princesses paraded in white buckskin, their glossy waist-length hair sparkling with beads. Melvin led his elders, a cascading head-dress atop his Brooks Bros shirt. Then it was the turn of the musicians to take a bow. That was when I realised that the haunting music was not the product of hi-fi technology, as I had assumed, but live, made by singers clustered round drums the size of coffee tables. The air fizzed with the spirit of the Earth, that is so intrinsic to the existence of the native American people that they feel no need to invent a word for it.

I stayed until sundown. The pow-wow went on into the small hours, long after the mosquitoes had driven me to seek cover. I felt privileged to have been a part of it.

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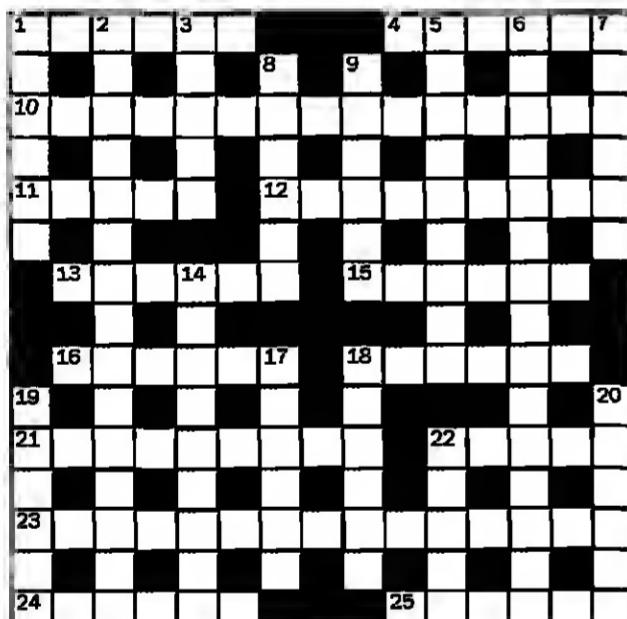
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No. 3642. Saturday 20 June

By Mass



Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution

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TRYONES P S P A I T E N C T R E E H M S  
E U B I U C S E N D U P B Y R E A R T  
R A C O N T E U R M E T R O A U I L L O E  
B E G A L I C R O C H E T I A C A G S Y D  
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The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle appear next Thursday. Please receive hardback copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your name and postcode. Last week's winners: M Grocott, Loughborough; A Goss, Edinburgh; M Leslie, London SW6; C Weddington, Edinburg; D Pratt, Thurso.

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... Back issues available from Historic Newspapers, 01988 946373, Saturday 20 June 1998. Registered as a newspaper with the Post Office.

TODAY'S TELEVISION APPEARS IN THE SEPARATE LISTINGS GUIDE

### ACROSS

- Star players, leaders of old rep (6)
- Status or rank, with added formality (6)
- Charge d'affaires, you might say (7,8)
- Omit character of English daughter in story (5)
- They're always on edge (9)
- Article is returned by Sunday paper (6)
- Muddy animal's turned fearful (6)
- A very loud tune for a fling (6)
- Promising fellow in games, initially (6)
- Intractable types - those that test lawyers? (4,5)
- Some probe literature for reference marks (5)
- Like a pointless sentence? Happen rebel is in for reform (15)
- Eastern lord established as first-born (6)
- Strong sharp letter enclosed (6)

### DOWN

- One clearing congestion, we hear, in the chest (6)
- Easy as the crow flies? (15)
- Present view of old tree (5)
- Performed like stars in film Reed directed (9)
- Like 'time and tide', in a word (15)
- The cloth's upset about Sunday exodus? (6)
- Spies utensils hanging upside-down (6)
- Patsy's two little boys (6)
- We're told to observe Southern headlands in paintings (9)
- Looked lively? Dropped after game (6)
- Uncultivated area with the Spanish capacity for fruit, say (6)
- Drive around Italy in carriage (6)
- Costume showing current line (6)
- Where's the play opening? (5)

**T**houghts of a gentle stroll in lush alpine pastures vanished at the sight of the Nordkette rising above the aircraft as we made our approach to Innsbruck. The wall of cliffs and screes made me wonder about the sanity of embarking on a three-day alpine tour hiking from hut-to-hut in the Karwendel Alps.

The huts are found wherever there are mountains in Austria. And in the Karwendel there are about 40 such shelters connected by a comprehensive network of paths. Many of them are in passes, high alpine meadows or close to summits. All are easily accessible - on foot. The beauty of a hut-hopping holiday is that you don't have to return to the valleys each night for a bed and food.

From Innsbruck, our first 400m of ascent to the hamlet of Hochzirl, was courtesy of Austrian Federal Railways. The next few hundred metres were less easy. Our route took us up a track designed for four-wheel drive vehicles that would never know acting muscles. When we reached the edge of the forest, our track became a path and the mountain became steeper - but we reduced the gradient by zigzagging up the slope. Now we were walking through flower-strewn meadows alive with the hum of insect life, and alongside effervescent mountain streams. Small herds of goats, and occasionally chamois, put in an appearance as if on cue from some alpine stage director. Everything was as I had imagined it would be;

a pleasant hike in spectacular Alpine scenery.

The network of paths in the Tyrol are well signposted and colour-coded for difficulty, using the same system as for skiing (blue for easy, red for moderate and black for difficult - some climbing skills required).

Distances and times are usually given on the signposts. Those used to hiking in British mountains should have no problem with red routes.

It is not essential, therefore, to take a guide but many people do. This not only takes care of any route finding difficulties - as an added bonus, a good guide is a mine of information on the Alpine environment, flora and fauna.

After about five hours walking on the first day, we arrived at our first hut. Some hut. Mountain inn would be nearer the mark. Solsteinhaus, far from being a crude shelter, was a large, three-storey building in typical Alpine style. Common to all hut, sleeping accommodation was in dormitories, or rooms with two to six beds. Food and drinks were served all day and can best be described as *hutte cuisine*: basic but tasty, and a good filling.

As food and drink are available all day, the huts are also refreshment stops. But prices are at least 50 per cent more than in the valley due mainly to

the cost of provisioning. Many of the huts cannot be reached by vehicle, relying on cableways, and occasionally helicopter, for supplies.

That evening at Solsteinhaus was spent in the convivial company of other hikers of all ages. The local postman was up doing a stint as village goatherd and, accompanying himself on the zither, sang the traditional songs of the Tyrol.

We woke the next morning to the tinkling of goatbells and an aroma of coffee so strong you had had your daily caffeine fix before touching a cup. After a hearty breakfast, it was downhill to Moslalm, an alpine meadow packed with sensual clichés. Here, we stopped at a small hut for lunch of Almudler, a sparkling drink of herbs and lemonade, and *kaiserschmarren*, a cross between a pancake and pizza served with wild cranberry sauce.

Most huts are owned by the Austrian Alpine Club or the German Alpine Club. However, some are privately owned and run by families who have brought their cows and goats up to the summer pastures. Moslalm is one such place.

The next hut on our itinerary was the magnificently sited Fleischhütte. Built on a bluff between two peaks, it looks down a steep-sided valley, making it

Flights direct to Innsbruck are scarce outside the sailing season. To Vienna, Laudia Air (0171-630 5924) flies from Manchester and Gatwick; British Airways (0345 222111) from Gatwick; and Austrian Airlines (0171-434 7300) from Heathrow.

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## From holiday heaven to hell

Ah, the joys of cruising down the poplar-lined avenues of France. That is, until the bonnet starts belching smoke.

**Vicky Trapmore** offers advice on breakdown cover abroad

**S**immering roads lined with gently swaying Lombardy poplars, hot sunny days, trips to the beach, a car full of sand, seaweed and screaming kids. It's time to plan the joys of the summer getaway.

For millions of British travellers, this enduring image is conjured up in the office on wet June days, as they plan their holiday abroad. Many will take their own car and enjoy the luxury of not having to rely on public transport to get around Europe.

Sadly, not every trip will go according to plan. A survey by insurer General Accident suggests one in 20 travellers are likely to suffer from a car breakdown while abroad. The most common problems are engine-related, and the average cost of emergency assistance is about £400. For those drivers who don't have some form of breakdown cover, this can be a heavy extra cost to bear.

Most British motor insurers offer breakdown cover for Europe. Typically, the cover includes bilingual roadside assistance, a tow to a garage if necessary, transport of spare parts and loan of a hire car if the vehicle cannot be fixed in time for you to continue your holiday. They will even bring your vehicle back home for you.

But the insurers warning to motorists intending to cross the Channel is extremely simple: avoid the breakdowns before you even set off. Peter Staddon of the British Insurance and Investment Brokers Association (BIBA) advises: "Three to four weeks before you go, have your car serviced by a recognised garage. Then if anything is wrong, you will have enough time to sort it out."

It is important to check with your insurance company whether your existing policy covers travel on the continent. Classic motorcycle insurance broker Carole Nash, for example, includes European cover as long as the company is notified of the trip in advance. It also provides a Green Card free of charge.

The cheapest cover available over a two-week period is with Europe Assistance. Two weeks for a car or motor home which is less than 16 years old, or a motorbike of less than 11 years, will cost £43. There is an additional £10 charge for caravans.

The next best deal comes from Green Flag. Cars cost £45 to insure, with a £10 additional charge for caravans. Motor homes may cost more, depending on their size. Motorcycles below 200cc are also covered for £45. Vehicle cover usually includes the following services:

- If a vehicle breaks down, catches fire or is stolen up to seven days before the trip, and is unavailable for the day of departure, a hire vehicle up to the same value will be provided.
- Roadside repairs will be made if possible.

- Tow to the nearest garage if necessary.
- Location and transport of spare parts.
- Accommodation provided while your own vehicle is being repaired.
- Loan of a similar hire vehicle if your own is not repaired within a specified time (for example, after 24 hours with a Direct Line Rescue Policy, or after eight hours with Green Flag's European Motoring Assistance).
- Repatriation of the vehicle if it cannot be repaired during the course of the holiday.

While other breakdown companies provide these services as standard – although the maximum amount of available cover varies in cash terms – the AA has a Personal Travel Insurance Policy, which is entirely separate from its Five Star Europe Breakdown Cover.

This additional service covers cancellations, car hire if a vehicle is unusable due to fire, theft, accident or breakdown seven days before departure, medical and legal expenses and loss of money, passport or baggage.

The entire cost of spare parts is not covered under any policy, and the AA is unique in offering a £100 contribution towards the cost of workshop labour.

Members of various motoring organisations are often eligible for a discount on European breakdown cover. RAC members receive a 10 per cent discount on all RAC European Motoring Assistance, while booking a ferry through Green Flag will entitle you to a 10 per cent discount on its European Motoring Assistance. It is worth considering your long-term travel requirements too. If you take your vehicle abroad more than once a year, an annual policy could work out cheaper in the long run. Direct Line Rescue, at an average yearly premium of £137, covers breakdowns for up to 90 days.

Despite the hype from motoring organisations, is breakdown cover really worthwhile? Susie Thompson, a buyer's assistant at the supermarket chain Woolworth, certainly thought so: while on a six-month trip round Europe in a Y-registered Volkswagen Golf she broke down not once, but twice. Fortunately, she was covered by Europe Assistance's breakdown policy.

The first time was in Italy. "The car started gassing out white smoke and couldn't get up the hills. It was a nightmare. We called the Europe Assistance helpline. They took us to a Volkswagen garage and then liaised directly with them. Europe Assistance would ring and speak to me, so I didn't even have to deal with the garage. Hotel accommodation was also arranged for us, until the car was fixed. I paid for everything, and then claimed the money back."



Without breakdown cover, holidays could turn into a disaster.

Photograph: S. Rausen/TCL

### DRIVING ABROAD

#### THINGS TO KNOW

- In most European countries you must be at least 18 years old to drive.
- It is a good idea to have a Green Card. This is an International Motor Insurance Certificate, which most insurance companies offer free of charge. It proves that your vehicle is insured to the necessary level required.
- Carry your driving documents with you at all times, as you must produce them immediately if asked.
- Check the laws of the countries you are visiting. In Italy you must have a fire extinguisher in the vehicle. French rules include carrying spare bulbs.
- Most insurance companies' brochures include a list of useful motoring terms in other languages. Take it with you!

### COST OF BREAKDOWN COVER: THE FACTS

Company	All prices refer to non-members for a two week period					
	Europe Assistance	Green Flag	Direct Line*	AA	RAC	Churchill
Name of cover:	Euro Driver Assistance	European Motoring Assistance	Direct Line Rescue	5 Star Europe	European Motoring Assistance	Churchill Abroad
Car	£43	£45	£38.48	£54.25	£50.50	£65.80
Caravan	£10	£10	free	£15	£10	not available
Motorbike	£43	£45	not available	£54.25	£50.50	not available
Motorhome	£43	£45	£38.48	£54.25	£50.50	not available

\*European Cover for a vehicle as separate from personal insurance is not available. European Cover only available to Direct Line insurance policy holders. Price quoted is for a car holder policy with a Mondeo 1.8.

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**Brian Tora** 4 | **Motoring** 8 | **toolkit, watery views** 9-12

## \$25,000 chance to touch Midas

FINANCIAL WIZARDS come and go, but George Soros surely has the Midas touch. In 1992 he bet against the pound and won, pocketing one billion dollars. Humiliated, sterling plummeted against the German mark and Mr Soros' reputation was complete.

Mr Soros himself is still principal investment adviser to his Quantum Group of Funds, which has performed spectacularly over the last 28 years, with an average annual return of \$3.23 per cent.

Until now, doors have been all but closed, with UK retail investors having little opportunity to buy into them.

You would need to have millions to invest directly in any of them.

But there is an indirect way in. The Fraternity Fund, an offshore fund run from the British Virgin Islands which invests in the Quantum Group, has a minimum investment of "just" \$25,000. Fraternity Fund management is now busy marketing the fund to independent financial advisers in the UK, who may in turn sell units in the funds to their retail clients.

"I feel that the smaller so-called sophisticated investor should be allowed to participate in the broad-based group of Soros funds," says John Anthony, of the Fraternity Fund.

The Fraternity Fund officially began in its present form in 1994, he says. "It is a hedge fund, not a simple fund. Most people believe it has more risk. I have my own opinions," says Mike Newman of Best Investment Brokers.

"For larger investors there's definitely a case for having, where appropriate, some hedge fund exposure," he says, adding those lucky enough to have portfolios of £50,000 or more could try to isolate situations where they can take advantage of arbitrage opportunities," says Mike Newman of Best Investment Brokers.

"Because they are unregulated with no investor protection, these funds rarely qualify for distributor status – so any gain will be treated as income," says Mr Newman.

This means you cannot set the gain off against your capital gains tax allowance.

The fees on any investment in the fund are relatively high. The initial charge is 5 per cent, and the annual charge is up to 2 per cent. If you withdraw your money in the first three years, you pay a charge of 3 per cent.

Quantum Dolphin. Returns have been remarkable. An initial investment of \$100,000 in the Fraternity Fund in 1990 would have grown to \$1,153,000 today, Fraternity says.

But the Fraternity Fund is only suitable for the truly well-heeled who can afford to lose a substantial amount of their investment. It is an unregulated collective investment scheme for the purposes of the Financial Services Act and offers no investor protection.

Also, hedge funds do not operate on the same principles as standard market funds. Instead of broadly mirroring the market as a whole, they aim to achieve a good return whatever the market does.

For example, funds appeared likely to report better than expected profits while higher interest rates were hitting property shares, the fund might buy banks and sell any property shares it had to make a quick gain. "Many hedge funds will try to isolate situations where they can take advantage of arbitrage opportunities," says Mike Newman of Best Investment Brokers.

"For larger investors there's definitely a case for having, where appropriate, some hedge fund exposure," he says, adding those lucky enough to have portfolios of £50,000 or more could try to isolate situations where they can take advantage of arbitrage opportunities," says Mike Newman of Best Investment Brokers.

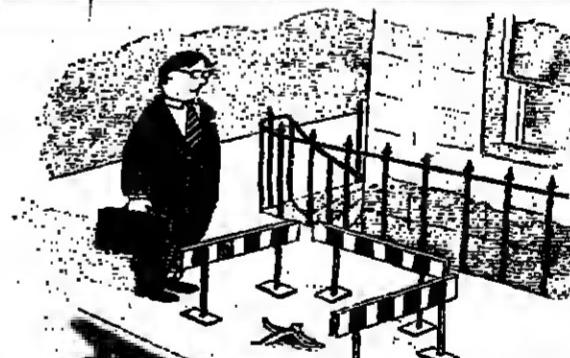
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RACHEL FEIXEN

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MICHAEL HARDERN is a persistent man. He must also believe his ideas will benefit the rest of us - why else would he waste millions of pounds of Nationwide members' money in his second attempt to climb on to the building society's board?

Mr Hardern, you may recall, is the former butler who put himself and a slate of supporters up for election to the Nationwide board last summer. His aim was to garner enough votes to show that the call for the Nationwide to demutualise - so its members could receive up to £1,500 in free shares - had massive backing. Nationwide members voted almost three to one against the "rotation candidates".

Undeterred, he is standing again this year. Moreover, his backers have also arranged for a motion to be voted on which explicitly calls on members to decide whether they want their society to be floated.

This time last year I argued that Nationwide members should vote against Mr Hardern's bid to join the board. It was not just that he and his friends were unlikely candidates to run a multi-billion-pound building society, but because I oppose demutualisation.

Let me be clear: I don't believe building societies are the ultimate in democratic financial institutions, nor that they always offer the best deals to savers and borrowers. What's more, the manipulation of members by Nationwide - witness the way its ballot papers are colour-coded to facilitate the "right" vote - is annoying.

Yet most societies do offer a better deal to members than banks. This week's announcement by the big societies that they are freezing their mortgage rates at least



**NICK CICUTTI**  
*The fight to keep the Nationwide mutual is on again. If it loses, we all do*

until 1 August, while the Halifax, Woolwich and other former mutuals raced to raise theirs, is evidence.

And look at the City's reaction to the announcement earlier this week that Halifax and Alliance & Leicester would be raising their mortgage rates by 0.25 per cent. Shares rose. Borrowers will pay an extra £144 on a typical £60,000 loan.

Ah, you say, but mutuals aren't good for savers, whose rates - even if marginally better than a bank's - would take 50 years or more to give any tangible benefits to members. And there are 4 million borrowers to 1 million savers at Nationwide.

The reality, however, is that a person's relationship with their society changes. When you are young and buying a home, you will be a borrower. Later, when the mortgage is paid off and the kids have grown up, that situation changes. The benefits continue to flow, even if in a more gradual way.

If Mr Hardern succeeds, the Nationwide's demutualisation will hit us all as competition in the financial sector is weakened. We wait for the result with bated breath.

PATRICK AND Claire have a problem: they have been students for longer than usual. They would like to "make amends" for the fact that they have not made enough contributions into their pensions and are wondering how to plan for retirement. The couple have a number of options. One of them is to buy additional years in their respective pension schemes, although this could prove expensive. A better solution might be to increase contributions into their schemes to the maximum they are entitled to, via employer-backed top-up schemes. Their savings could also do with a "tidy up".

Patrick and Claire spent much of their twenties studying for PhDs. As a result, although they are both now working - Patrick for the last five years, Claire for three and a half - the couple are several years behind in their retirement planning.

Both are members of their respective occupational pension schemes. Their final benefits will be determined by their length of service and their salaries at the time they retire, as opposed to money purchase or personal pension plans, where the final benefits are dependent on the value of the investment fund at retirement.

They have in excess of £51,000 in a variety of investment vehicles - £26,000 being on deposit, with the balance in unit trusts, PEPs and shares. Their present house in Bristol is valued at around £25,000 and they have a £33,000 repayment mortgage with the Abbey National, on a two-year fixed rate at 7.25 per cent, with one year left to run.

Patrick earns £18,500 and expects his income to rise significantly ahead of inflation over the next few years. Claire earns £17,500 and her pay will be linked to promotion, seniority and tenure, most probably meagre, local government pay awards.

They save in the region of £200-£300 per month.

The adviser: Martin McMahon, director of Maddison Monetary Management, independent financial advisers with offices in Surrey, Bath and Nottingham (0800 0762223).

The advice: There are a number of ways additional pension benefits can be improved for both Patrick and Claire.

First, they should examine buying added years in their

schemes. This can be done by making a lump-sum payment or an increased monthly contribution to the scheme. But it tends to be expensive: in Patrick's case, it would cost approximately £1,000 for him to buy five years.

Second, the couple could make Additional Voluntary Contributions into their schemes. All occupational schemes have this facility, whereby a member can contribute up to 15 per cent of their pensionable earnings,

minus the contribution paid into the main scheme, into an additional fund which will supplement the main scheme's benefits.

Third, they could contribute to free-standing additional voluntary contributions (FSAVCs), available from insurance companies. There is plenty of choice in the market place: notable for good fund performance and reasonable charges are Scottish Equitable, Equitable Life and Commercial Union.

However, the charges levied on in-house AVCs are generally lower than FSAVCs, though the choice of investment funds can be more limited. Another plus point for FSAVCs is the greater flexibility attaching to the choice of retirement date: if you are planning to retire early, the contract can be written to your intended retirement date. With AVCs the retirement date is the same as the main scheme.

In their specific case, Patrick and Claire should consider making single contributions for the current tax year into their

unit trust investments, including a GT Global US Growth Fund currently valued at around £10,000; Investco UK Growth Fund, current value £3,500 and an NPI Capital Investment Bond worth £1,000. They have placed their Woolwich shares into a PEP and also have a selection of other blue chip privatisation issues. Overall the equity portfolio looks well balanced.

Their deposit-based saving

should do with a little tidying as they both have £3,000 in their cheque book current accounts paying just 0.5 per cent interest. In ad-

dition they have £1,700 in various small deposit accounts. This sum could be used to fund their AVC contributions, as it is not making significant returns here.

They also have a Portman Building Society One Year Bond at 7.5 per cent gross, with £1,000 invested; a Bristol & West Six Month Bond at 7.45 per cent; together with a Birmingham Mid-Shires Tessa and National Savings 7th Index Linked Certificates. Having £26,000 in deposit probably means that their money is not working as hard as it might.

In fact, Patrick is happy to maintain £7,000/£8,000 in cash and to take a five to 10-year view of returns on equities. With this in mind, I suggest that over the next six months as the various fixed term bonds mature they move towards asset based investments to include using their PEP allowance for this tax year before it disappears.

If they are nervous about the short-term outlook for equities they might consider the M&G Corporate Bond PEP which carries no bid/offer spread but has exit charges in the first five years. Saving £200-£300 per month means checking regularly that they are obtaining the best available interest rate.

At present Patrick and Claire feel that they do not need to insure their lives or their incomes. With secure jobs that provide a package including death in service benefits worth two times salary, plus a pension for the survivor, combined with full salary for six months and 50 per cent for the following six months in the event of sickness or disability, they could well be right.

However, I would recommend that they take up "decreasing term assurance" to cover their repayment mortgage. With £23,000 of the mortgage currently outstanding the bulk of the death in service benefit would be used up. A reputable company such as Norwich Union would provide this type of cover for around £6.50 per month and for an additional £8.56 per month would extend the cover to pay out on the diagnosis of a critical illness such as cancer, heart attack, stroke.

Finally, they should make their wills, not least because it ensures that what they want to happen to their estate happens, but also, as they have individual savings and bank accounts it would ease probate and generally smooth the passage of events during a difficult time.

# Time for the real world



Christopher Jones

## FINANCIAL MAKEOVER

**NAME:** PATRICK PURCELL AND CLAIRE TONKINSON. **AGE:** EARLY THIRTIES. **OCCUPATIONS:** RESEARCH SCIENTIST AT BRISTOL UNIVERSITY AND PROBATION OFFICER IN Gwent.

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## SPOTLIGHT

### CAPITAL BANK FAST-TRACK MORTGAGE

**The product:** Capital Bank Mortgages Fast-Track Mortgage Direct.

**The deal:** Capital Bank is a subsidiary of Bank of Scotland. It is launching a telephone-based "flexible mortgage" aimed at people with "changing lifestyles". This means it allows borrowers to take payment holidays, make overpayments and underpayments and draw cash from the loan itself if they have made overpayments.

**Loans:** Up to 95 per cent of a home with a discount of 0.35 per cent throughout the entire life of the mortgage from the existing standard variable rate, currently 8.69 per cent.

**Plus points:** Flexibility has become one of the most over-used words in the mortgage lexicon, with increasing numbers of companies claiming theirs is the one to meet borrowers' needs.

**This one does have some**

**positive points.** It can be switched to a new home, there is no compulsory insurance or transaction fees, valuation fees are refunded and there are no early-redemption fees. Lump sums or regular overpayments can be made up to six months of payment "holidays" taken.

**Most significantly,** the mortgage operates on a "daily rest" system, whereby interest payments are calculated on the day they are made, reducing the outstanding loan immediately rather than once a year. This system can cut many thousands of pounds in interest payments from the typical cost of a loan over 25 years.

**Self-employed** borrowers seeking up to 80 per cent of a property's value are eligible for this loan, with an income multiple of 3.5 times one income or 2.75 times joint income on loans up to 85 per cent of a home's value.

**Verdict:** A good idea reasonably executed with a number of plus points, particularly for the self-employed. But not the very best.

**Marks out of five:** Three and a half.

## BARGAIN BASEMENT

**THOMAS COOK** is launching a combined emergency travel package called Premier Care. The package includes financial and other emergency assistance, from hotel bookings to home delivery of travellers' cheques and interpreter service. It is accessible worldwide through a freephone number, day or night, 365 days a year. A 17-day cover for Europe costs £48.85. Details from Thomas Cook shops.

**THE BANK OF SCOTLAND** is launching a 30-day Notice Account aimed at branch-using customers, offering guaranteed interest rates plus two penalty-free withdrawals a year. The rates paid rise from 4.82 per cent gross on deposits above £250 to 7 per cent gross on sums above £100,000. Interest is calculated daily. Call 0500 313131 for details.

**THE NORWICH and Peterborough Building Society** is to offer Internet Banking services to its customers. The new service, NetMaster, is linked to a savings account paying 7.5 per cent gross on deposits as low as £1. NetMaster facilities include account summaries,

statement details, bill payments and fund transfers. The service is free for the first six months. Thereafter personal account holders pay £2.99 a month or £7.99 a month for business accounts. Call 0800 883322 or on website: <http://www.npbs.co.uk>

**PREFERRED MORTGAGES**, a specialist mortgage lender, is offering free title insurance cover for borrowers. The cover aims to protect from risks, including having no documented right of way or similar problems. Call 0800 009977.

**CHARTWELL Investment Management** is offering a free booklet, Fees V Commissions, which explains the difference between the two forms of remuneration for independent financial advisers. Call 01225 321700 for a copy.

**WILLIAM RUSSELL**, an insurance broker, is offering income protection, life cover and accident protection plans to expatriates, whom it says can face difficulties in obtaining this kind of insurance. The plans are underwritten by Zurich Life. Call 0144 1483 772245.

هذه عن الأصل



SOME STAMP collectors would give their right arm – or perhaps an estimated £250,000-£300,000 – for this envelope bearing 10 Penny Blacks, to be auctioned by Stanley Gibbons on Wednesday. It has everything going for it. It is the largest known multiple block of penny blacks ever found on a cover. And covers are hardening in value now that sophisticated collectors are after "postal history" rather than stamps removed from the covers that were their historical context. Moreover it is a first-day cover – posted on the penny black's first day of issue, 6 May 1840.

But by far the biggest attraction is the penny black itself. It is not, as some people think, the rarest stamp. About 60 million were issued in the year before it was superceded by the penny red. But as the first postage stamp in the world, it will continue to command pride of place in any collection – and to lure investors.

As little as £25 will buy a used one in passable condition at auction. Now is the time to stockpile them, and the better the condition, the better the investment.

In the West, today's children may prefer computer games to stamps, but thousands of newly rich adults in Asia and the Far East, particularly China and Hong Kong, are beginning to collect. They are all going to want their penny blacks.

At present, the Far Eastern economies are pausing for breath. And penny black prices have risen by only 5 per cent a year compared with 10 per cent for stamps as a whole, a sign that the first surge of newly rich collectors in those countries have already acquired their token penny blacks. But see what happens when they discover how many different varieties of penny black they can buy.

Investment in stamps has acquired a bad name since the boom and bust of 1979. In November of that year a speculative price spiral, accelerated by over-the-top values in Stanley Gibbons' 1980 catalogue, culminated in crazy prices being bid at Sotheby's auction of the Vaduz collection of British and Empire rarities. The following day the market crashed as speculators vied to cash in their collections and dealers came to their senses.

Speculators need to feel fenced in before they resort to buying stamps. It requires the economic conditions of the late Seventies – a stagnant property market, rising inflation and a scary stock market – before those get-rich-quick advertisements for stamps start to appear in newspapers.

Today, though property is dull and inflation is looming, shares have looked a better bet than stamps. There is no rush to buy stamps, although prices have been recovering steadily since Vaduz.



**There are 10 and they can make fortunes. When a package of 10 Penny Blacks is auctioned all hell will be let loose in the stamp-collecting world.**

By John Windsor

## Beloved of rogues and researchers

Those who do invest are now more sophisticated, and a forthcoming publication by Stanley Gibbons will fascinate them and help to revive the market. It is a reprint of Charles Nissen's pricing guide to penny blocks of 1922, at present worth £400-£500 secondhand.

Here we plunge into the art of stamp collecting – the secret knowledge that turns collecting into an obsession.

During the short life of the

penny black the printing presses were out 11 metal printing plates for the sheets of 240 stamps (12 if you count the re-touching of plate one, which printed 10 million of them). Later plates printed fewer stamps, making penny blacks printed from them rarer and more valuable. But how do you tell from which plate your penny black came?

The clue is the stamps' letters in the two top corners. They are

in sequence along the rows: AA, AB, AC and so on – a device to deter forgery. Each letter was punched into the plate by hand, whether by one man or a team is not known. What is known is that whoever punched them had off days – a tiff with the wife, perhaps – so that some letters are ham-fisted, lop-sided or off-centre. These tell-tale variations will link each stamp to its plate – if only a key to them can be found.

That was Nissen's task. Using dated postmarks as a guide, he amassed enough penny blacks to reconstruct all 11 plates. His reconstructions were sold by Stanley Gibbons but his illustrated book survives. Armed with a reproduction of it, and a copy of Stanley Gibbons' Queen Victoria catalogue, which lists different values for penny blacks from different plates, collectors will be able to tell how much their penny blacks are really worth.

Example: a fine or very fine used penny black from plate 1a is valued at £220 by Stanley Gibbons while an almost identical one, from plate 11, the last penny black plate, is valued at £1,600. This is a potential treasure trove for those with spare time, spare cash and a magnifying glass – especially retired people who used to collect in their youth. And Far Eastern collectors, still mistrustful of Western ways, tend to trust catalogues.

A reconstructed sheet of penny blacks – a collector's dream – was sold for £15,645 last year by Hammers, the London stamp auctioneers. Plate 11, incidentally, printed only 168,000 of the penny black before the plate was discarded.

The new stamp was issued because rogues found that they were able to wipe off the Penny Blacks' red Maltese cross cancellation and resell them as unused. Black cancellations on

red stamps soon put a stop to them.

There are plenty of other varieties listed by Stanley Gibbons. Double letters – the sign of a punch-drunk engraver? – will raise the value of a £100 used penny black (plate unspecified) to £200, more if the plate is known. There are also premium values for inverted watermarks, guide lines in the corners and "profile clear" – specimens whose cancellation has not obliterated Queen Victoria's head.

A block of four penny blacks is highly collectable – catalogued by Stanley Gibbons at a minimum £3,250 used. And, of course, unused specimens carry a big premium: a £150 used one would be £3,000 if it were unused, a block of four £14,000. It still pays rogues to remove cancellations and expertly reapply gum. So it will pay you to ask for a certificate of authenticity from a reputable dealer, the Royal

Philatelic Society or the British Philatelic Association.

You can still pick up damaged penny blocks in street markets for under £10. These are the ones with margins missing, the product of those nights when the postmaster sat up late with a pair of scissors, cutting the unperforated sheets by gaslight.

Ignore the damaged and the grubby. Better to invest £100 at auction in a fresh-looking profile-clear, or more for a block of four – or one on a cover with a May 1840 postmark or a regional Maltese cross cancellation listed in the catalogue. You will have to do hours of homework before you can spot varieties and outwit the trade. Hours of fun, as they say.

Stanley Gibbons, 399 Strand, London WC2 (0171-836 8444). Hammers, 91 New Bond Street, London W1 (0171-629 0218).

HOW ANGELIC are you feeling? Back in March a new website, the Development Capital Exchange (DCX) was launched, calling itself a "stock exchange" for investment in unlisted businesses. The concept of a clearing house for investment opportunities for so-called business angels is not a new one, but using the Internet as a conduit is.

Now the site has been up and running for a few months I have taken another look at it. All the opportunities listed on DCX have been put there by professional advisers of the firms looking for funding. You do not have to be a millionaire to be a business angel. While some of the companies are looking for sums of more than £1m, most of the funding requirements are between £10,000-£200,000.

If you fancy taking a look at the investment opportunities on offer, it will cost you £15 for a trial three-month subscription or £50 for 12 months. The site lists about 200 businesses ranging from health products, property developments, car traders, gazebo makers to Internet-based businesses.

Do remember that it is up to you to check out the prospective investment or, as they say in legal speak, "the onus of due diligence rests squarely with the investor". Which is all very well but how do you begin to weed the wheat from the chaff?

Perhaps your starting point should be to check the names involved in the business. We have all become accustomed to investigative reporting in print and on TV exposing directors with multiple corporate failures behind them. How can you make sure that you will not be entrusting your money to a rogue? Head straight for the Department of Trade & Industry's new website, launched this month by Companies House.

Companies House is the DTI agency responsible for keeping track of corporate Britain and, as such, it maintains a register of those directors who have been disqualified by the courts. This rogues' gallery is now available on the Internet. It lists details of each person, including their name, address, date of birth, period of disqualification and the legislation under which the disqualification order was made.

Development Capital Exchange: [www.equity-invest.com](http://www.equity-invest.com)  
Companies House: [www.companieshouse.gov.uk](http://www.companieshouse.gov.uk)



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BRIAN  
TORA

It is hard to see the Government intervening to keep utility prices down. This would be artificial

I WENT sailing in the English Channel last weekend. The weather was hardly conducive to the type of gentle sea-born trip which I seek. Rolling waves thundered on to the shore, driven by the south-westerly wind. Venturing into the foredeck to retrieve a pair of waterproof trousers gave me such an up-and-down experience that I was put off my food for the rest of the day.

The stock market has had much the same effect this week.

A 200 point shift in prices is nothing these days. With still more gloom from the Far East, Wall Street had a seriously nervous day at the start of the week, only to have the position reversed when US Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin announced a support package for the Yen.

Our own market merely trailed in the wake, taking quite a buffeting as a consequence. I know how it felt. We have seen some retrenchment, with the markets proving even more unforgiving than usual when companies err.

Yet after a set-back, prices can rally at the slightest excuse, demonstrating just how much liquidity has been building up and proving that not only can 'pin-stripe sheep' appear an accurate epithet for institutional fund managers, but that the risks of being out of line with the rest of the crowd has not been worth a candle.

Recent pension fund management statistics have shown many of the big houses underperforming their smaller rivals. This appears due in no small part to the cautious approach taken by a number of firms -1,000 points or more lower on the FTSE-100 index.

If you are managing tens of billions of pounds of pension fund money it is quite difficult to turn on a sixpence. The beneficiaries have been the index fund managers, like Barclays, but I remain concerned that these products have yet to be tested in a real bear market.

Meanwhile, we are faced with

the dilemma of where to invest money. Moreover, problems in Asia and the emerging economies remain - and are perversely driving money into our own and other developed markets.

Last week, I wondered whether utilities would prove quite the defensive sector they have in the past. Since then it seems they have done nothing but bog the headlines. Electricity, in particular, has come in for considerable publicity, with further speculation on the Government's stance towards gas-fired power stations and the regulator calling for more competition in power generation.

As with so many investments, good arguments exist on both sides. Utilities offer high yields and less demanding share valuations than elsewhere. On the other hand, they are subject to regulatory interference and could have a conflict between customers and shareholders - or so the consumers' associations would have you believe.

In practice it is hard to see the Government intervening to force prices down. Such a move would be artificial, with the result that price rises might be needed later - perhaps just ahead of a general election. There are other issues - such as how to keep capital expenditure up for the water companies and to accelerate the restructuring of the electricity industry.

I am inclined to add utilities to the list of defensive sectors I believe private investors should consider it. United Utilities gives you a taste of both - with a high yield to boot. But there are others worth considering. Even Scottish Hydro, which must be worried about its £200m planned investment in the gas-fired power station at Peterhead, has its attractions. One thing you can say for privatisation - it has sharpened up management.

And good management is often the best reason for choosing a share.

Brian Tora is chairman of the Greig Middleton investment strategy committee

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<b>MORTGAGES</b>			
<b>FIXED RATES</b>			
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Preston SS	0800 133117	5.45% to 30.9.91	95% 12.5% Residual for 10 to 15 years
Abey National	0800 555100	5.95% to 30.6.93	95% 14.5% Residual for 10 to 15 years
<b>VARIABLE DISCOUNTED RATES</b>			
Scarborough BS	0890 133149	1.50% to 1 year	95% 5.25% No high lending fee
Preston SS	0800 133117	4.45% to 19.9.91	95% 5.25% No high lending fee
Nationwide BS	0800 332010	6.65% for 2 years	95% Peterhead Residual
<b>FIRST TIME BUYERS FIXED RATES</b>			
Torver Rock	0845 605 020	4.45% to 11.10.93	95% 10.5% Residual for 10 to 15 years
	0800 141110	5.75% to 31.8.91	95% 10.5% Residual for 10 to 15 years
	0800 111222	5.55% to 5.5.93	95% 10.5% Residual for 10 to 15 years
<b>FIRST TIME BUYERS VARIABLE DISCOUNTED RATES</b>			
First Direct	0845 605 020	4.75% to 20.5.93	95% Residual for 10 to 15 years
Nationwide BS	0800 133117	6.05% to 3.3.93	95% Residual for 10 to 15 years
Dortyshire BS	01322 341000	7.10% for 5 years	95% Residual for 10 to 15 years
<b>UNSECURED PERSONAL LOANS</b>			
	Telephone	APR %	Residual for 10 to 15 years
<b>UNSECURED</b>			
Norman Rock	0345 421421	9.5% H	11.5% 17.5% Residual
Yorkshire Bank	0800 332122	12.5%	18.5% 21.5% Residual
Direct Line	0181 600 3666	12.5% A	18.5% 21.5% Residual
<b>SECURED LOANS (SECOND CHARGE)</b>			
	Telephone	APR	Residual for 10 to 15 years
Cheshire Bank	0800 240014	6.75%	10.5% 14.5% Residual
Royal Bank of Scotland	0800 121121	10.75%	12.5% 14.5% Residual
First Direct	0345 1201003	11.25%	15% 17.5% Residual
<b>OVERDRAFTS</b>			
	Telephone	APR	Residual for 10 to 15 years
Albans & Leicester	0345 955132	10.5%	11.5% 12.5% Residual
Sack & Standard Direct	0345 214914	10.5%	11.5% 12.5% Residual
Nationwide BS	0800 332010	10.75%	11.5% 12.5% Residual
<b>CREDIT CARDS</b>			
	Telephone	APR	Residual for 10 to 15 years
Capital One Bank	0800 567703	Visa	15.5% 17.5% Residual
Co-operative Bank	0800 212142	Bankers Visa	15.5% 17.5% Residual
HSBC	0800 077703	Visa	15.5% 17.5% Residual
<b>STORE CARDS</b>			
	Telephone	Payment by date	Payment by date
		5.9% 6.9%	5.9% 6.9%
JLA Cards	VISA	1.95% 1.95%	1.95% 1.95%
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	Amex	1.95% 1.95%	1.95% 1.95%
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### BEST SAVINGS RATES

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Offer date	Rate %	Interest
<b>INSTANT ACCESS</b>					
Cheshire Bank	0800 446266	Savings	Instant	6.75%	Year
Wessex	0800 222222	Card Saver	Instant	6.5%	Year
South & West BS	0800 416555	Branch Deposit	Instant	6.0%	Year
Lewis & Hobbs BS	0800 225777	Premier Access	Instant	7.0%	Year
<b>INSTANT ACCESS POSTAL ACCOUNTS</b>					
Barclays BS	0800 302020	InvestDirect	Instant	7.30%	Year
C & G 1st 1.75%	0800 746257	Instant Isa	Instant	7.5%	Year
Post Office BS	0800 555844	Direct Access	Postal	7.65%	Year
Northern Rock	0845 600 1676	Save Isa Direct	Instant	7.8%	Year
<b>NOTICE ACCOUNTS &amp; BONDS</b>					
Lewis & Hobbs BS	0800 728703	Alpha 30	3		

MONEY & ETHICS

# Much more than a gesture of intent

**Concerned investors need advisers committed to the cause. The first problem is to find them. By Iain Morse**

GETTING GOOD independent financial advice seems hard enough. But ethically minded investors face further problems finding independent financial advisers with a real commitment to, and knowledge of, ethical investments.

It's not that there's any shortage of advisers (IFAs) who'll say they are prepared to advise on ethical investment matters. According to Lee Coates, of the Ethical Investors Group: "Everyone wants to get on the bandwagon, which is galling for those of us who have been doing it longest, out of a belief in what is right."

Part of the problem lies with the rapid growth of the ethical sector; its funds attracting new money at a far higher rate than non-ethical alternatives. The value of ethical funds under management has gone from £700m in 1994 to more than £2bn today, with almost 150,000 investors. This figure is expected to double by the year 2000.

In an industry where IFAs are usually rewarded by commission, this makes advising on ethical products a lucrative proposition.

Nowadays, most advisers recommending retail financial products - typically PEPs and unit trusts, rather than company shares - are regulated by the Personal Investment Author-

ity. But while PIA rules oblige advisers to "know their client's circumstances" when giving advice, this is not taken to include asking questions about their ethical concerns.

The consequence is that while a very large majority of IFAs say they are prepared to give "ethical advice", there is no obligation for them to introduce the subject, or to deal with it in a standardised procedure. "Most will offer ethical funds only if asked, and then know little about how these actually work," warns Mr Coates.

Research carried out by Friends Provident confirms that consumers want an ethical dimension to their investment choice: 73 per cent would like to see their pension funds run on ethical lines if possible; 51 per cent are worried that they do not know where their money is invested - but that only 16 per cent had heard of the ethical investment option.

Closing this gap between the aspiration to make ethical investment and knowledge of what is available in the market place would be made far easier if IFAs were obliged to ask about ethical issues as part of their standard fact find," argues Jim Murdoch of Friends Provident.

The UK Social Investment Forum (UKSIF), with corporate members including Friends Provident, NPI

and the Co-operative Bank, is campaigning not just for a change of rules to ensure that ethical questions are included in all IFA "fact finds", but also for a means of defining good practice among those offering ethical advice.

UKSIF's executive director, Penny Shepherd, says: "We don't want to be prescriptive, or frighten advisers off, but think it's time to consider some kind of self-certification, which would demonstrate to those seeking ethical advice that they are dealing with an IFA qualified to give it."

Meanwhile, the Ethical Investment Research Service (Eiris) compiles an annual directory of IFAs who offer advice on ethical investment. This lists just 67 firms out of some 3,500 UK firms with 22,000 individuals registered to give advice. Firms

are included if they put more than £100,000 into ethical funds, or if these amount to more than 40 per cent of their annual business, or if they bought the Eiris guide *Money & Ethics* in 1997.

But Keith Jenkins, a director of Ethical Financial, doubts that these are sufficient grounds to assume a listed firm gives best ethical advice.

He says: "The best ethical IFAs have common features. First, a good ethical IFA will check up on fund managers running ethical funds, by asking for a list of shares held in the fund. This can often show up a gap between practice and principle."

Lee Coates agrees: "NPI has bought shares in NatWest Bank, who have helped fund Third World debt, and Manchester United Football Club - aren't they the club

which keeps issuing new strips and ripping off supporters? I will be writing to NPI and asking them to drop this share."

Second, says Mr Jenkins: "Ethical investors come in all shapes and sizes, so getting a clear idea about which investment areas they wish to avoid and which they wish to support is vital, particularly as this may leave only a very limited range of investments acceptable to the client."

Most genuinely "ethical" IFAs will ask you to complete a questionnaire which should list negative investment criteria - areas you want to avoid - and positive criteria - areas you want to support. Typical negative criteria include alcohol, tobacco and arms manufacture, while positive criteria include environmental policy, and employment practices.

Next, says Geoffrey Griffiths, of Barchester Green Investment, a good ethical IFA should be able to clearly explain the risks inherent in this sector. Most of these funds hold high ratios of smaller company shares, and need time to give performance".

He says: "Older investors, particularly those seeking to supplement pension income by investing a lump sum, should be made aware by advisers that sometimes there are good reasons for compromising on matters of principle. For instance, there are no 'ethical' with-profits funds, and ethical high-income funds tend to underperform against non-ethical alternatives."

Finally, Lee Coates argues: "Ethical IFAs should be investing at least 40 to 50 per cent of their busi-

ness into ethical funds, and should also be able to tell you which non-ethical funds they refuse to recommend. Some of these are clearly worse than others; an adviser worth his salt should research this."

**Details of the IFAs mentioned in this article are given in the Eiris list of IFAs who offer advice on ethical investment. Ring 0171-735 1351 for a free copy. UK Social Investment Forum, 0171-377 5907.**

**The Independent** has produced a free 28-page 'Guide to Ethical Finances' by Nic Curnutt, the paper's personal finance editor. The guide, sponsored by Friends Provident, has information on all aspects of money and ethics. Call 0800 214487 for a copy or fill in the coupon on page 4.



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## Japan's crisis will be good news for some



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SO THE news out of Japan is official at last. The miracle economy that only 10 years ago was the scourge of Western car makers and the darling of our investment community has officially gone into recession. At the same time the Japanese government has come out of denial about the real scale of the economic crisis facing the country.

This is role reversal with a vengeance and some, no doubt, will take malign pleasure from it. It would be foolish, however, to ignore the fact that the crisis affects all of us in one way or another.

The worry now in Japan is not just that the economy will continue to contract for a few more months - which seems inevitable - but that the deepening crisis will eventually plunge Japan into an enduring economic slump.

The threat that Japan is facing is one of debt deflation, in which the heavy hand of the debt that financed the reckless expansion of the 1980s slowly squeezes the life out of the economy in the 1990s. This so-called credit crunch is in essence the same syndrome that produced the 1990s slump in Europe and the United States.

The economic situation in Japan has been deteriorating since the early 1990s, when the flood of money into inflated assets such as shares and property reached its peak. There was a partial recovery in the mid-1990s, but that has since been brought to a juddering halt with the financial crisis in the rest of Asia. According to the economic analysts at HSBC Markets, the only word to describe the recent statistical evidence on the performance of the Japanese economy is "dire". It is hard to disagree.

Industrial production, retail sales and investment have all fallen this year. Unemployment has hit a post-war record and the yen - a

crucial barometer of the health of the economy - has been falling like a stone. Meanwhile many of the country's leading banks are sitting on huge amounts of bad loans, a throwback to the day when they lent heavily to finance speculative share and property deals, as well as what by Western standards are huge amounts of industrial investment.

Japan regularly spends 50 per cent more on capital investment as a proportion of GDP than most other developed economies, which is fine when that money has a profitable home to go to, but disastrous if it merely ends up as idle capacity. Company profits (shown in the chart) are meanwhile set to fall this year by between 5 per cent and 30 per cent, depending on whose estimate you believe.

This week the weakness of the yen finally prompted the US government to intervene in the foreign exchange markets in an effort to reverse the relentless slide in the Japanese currency. The one continuing bright spot in the Japanese economy is the continued strength of its trade balance, so the fall of the yen can only make its exports even more attractive in the short term.

This is one reason why

the Americans (who are still running a large trade deficit) and the other Asian exporting countries are so worried by the yen's decline and would like to see it stop.

All in all, therefore, with the government still seemingly unable to push the economy back into a growth path, the economic situation in Japan could hardly be less promising. The odds therefore are on a long, grim summer, with plenty more bleak headlines and gloomy economic data. The government faces the classic problem identified by Keynes: that with consumers scared to spend, and interest rates already down to 0.5 per cent, any fresh efforts to stimulate the economy will be like "pushing on a string" - forceful but ineffective.

It is still too early to say whether the operation launched by the US and Japanese authorities to prop up the yen will stop the rot. There appears to be an element of public relations about the US involvement, just a week ahead of President Clinton's visit to Japan. Past experience suggests that currency intervention only really works for long if the economic fundamentals are already starting to pull in the same direction as the currency is being pushed.

So does this alter my view that it is time to start thinking about the Japanese stock market as a potential home for a portion of your long-term equity savings? Not a bit of it. As I have observed before, the time to find the best bargains in the markets is often when the news flow is at its worst.

The value-minded investor always bears in mind the timeless adage that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. The key point to remember is that the issue for a long-term investor is not so much when - but whether - recovery will eventually take place. In Japan's case, that is not a serious issue.

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Source: June 1998 Moneybox

All examples based on a £2,000 personal loan excluding loan protection, repaid over 12 months. Abbey National: 29.3% per month, 30% repayable. Alliance & Leicester: 29.25% per month, 30% repayable. Barclays Bank: 29.07% per month, 30% repayable. CIBC First Canadian: 29.14% per month, 30% repayable. Lloyds: 29.4% per month, 30% repayable.

Credit Card cash withdrawals

Lender APR (variable)

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NatWest Visa 23.8%

Barclaycard Visa 24.8%

Lloyds MasterCard 25.7%

Source: June 1998 Moneybox

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# Take the long view and invest

**Despite concerns over Asian and Eastern European economies, it still makes sense to go in for global investments**

INTERNATIONAL EQUITY markets have shown over the past year why unit trusts carry a warning that prices can go down as well as up.

Turbulence in world stock markets began last summer in the Far East and reverberated around the globe. It affected all emerging markets, including those in Latin America and Europe, as well as threatening larger, more mature economies. And it is not over yet.

Events in Japan, where the government has still to pull its economy into shape has led to a renewed bout of nervousness. A falling Japanese yen, fears of a devaluation of the Chinese currency, the yuan, and a possible trade war are surfacing.

Many investors may feel nervous about making investment overseas. A number of professional fund managers have thought for some time that the leading stock markets are overvalued, especially the USA, where share prices are still close to their all-time highs.

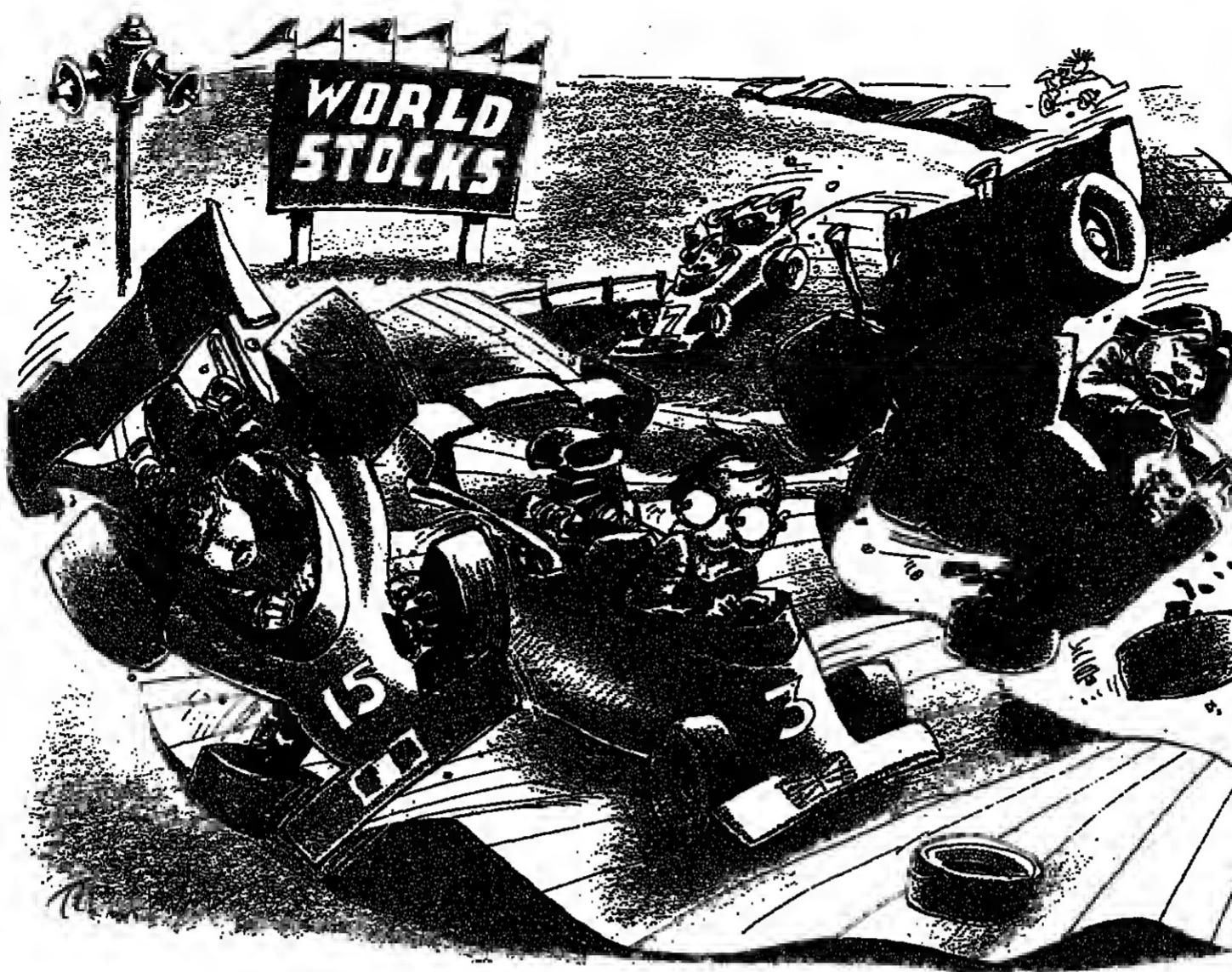
Yet the reasons for investing in an international portfolio remain as convincing as ever. The UK is the world's third largest stock market. But over recent years its performance has lagged behind that of the USA and other markets.

Even this year, which has seen the FTSE 100 index rise some 20 per cent, has only been a catching up process with the rise in share prices in America. Plus, the rise in the index has been dominated by a few financial, pharmaceutical and oil stocks.

While putting money into UK companies is normally the first equity investment for most savers, as time goes by they are usually advised to go international. This is because economies around the world are normally at different stages of the economic cycle, so prospects can be better elsewhere.

Mainland European markets, getting ready for the introduction of the euro, have been among the best performers this year.

But investing overseas can be



costly and time-consuming. Many markets are difficult to invest in. It is expensive to buy foreign shares and there is the added problem of taking currency risks. Even more important, it can be very difficult to get up to date information on foreign companies. Luckily, there are plenty of unit and investment trusts that specialise in international investments. They offer ready-made portfolios that can be bought into cheaply and which take all the hassle out of global investing.

One of the best means of investing internationally is by regular saving. By putting in a set amount each month, you will iron out the peaks and troughs seen in markets. It means that when prices fall, you will get more for your money. All the main fund management groups now

offer special regular saving plans, some starting from as low as £25 a month. As long as you invest for the long term, five or more years, you should do well. Over such a period, equity investment usually outstrips any other form of savings.

Going international can suit the cautious investor as well as those prepared to take high risks. General international funds, available from all the major groups, are the least risky. Most have up to half their investments in the USA, with the rest spread around the world. "In many respects, investing in a good, broad-based international fund can be less risky than investing in a UK unit trust," says Jeremy Smith, an independent financial adviser. "A pure UK investment could be seen as putting all your eggs in one basket."

By going international, you can iron out the rises and falls in individual national stock markets.

Next in order of risk are the geographical funds, such as Europe and the USA, followed by the emerging market funds, which have suffered over the past year. The high risk are single country funds or those investing in just one sector of the market such as technology.

A decade ago, Japan was seen as the market to be in. Yet, during the 1990s, funds specialising in Japan have been lagging in performance. Now, after last summer's stock market downturns in the Far East, they have been joined by other country-specific funds in the region such as those specialising in China, South Korea and Thailand.

Recently, a new trend has begun to emerge in global investments. Some fund managers have begun to look at international trends, such as increasing demand for healthcare and leisure activities, the increasing need for modern telecommunications, and so on.

Asia's problems highlight the risks in investing in emerging markets. These offer the potential for exciting returns but the investors also risk wipe-out.

Nevertheless, if you're prepared to invest for the long term, putting a small amount of your portfolio through a unit or investment trust into developing markets makes sense. Excluding Latin America, there are three areas to consider.

The stock market shocks of the past year in emerging markets will have made investors more cautious about putting their money overseas. But over the long term, there is still money to be made by investing globally.

TONY LYONS

## LATIN'S NOT DEAD

DESPITE THE recent slump in Latin American markets, the region still offers good prospects to investors prepared to take a long-term view.

Like many stock markets, Latin America felt the knock-on effect of last year's economic crisis in Asia. Investor confidence in most emerging markets slumped as a result.

"This was despite the Latin American economies being as robust as ever," points out David Park, the head of emerging markets at Scottish Widows.

"Investors have generally pulled out of emerging markets. In particular, there's been an absence of US mutual fund flows into Latin American markets. This is more down to concern over the potential risks of any overspill from the Asian crisis rather than to a serious deterioration in prospects for Latin America."

In the first five months of this year, Latin American markets

have fallen by anywhere up to 25 per cent. Investment funds investing generally in the region have been less hard hit because the largest markets, Brazil and Mexico, have been less severely hit. These are down 10 per cent and 20 per cent respectively.

"Despite the recent falls, investment prospects in the region still look good," says Suzanne Carrington, who manages the Save & Prosper Latin American unit trust fund. "In the last few months it's been external factors which have been determining Latin American stock market behaviour.

"Now the markets are cheap and the outlook for them is good, although investors may not see a sustained improvement in the markets until later this year." Ms Carrington points out that many of these economies are growing at a healthy 5 per cent a year and companies are becoming more efficient, increasing profitability.

ABIGAIL MONTROSE

## HAVE FAITH IN ASIA

INDONESIA'S ECONOMIC and political collapse has been front page news in recent months. But it's just the latest in a long line of Far Eastern countries - from Thailand to the Philippines - to struggle with financial melt-down. Now the problem country seems to be Japan.

Asia's problems highlight the risks in investing in emerging markets. These offer the potential for exciting returns but the investors also risk wipe-out.

Nevertheless, if you're prepared to invest for the long term, putting a small amount of your portfolio through a unit or investment trust into developing markets makes sense. Excluding Latin America, there are three areas to consider.

The first is the Far East. The pessimists say the area is full of economic basket cases. Others look on the collapse as presenting opportunities to get into markets cheaply.

Many fund managers seem to be taking the latter view. A recent survey by analyst Burson-Marsteller found that a majority of fund managers are increasingly positive about the prospects for the region. "The general consensus is that the worst is over in South East Asia, with the exception of Indonesia."

Burson-Marsteller - but that was just before fears grew about a collapse of the Japanese yen and the country announced that it was officially in recession.

The challenge for economies in Asia is to continue the economic recovery. Investors who have money in the region should stay put, but new investors would be brave to invest significant sums. Hong Kong and China seem best placed.

DAVID PROSSER

The writer is features editor of "Investors Chronicle".

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SOMETIMES IT'S EASIER TO TALK TO SOMEONE YOU DON'T LIKE.



When you have a problem, it's the most natural thing in the world to want to talk it through with someone.

Sometimes, though, this creates another problem: who's the best person to confide in?

An obvious choice would be a close friend. But let's face it, we don't always choose our friends for their amazing powers of tact, diplomacy and discretion. Tell one person, and you may end up telling the world.

You may be lucky enough to be able to talk to someone in your family. Then again, you may be one of the large number of people who find talking to your nearest and dearest agonisingly embarrassing.

A girlfriend or boyfriend? If you can, great. But sometimes we don't want to expose our weaknesses to those who fancy us. And sometimes your relationship is

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## When they grow up, so will their cars

AS A generation of children is brought up on computer games demanding split-second reflexes from super-sharp controls, will tomorrow's cars finally offer steering (and other controls) that serve up precision rather than the sloppiness of a wooden spoon in a bowl of porridge?

My eight-year old son, for instance, is expert at coolly guiding "virtual reality" racing cars around circuits, avoiding crash barriers, trees, earth banks and buildings. On the other hand I, a veteran of 24 years' driving, seem incapable of negotiating a single lap without spinning, crashing, rolling or being rebuked for going the wrong way.

I am something of a Luddite, I admit. Just as relevant is my continuing inability to master computer games. I was also brought up on - and continue to drive - cars with about as much steering sensitivity as an ocean-going freighter. Huge inputs go into car steering wheels - arms swaying, wrists flinching, shoulders heaving - all to make small changes to the direction of the car's front wheels. The move towards power steering has removed the ultimate heft, but it's done little for steering precision and feedback.

We put up with it only because most of us know no better. All modern saloon cars have appallingly sloppy steering. Drive a Lotus Elise - which does without power assistance, a huge wheel, and the hopelessly multi-twirl steering with which 99 per cent of all cars are encumbered - and you'll experience road feel you've never felt before. Helicopters, which I have experienced a couple of times, are much more sensitive again, partly because they use joysticks. (Mercedes has suggested that, long term, joysticks linked to "drive-by-wire" aeroplane-like controls may be a better solution, on cars, than conventional steering wheels.) Computer game cars, of course, are also precise. Compare the nimbleness of a normal saloon car with that of a computer game car and it's like comparing a 747 to a fly. It must be one reason why nimble-minded kids invariably beat their daddies in racing games.

The new Sony PlayStation game, Gran Turismo, gave me more hope. I'd been hopelessly and regularly thrashed by eight-year old Henry on his Sega Rally, once the video game benchmark, but Gran Turismo looked better suited to us real drivers. After all, Sony claims the cars handle like real cars - there are even key differences from model to model, just as in real racing.

■ Sony Gran Turismo costs £49.99.



GAVIN GREEN

*Compare a saloon car with the nimbleness of a computer game car; it's like comparing a 747 to a fly*

Maybe, but Henry still thrashes me as comprehensively as he does on Sega Rally. Yet that doesn't reduce the enjoyment (somewhat being beaten by your son is not quite so bad as being beaten by other people). I am now a computer game junkie, practising my tail slides, opposite lock corrections and racing lines, all in the discomfort of my own box bedroom. Besides, if you're not happy with your car on Gran Turismo, you can swap it for one of 130 other models.

The cars handle and sound differently, from model to model.

You can even tune them to give them different handling, better brakes and so on, specifying from a huge menu of spares. Just as impressive are the graphics.

The cars are all in 3D with totally convincing paintwork. At the end of each race, you get the full action replay, but from the spectator's angle rather than from the driver's. So you can see just how hopeless you are. All that's missing in the action replays, is Murray Walker's babbles.

As must be palpably clear by now, I am no computer game expert, but Henry says the Gran Turismo is much better than Sega Rally and cousin Owen (who's 15 and a computer guru) rates it above the Top Gear Rally game on his new Nintendo 64. "The cars feel so realistic," trumpet Henry and Owen in unison. never mind that neither can drive. In short if you're unable to take part in real-life motor racing, Sony's Gran Turismo game is as close as you're likely to get.

Besides, as well as educating our kids in driving techniques, it may also educate the car makers in serving up better cars.

■ Sony Gran Turismo costs £49.99.

A CAR has three main functions. Function A is to transport people and possessions from one place to another. Function B is to instil pleasurable feelings into its driver, feelings that come from the way the car responds to commands and interacts with his or her skills. Function C is to make a statement about its owner's take on life.

The priorities you place on these functions can influence what car you buy. But sometimes a car chosen for Function A, say, may have surprising claims on Function B. And Function C can lead to all sorts of trouble.

So it is with Citroën's new Xsara Estate. In Function A terms its purpose is clear. Forget the lifestyle estate idea, Audi A4 Avants, BMW Tourings, Volvo V-whatevers; this is a smaller, cheaper car in which load-lugging is central to its being. But it's a Xsara, and Xsaras, despite a visual personality bordering on the anodyne, are entertaining to drive, with perky engines and responsive handling. So that's Function B, coming up hard now into contention.

And C? As I said, it's a Xsara, from today's super-sensitive Citroën company, all sales-focused and customer-responsive. Buy a Xsara Estate, and clearly you are Mr/Ms Sensible. So why was it, then, that at the UK press presentation of this useful but heart-rending car, the Citroën people suddenly linked the new Xsara Estate to the great tradition of the DS Safari and *sacré bleu* - the Traction Avant commercials? This latter, by the way, was an opening-rear relative of the car made famous by Inspector Maigret.

The past has been taboo for a while at Citroën, but a thaw is starting. Or maybe there's a more pragmatic explanation. The Xsara range has not captured the buying public's



John Simister tests the efficiency, handling, style and ride of Citroën's new Xsara Estate

imagination (and its money) as its makers hoped it would, mainly because of a shortage of Function C - credibility. Link the Xsara Estate with cars perceived as interesting and glamorous, goes the thinking, and maybe the new car will soak up some Function C kudos where else has so far failed (Claudia Schiffer's disabilite in the Xsara Coupe ad notwithstanding).

It helps that the Estate is aesthetically the happiest Xsara; it's more resolved around the rear end, thanks to a gracefully rising waist-

line that reaches a proper conclusion instead of being chopped prematurely. And, yes, it's a good car. It swallows more stuff than immediate rivals, slim roof pillars make it much lighter and airier than other Xsaras, and the estate-car side of things is intelligently conceived.

There's other cleverness, too. Eschewing the trend towards body-colour-painted bumpers that are expensive to refurbish post-bump, Citroën fits the Xsara Estate with black plastic bash-surfaces in sections. Scrape a corner, and the cor-

ner is all you replace. And the top Exclusive version has an automatic windscreen wiper setting that works out when to switch the wipers on or off. Believe it or not, it works.

You get a choice of 1.4, 1.6 and 1.8-litre petrol engines, the middle of which strikes a particularly good compromise between price, pace and smoothness, and two 1.9-litre diesels, with or without turbo. The interior is solidly constructed, the seats are comfortable, life is sweet. Apart from one surprising flaw.

Larger Citroëns are noted for the

### SPECIFICATIONS

Price: £13,610 (1.6 LX)  
Engine: 1,587 cc, four cylinders, 90bhp at 5,600rpm.  
Transmission: Five-speed gearbox, front-wheel drive.  
Performance: 112mph, 0-60 in 11.6sec, 31-36mpg.

### RIVALS

Daewoo Nubira 1.6 SE Estate: £12,995. Well-made, comfortable but characterless load-lugger from Korea. Worth a look.

Ford Escort 1.6 LX Estate: £13,720. Capable but dated, archetypal TV rental company transport. To be replaced in the autumn.

Peugeot 306 1.6 LX Estate: £14,195. The march of the 1.6 LXs continues. Less space, more panache than Xsara.

Vauxhall Astra 1.6 LS Estate: £13,545. New Astra is delightful to drive, but cabin is deeply dull.

smoothness of their ride, because their hydropneumatic suspension compensates for the weight. But the Xsara, like the ZX Estate before it, has simple steel springs, rather stiff, to cope with heavy weights, and therefore unyielding. With just two people on board, the Xsara Estate proved the most agitated Citroën, apart from sporty derivatives, that I have ever experienced. By my judgement, it matters. But by the stark logic of Function A, unless your life revolves around eggs or fine-cut crystal, it almost certainly does not.

While the big fish of the country's car industry have fallen into foreign hands, the minnows are growing from strength to strength, writes James Ruppert

## Roll over Rolls-Royce

AS ANOTHER British car manufacturer falls into foreign hands, following the takeover of Rolls-Royce by Volkswagen, the largest British-owned manufacturer of motor vehicles is now a company you have probably never heard of.

"I believe we have that distinction," says Terry Fryer, of LTI. "But I can assure you that we won't let it go to our heads."

We may not know LTI, but all of us will have seen or ridden in, one of its vehicles. London Taxis International built more than 3,000 taxis this year, making it easily the biggest automotive fish in the tiniest of pools. The list of British car makers swallowed up by the foreign competition is long and depressing.

AC, the oldest surviving British company, established in 1904, was bought last year by South African entrepreneur Alan Lubinsky. Ford bought Aston Martin in 1987 and has also owned Jaguar since 1989. Lotus was picked up by Proton Cars of Malaysia in 1996. Land Rover and

Rover were bought by BMW in 1994, and General Motors bought Vauxhall way back in 1925.

Whatever happened to the British motor industry? It is still here, but different - and much smaller.

Ironically, as a motor manufacturer Britain has never been healthier. Although car production peaked at 1.92 million in 1972, that was also the time when poor management, underdeveloped products and quality vehicle imports all conspired to put the industry to freefall.

Recovery started only when foreign ownership was encouraged by Margaret Thatcher's market reforms. Nissan's factories in Sunderland and Toyota's Derbyshire plant have become among the most productive in Europe. In 1957 we built 861,000 cars; 30 years later that figure had increased to 1.7 million.

In global terms, Britain still has a huge influence, with well-placed British engineers and designers throughout the industry. Pre-eminent among them is the Scots-born Alex Trotman, who runs Ford. And then there is motor racing. Formula One and the American IndyCar equivalent are dominated by British companies and cars.

Meanwhile, some brave souls continue to make uncompromisingly British cars. Strongest of the survivors and in production terms the biggest car maker in the UK is TVR, which certainly doesn't build taxis. "A British car should be a front-engined, rear-wheel-drive sports car, painted green," says Ben Samuelson of TVR.

"Our export markets are in Surrey and Hampshire," he jokes. "The turning point was 1985, when we de-

cided against expert advice to concentrate on what British buyers wanted." The firm aims to build up to 2,000 TVRs this year from their unfashionable Blackpool location.

Another company that famously ignored the expert advice is Morgan. Established in 1909, it makes three-shape-shaped, nine-horse-powered, characterful timber chassis, aluminium-bodied sports cars. On the BBC TV programme *Troubleshooter*, former ICI chairman Sir John Harvey-Jones urged the company to slash waiting lists and boost production.

As the early Nineties recession loomed, such a strategy would have been precisely the wrong thing to do. The hand-built Morgan is still in family hands and Peter Morgan, son of the founder, insists "This is the only British car company to have made a profit every year since 1946".

In British motor manufacturing these days, it pays to be small.

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## MY WORST CAR

CHARLOTTE BICKNALL'S RENAULT 5

I HAVE only ever owned one car and that was seven years ago. Even so, it turned out to be the worst possible car that I could have bought, despite costing only £200. It was a rusty old Renault 5 which didn't know the meaning of reliability, a pretty fundamental flaw in a car which was meant to get me to drama school and auditions every day.

It all started so well. I fell in love with the Frenchness of it all. For a start, the radio could only pick up a French radio station. I didn't mind one bit because I would drive around London loving every minute of it half-convinced I was appearing in an arty French film with subtitles.

However, it was not too long before the love affair became a nightmare and the Renault was rapidly christened the baked bean tin.

Every morning, without fail and especially when it was cold, the Renault would refuse to start. In fact, I got into quite a pleasant routine whereby I would ring the AA first thing in the morning, have some breakfast and, by the time I'd finished, their mechanic would be tinkering under the bonnet. I soon got to know all the local patrols by their first names and they would say: "Oh oo! Not you!"

again Charlotte." That cozy arrangement had to end, of course, and the AA wrote and cancelled my membership because I had used them more than 60 times in less than a year.

The Renault kept on misbehaving though, especially on the move. Often it would just break down without warning, but I knew how to cure it. I kept a sledgehammer under the seat, so I'd jump out, grab the hammer, open the bonnet, whack the starter motor, then jump



back in again and it would start. Goodness knows what the other drivers thought when they saw me running around - it must have been quite a bizarre and frightening sight.

Then I went away one Christmas and left the Renault parked outside my flat in Camberwell. When I came back after a few weeks, someone had taken exception to the little car. The doors had



been ripped off, the windscreen smashed and a bin liner full of rubbish dumped inside. I had to pay someone to tow it away. Now I go everywhere by tatty push bike. Deep down though, I'd quite like a Volkswagen Beetle.

Charlotte Bicknall has just landed a lead role in Ben Elton's "Popcorn" and also played Delilah in "This Life", which is showing every Tuesday at 9.40pm on UK Gold. She was talking to James Ruppert.

### Registration Numbers

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When it comes to moving long distances, relocation agents can cut your costs. By Mary Wilson

PAYING A search or a relocation agent to find you a new home might seem an expense you can do without, but in many cases it actually pays to pay someone else to do the legwork.

A relocation company's expertise goes far beyond just finding a home. It can negotiate a favourable price, being more detached than a purchaser who is likely to be ruled by his heart rather than his head. It can oversee the purchase of the property and, if you have a family of school age, it will source and report on local schools.

A relocation agent can work out where it is best to live logically if you have to commute, check out where the best golf course or tennis club is, help with removals and find out anything else you might need to know about a new area.

If you live the other end of the country, or are coming back to England from abroad, finding out this sort of information is time-consuming and expensive. The relocation agent can be there to hold your hand while you become acclimatised to the new area, too.

"Relocation agents are considered by many to be a luxury, but retaining an agent to work on the purchaser's behalf is likely to save money, even after the payment of fees," says Paul Greenwood, of Stacks Relocation. "We aim to save our clients' money on two levels. First by cutting down their expenses during the search and, second, by being in a strong position to negotiate the best possible price to secure the property once it has been found."

If long distances are involved when looking for a property in an area well away from your current home, the costs can add up. Many properties put forward by estate agents are not what is required and can involve endless wasted journeys.

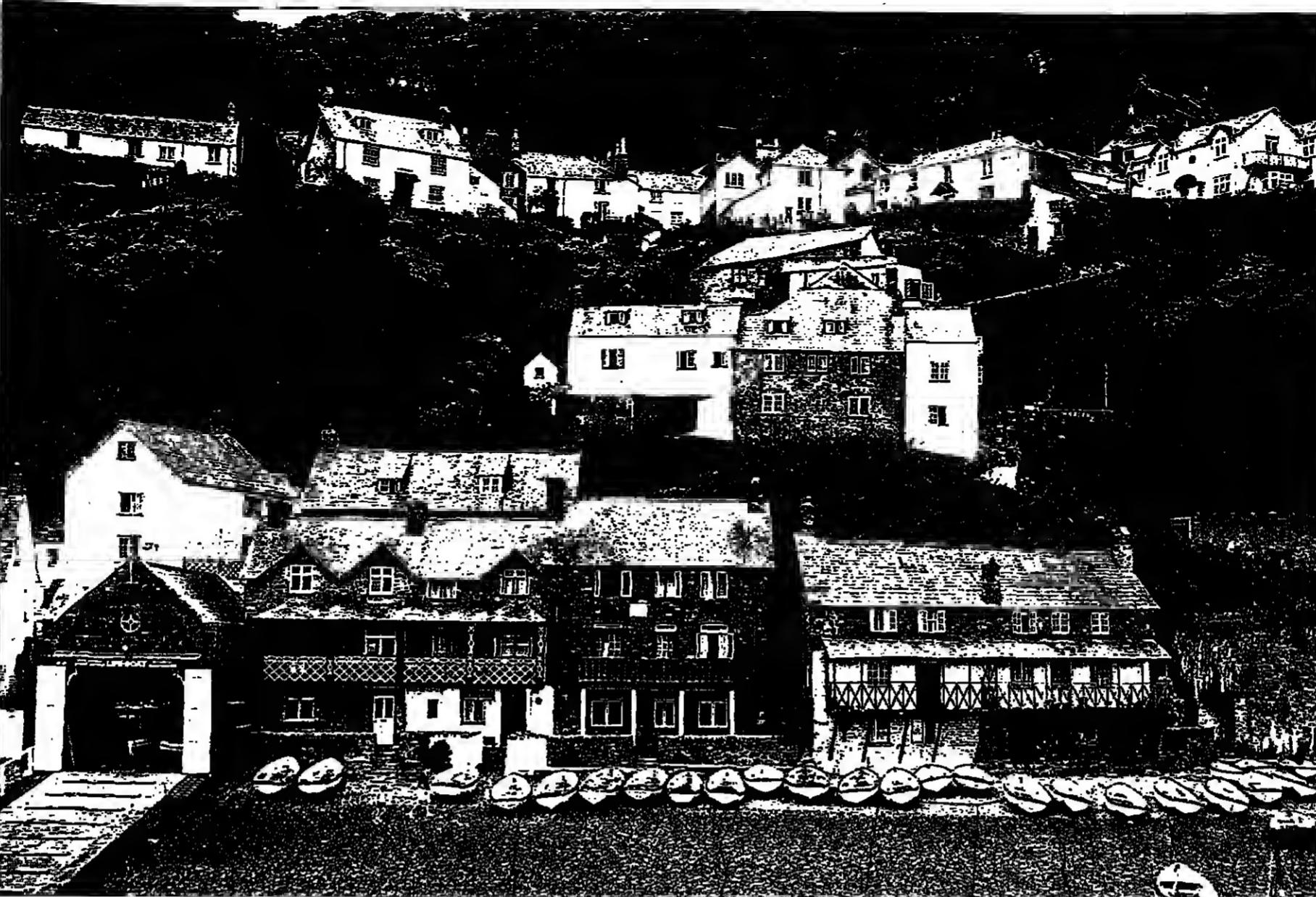
Mrs James White, who had lived in Yorkshire for 20 years and spent family holidays in Devon, decided to look for a house there to which they could retire. For the first three months the Whites went property hunting under their own steam, driving down to Devon on six different occasions, clocking up some 4,500 miles and hotel expenses of around £600.

On their last visit, they were about to put in an offer of the full asking price for a house when someone suggested they should contact The County Homeseach Company for a second opinion.

"We were able to take quite a detached view of the property," says Fiona McLellan, who runs the Devon office. "They were anxious to get the matter wrapped up and we were prepared to offer the asking price of £165,000."

"By sitting down and looking at detailed comparables which were available to us, we took over the negotiations and saved them £7,500 on the price."

Should you be buying from overseas, then the money spent on looking for property can be even more horrendous. "Buying a property can be a daunting prospect at the best of times," says Philip Selway at



Finding a home in Devon is much easier with the benefit of local knowledge.

## Save yourself: how to search without strain

### Charterhouse International, which is based in Bath. "But when considering the matter from the other side of the world, the related costs such as flights and hotel accommodation, not to mention the time element, make it not only disconcerting but very expensive."

Charterhouse reckons a relocation agent can save clients based in Hong Kong, for example, £3,000-£10,000 of these related costs, as well as a considerable amount of time. When it acquired a country house for such a client with a budget of up to £500,000, the requirements were faxed to Charterhouse and the sale concluded in three months.

The purchaser viewed the property once, while on a business trip. "Also, purchasers from abroad are less confident that they can buy a property at the right price," says

### HOUSE-HUNTING COSTS MOUNT UP

London-based family looking for a second home costing about £200,000, in Devon.	◆ Four conversations a week for a duration of five minutes with estate agents in Exeter area	£104	
◆ Six visits by car to the area around Exeter (round trip estimated at 340 miles) based on AA's figure of 33p per mile	£673	◆ One survey on what turns out to be an unsuitable property	£400
◆ Three overnight stays for two people at a modest hotel or B&B	£150	◆ Part solicitor fees	£250
		Total:	£1,577
Source: Stacks Relocation			

James Wilson of Lane Fox Acquisitions. "I recently bought a house, which was not on the open market, for a cash buyer."

someone living overseas at significantly less than the quoted guide price. If there is competition for a house, then someone like myself can tip the balance because the agent knows I have a serious buyer and can act quickly."

On average, relocation or search agents charge between 1.25 per cent to 1.5 per cent of the purchase price; in London this is more likely to be 2 per cent and often there is a minimum charge of between £1,000 and £2,000. Most companies charge an up-front fee of £200-£500, which may or may not be deducted from their main fee. And the majority of these agents will require you to be a cash buyer.

To find a reputable relocation agent, you can contact the Association of Relocation Agents. This body also publishes a *Foreigners' Guide to the United Kingdom* (price £5), which explains all that someone coming into Britain will need to know about living in the country, from tax matters to schooling.

Stacks Relocation: 01666 860523  
Lane Fox Acquisitions: 0171-499 4785  
County Homeseach Company:  
01872 223349  
Charterhouse International: 01225 492727  
Association of Relocation Agents:  
01273 624455

### THE TOOLS YOU NEED

HOW MUCH time will you spend before deciding to buy a property, and how will you use that time?

"People usually spend two hours, but often as little as 45 minutes, to decide," says Paul Greenwood, managing director of Stacks Relocation. "They can spend more time looking at a second-hand car than at a second-hand house."

Like most house-hunters, Philippa had been casual, especially in her initial inspections. She did not even notice the seriously sagging bedroom ceiling on her first viewing, and when she spotted it the second time round, she needed a third visit, stepladder in hand, to access the loft.

Although she examined the roof space thoroughly, a quick glimpse as soon as the trap door was opened confirmed her worst suspicions. In a windowless space that should have



Always go prepared

been totally dark, light streamed in through several gaps in the roof.

If she had seen the light during her first visit, she might have been warned off the property from the start. In the event, by the time she discovered the serious water damage in the roof, she had already spent several hundred non-refundable pounds on legal and other fees. She promised herself to have a more aggressive attitude, and the right tools, for future viewings.

Few people need reminding to bring paper and pen. After viewing only three or four properties it can be hard to recall which was which, and the problem intensifies with each additional property. Detailed notes are essential. A camera might be a tool too far for most househunters, but it is an excellent aide-memoire.

A torch and binoculars are essential. The torch enables you to penetrate the darkness of cupboards, cellars and other concealed areas where woodworm and dry rot lurk. The human nose is a valuable tool for sniffing out the heavy musty odour of the dry-rot fungus. Binoculars provide close-up views of roof tiles, chimneys, downpipes and other features on the property's exterior.

To place the property in relation to the sun, a glance skywards may suffice, but a compass will provide precise readings, and maps are also helpful.

Richard's house-hunting expeditions took him to a distant part of town.

"I didn't mind it at first, but after a few trips my petrol costs were adding up, and it really bothered me if I made a trip to a house that had no hope when I should have known it in advance. One house backed on to railroad tracks, and that's when I realised I should have been using my A-Z more intelligently."

Town plans and, for suburban and rural areas, ordinance maps reveal the locations of schools, busy roads, railroad lines, sewage treatment plants and other landmarks.

Use tape measures to verify that a sofa, piano, wardrobe or bed will fit into the nook or cranny of the new property.

Never feel too embarrassed to look in the attic or cellar or cupboards again. Don't feel uncomfortable turning on the taps to test the water pressure or flushing the lavatory, or opening the windows. And remember, providing you are polite, there is no need to rush - take the time you need.

ROBERT LIEBMAN

## Following the sun for the sunset years

More than 4,000 UK citizens will seek a dream retirement home in Spain this year. By Fiona Brandhorst

EVERY YEAR thousands of sun-starved Brits pack their golf clubs and a few tea chests and head for retirement on the Costa del Sol. Since the Sixties it has been a popular holiday destination, but now it is also home to some 80,000 sun-loving expats.

Most of the 4,000 expected new settlers this year will be British. It is easy to see why. Apart from the climate, the strong pound means that property prices for British buyers have fallen considerably.

Five years ago, David and Elizabeth Gilbert started to plan their early retirement by buying a 10th-floor apartment overlooking the marina resort of Benalmadena, just 15 minutes drive from Malaga airport. They chose Spain for the weather and easy access to their family back in England.

"We wanted a relatively lower cost of living without losing any of the quality when we retired," says Elizabeth. They got to know the area and made some good English and Spanish friends; however, it slowly became apparent that a two-bedroom apartment would not be big enough for a permanent home. "We have seven children between us and a growing number of grandchildren and we wanted to have enough room to accommodate each family comfortably when they came to visit."

The Gilberts downsized from a five-bedroom house to a two-bedroom flat in England to make the capital available to purchase a bigger property in Spain. "It also gave

us a low-maintenance base for frequent visits back to the UK," adds David.

Last year, with their retirement date looming, they viewed a selection of large villas but were deterred by the cost and time involved in maintaining a private pool and sizeable garden. "The villas were also quite isolated and we felt it was important to integrate with the Spanish people as well as the expats."

They made a point of looking for a property set within the largely Spanish community of Arroyo de la Miel, a short drive from their original apartment. They fell in love with a new development of 40 villas clustered around a central park complete with a tennis court, swimming-pool and lake for the exclusive use of residents. A reasonable service charge pays for its maintenance. But with Spanish builders' reputation as unpredictable as the English weather, were they not taking a risk as they reserved their building plot?

The development was being built by the largest building company in the Costa del Sol, so we were confident of the guarantees for the building work," says Elizabeth. "It was also reassuring that two of the company's directors were having the villa built there, too."

The Gilberts moved in last October and they are delighted with the results, although the final completion has taken longer than they anticipated. They guess that, like Britain, 90 per cent of a new house is completed on time and to the spec-



Some 80,000 British people have set up home on the Costa del Sol

ification but the other 10 per cent seems to take for ever.

"We've become more accommodating," says Elizabeth. "We've realised mariano doesn't necessarily mean tomorrow." The Gilberts have also been careful about "extras" as they provide the builder with an opportunity to make more profit. They ensured that everything was priced separately and agreed before the work started. "We regularly communicated and confirmed work as it was progressing. Personal site visits were essential."

Payments were staged, the final 50 per cent paid when the deeds were signed and keys handed over. "The exchange rate gains over the period meant we paid the equivalent of £120,000 for the villa, £30,000 less than the original price," says David.

David and Elizabeth have relied heavily on their bilingual Spanish solicitor, recommended through a friend when they bought their apartment. "He's advised us all the way," says David, "not only in a legal capacity. He's ironed out a few interpretation problems. But we were lucky that the developer had an employee who spoke good English."

Unlike English law, debt can attach to a property so unpaid mortgages, local taxes and community charges are inherited by the buyer. Planning permission for new properties must be obtained by the developer from the Spanish authorities.

Bill Blevins is the co-author of the *Blackstone Franks Guide to Living in Spain*, £5.99, 0171-3361000; Thomas Cook Resort Properties 08702425525; Taylor Woodrow 0181-5754198.

Spanish lawyer to complete any property transactions. Never sign anything unless you have obtained legal advice." The guide also details Spain's inheritance laws, taxes, pensions and wills; important considerations for both the expats and their families back home. To reduce inheritance tax, most people leave their surviving partner a "usufruct" in the family house - a life interest - rather than half the property, and ownership then passes to their children.

While the Gilberts have risen to the challenge of supervising the purchase and building of their villa, a more reassuring proposition for some may be the agency for overseas property recently launched by Thomas Cook.

One hundred of its travel shops

now feature a "travel lounge" where potential purchasers can view details of new properties abroad built by well-known British developers such as Banner Homes, Mowlem and Prowling. Financial, legal and mortgage advice will be available as well as overseas building and contents insurance, although buyers will be free to shop around for all these services.

Andrew Chapman, general manager for Thomas Cook Resort Properties, says: "The service will alleviate any uncertainty and concerns purchasers may have." Prices start from £49,000 for a studio apartment in Spain. Subsidised weekend "fly-buys" can be arranged to take potential purchasers to view properties.

In another venture, Taylor Woodrow is developing a site close to Marbella, overlooking a golf course designed by Seve Ballesteros. Around 100 high specification detached villas, apartments and townhouses are being built. Villas start from £290,000, two-bedroom apartments from £80,000. Select villa plots start from £55,000, where buyers can commission their own architect or choose Taylor Woodrow to design and build a property to their own plans. English-speaking Spanish lawyers are also employed by the developer to handle property sales.

As the Gilberts settle in to their marble surroundings do they have any regrets? "None," they choros. "We obviously miss our family a great deal, but we're always e-mailing each other." Some old habits die hard. Sunday mornings in the Gilbert household are still for browsing through the weekend papers - only now it's on the Internet.

*'Blackstone Franks Guide to Living in Spain'*, £5.99, 0171-3361000; Thomas Cook Resort Properties 08702425525; Taylor Woodrow 0181-5754198.

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IT IS almost a year ago that the froth started to come off house prices in the South-East. The chances of buyers paying the extraordinary sums of the early spring had already diminished by July.

But now this slowdown is being more widely felt and, in its latest report, Black Horse Agencies says homes are taking on average 13 weeks to sell, some two weeks slower than in February. Interestingly, though, it also finds that half of the 12 fastest selling areas are in the eastern region, which lends weight to the theory of the "ripple effect" - what is felt in London today will get to other parts tomorrow.

What Black Horse is in fact discovering is not an alarming fall in prices but a failure on the part of vendors to keep up with changes in the market. Many have in their minds percentage increases in double figures, and stories of shortages and stampedes of frustrated buyers and so are putting their homes on the market for unrealistic prices.

David Woodcock, managing director for Black Horse Agencies, describes it as a "tug of war between vendors expecting higher prices and buyers reluctant to meet those demands". Buyers tend to have a far better idea of the market than sellers, which explains some of the price reductions in parts of London recently.

CAMBRIDGE students this week beat some of the country's leading architects in a



PENNY JACKSON  
*What is felt in London today will affect others*

competition to design an innovative house for the next century. The students, from The Martin Centre for Architectural and Urban Studies, came up with a "solar collector", a system for pre-heating air for ventilation, and a "warm wall" for storing and emitting energy. Their winning scheme included a communal wetland habitat, designed in part to filter water from the development's handbasins and showers. The Living Sites competition was run by Wates Built Homes.

USUALLY WITH a sigh, estate agents say that, yes, they know Brixton has great houses, competitive prices and the Tube and some families are still nervous about moving there. Still, Charles Church is building luxury flats on the old Brixton School of Building in Stockwell. Can it be long before this pocket of London is washed by the tide of interest that is now lapping at its borders?

NO MORE stumbling over sofas to reach the corner lamp or sitting under searchlight brightness for those who have been inducted into the world of good lighting. At the press of a button they can switch their living-rooms from pre-dinner brightness to after-dinner intimacy and this, they say, is a revolution in living.

Lighting experts are far more common in the commercial world than in the domestic market, but this could be about to change. David Robinson, who has just done up his Kensington house which has been in the family for years, says it is one of the best investments he has made. "I was particularly anxious that we did nothing to spoil the house, only enhance it. Now people say how beautiful it is. Rooms that felt closed in have been opened up with lights in every corner and they feel far larger. We have done away with central hanging lights and put in wall lights and halogen lights, but nothing visually intrusive."

A lightwell has a carefully placed lamp that comes on automatically as daylight fades. "It gives the impression of the day being extended and it seems to give you extra energy in the winter." The effect of blending outside and inside light is magnified by the use of lanterns on the wall of the house above a bay with a glass floor.

"It creates a wonderful glow," says Mr Robinson. "Altogether, with devices like the programmed lighting in the sitting-room and the new arrangement in the kitchen, it has revolutionised our lives. I wouldn't have

had a clue if I had tried to do it on my own."

Since many people start thinking about lighting only once their rooms are finished, their options are often limited to dimmers and lamps. Electrical work is messy and expensive and the time to think about chasing wires into walls is not after the expensive wallpaper has been put up. A lighting overhaul is not cheap. Specialists usually charge by the hour, but the fittings and work will push costs into several thousands of pounds.

Anthony Lassman, recently turned developer, says that thoughtless lighting can often brighten a place while a well-conceived system can produce stunning results. In his current project, a mews house - always notoriously dark - in Bourdon Street, Mayfair, London, he has placed windows and lamps in such a way as to have constant light. As daylight disappears, so outside lights come on, extending the view from the rooms.

The bathroom, once virtually a shed, and the main bedroom,

get extra light through a combination of floor-length windows, a glazed roof and both uplighters and downlighters set in an outside deck area.

"The essence of a home is getting the lighting right, and most of the time we get it wrong," says Mr Lassman. "For it to work, you have to be clear about where the furniture is going. Nor is it any good treating a warehouse conversion and a lovely old house in the same way."

Geoffrey Fordham, who like David Robinson had his house

## FIVE COST-SAVING TIPS FROM OSRAM

- ◆ Living-room - layer lights for medley of effects
- ◆ Dining-room - an ordinary light bulb in soft colours for warmth
- ◆ Children's room - energy-saving bulbs that are not hot to the touch

relied by Sally Storey of John Cullen Lighting, says that thinking about the lighting makes you focus on where you want to stand which paintings you might want to illuminate. "If I had only a certain amount of money in the kitty I would rather spend it on lights than on expensive curtains or wallpaper. Even simple things like having dimmers in every room, especially the children's, make a huge difference. And it's amazing how the right lighting can make a dinner party go really well."

Ms Storey is not surprised by people's reaction to intelligent lighting. "So often we get it wrong. There is a lot of cheap lighting around which gives a bad effect. A low-voltage downlight with recessed lamps and directed towards the wall looks wonderful. The secret is to think in layers of light."

She finds that many people who want to do interior decorating themselves get stuck on the lighting. "If you convert a loft, it is difficult to know the different effects you can get from building lights into the eaves, or picking out interesting shapes with concealed lights."

The opportunity for designers to experiment with lighting rarely comes with a private commission - apparently the British are scared of radical lighting

schemes. But in the revamped Earl's Terrace, in Kensington, Helen Green of the designers Lifestyles Interiors has used mirrors in the void beneath a roof light to create a magical effect at night. "The trick is to cut a hole in one of the mirrors for an uplighter," she says.

It is crucial to get the lighting planned early on, because you might well want different circuits in a room, so all your lamps come on separately from the main lights at the touch of a switch. One of the systems we have used which throws a clear-cut image of light on to paintings is concealed in the ceiling."

Picking up professional tips may not run to arranging for your lighting to dim as the film starts, as it does in Earl's Terrace, but sellers could do worse than use a simple device one developer tried out. He subtly floodlit a show house and within weeks found the number of inquiries had risen enormously.

Bourdon Street mews house is for sale for £975,000 for a 105-year lease through Fazlani and PFD Savills. John Cullen Lighting: 0171-371 5400. Hourly consultation costs £45-£95 per hour. Lifestyles Interiors: 0171-349 8020.

PENNY JACKSON

"The essence of a home is getting the lighting right."

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**Anthony Lassman**, recently turned developer, says that thoughtless lighting can often brighten a place while a well-conceived system can produce stunning results. In his current project, a mews house - always notoriously dark - in Bourdon Street, Mayfair, London, he has placed windows and lamps in such a way as to have constant light. As daylight disappears, so outside lights come on, extending the view from the rooms.

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# Lavatory humour

Discreet or not so discreet, personalised loo seats are a great way to show off. And there are thrones to suit the wackiest of tastes. By Rosalind Russell

**E**lvis Presley died while sitting on his specially commissioned Nautilus loo, made for the master bathroom of his Grace-land mansion by the English sanitaryware firm Chatsworth.

Ornately designed with a lion's head, but with motifs originating from the mariners of Ancient Greece, a single Nautilus loo requires 27 individual moulds to produce it. It comes in cream and dramatic high-gloss black, but can be made to order in almost any colour.

On The Peak, Hong Kong's most prestigious address, one of the leading families, the Kai Hong Chans, both Cambridge-educated lawyers - famous for their conspicuous wealth and their his 'n' her's Rolls-Royces (one pink, the other gold) - have a scarlet loo seat embedded with real gold coins.

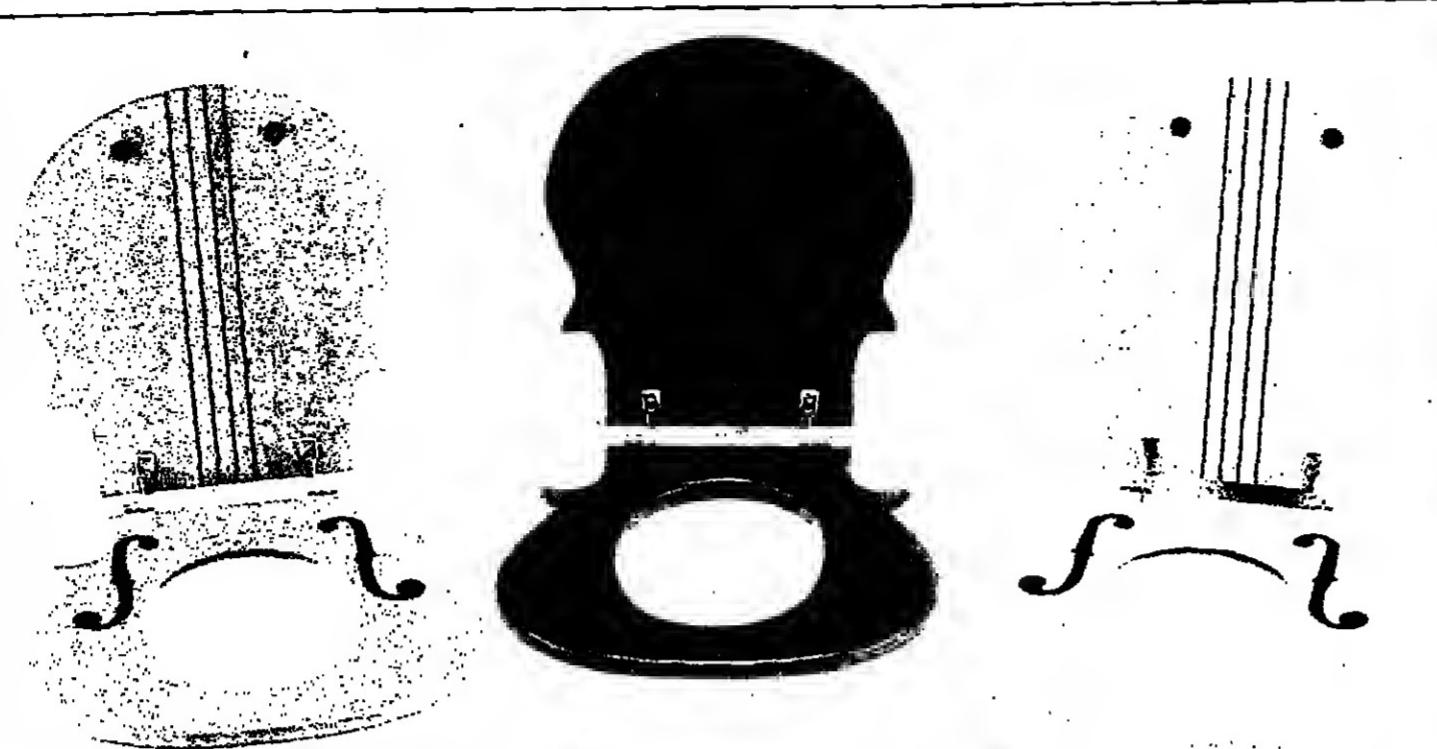
A customised loo is a private joke. It provides an opportunity to be considered flamboyant and witty in your interior design, without disturbing the equilibrium of the remainder of your living space.

It's toilet humour for polite society. Nobody claims it is tasteful, but a loo seat embedded with tin tacks or barbed wire does raise a smile (both available from branches of John Lewis, price £28) in even the most po-faced visitor.

Staffordshire-based Scruffy Loos is just about to celebrate its first birthday as an unusual loo-seat supplier. When it launched last July the company sent a mail-out to 1,000 bathrooms shops, its bumper struck a chord: on the first day it did £50,000 worth of business.

Peter Brophy began the company with a friend to escape the stress of the computer industry. Now there are more than 30 people employed in Lochgilphead in Scotland producing the limited-edition loo seats, while he has a great deal of fun thinking up suitably silly designs (Royal Flush, with playing cards, and Break The Sound Barrier, with miniature aeroplanes).

No two seats are identical as they are hand-cast. A labour content of six hours each helps explain the cost. In The Mood is a seat and cover



The function may have remained the same, but the form has certainly been revolutionised

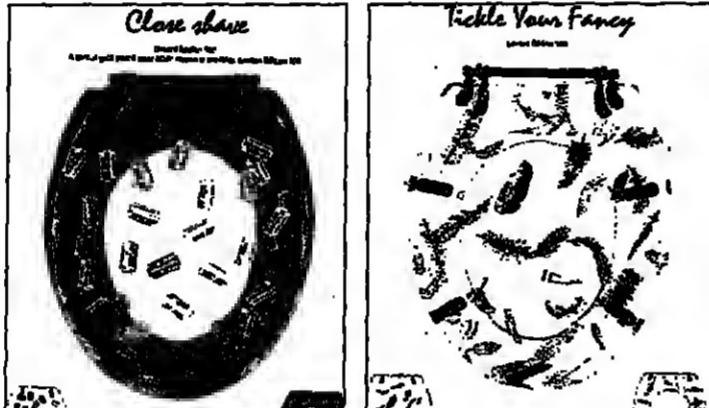
embedded with miniature orchestral instruments, quavers, semi-quavers and clefs; there are fishing seats and golfing seats and, for the sailor, seats embedded with ropes, knots and anchors.

Pit Stop features chequered flags and tiny mechanics' tools, while for the railways enthusiast there are train carriages, tracks, signals and locomotives.

"Cost depends on the items to be cast," says Mr Brophy. "The classical music seat is our second most expensive at £285 because all the instruments have to be plated with 24-carat gold. We were asked to make one with penguins in it, but we had to find first our penguins. We've also made a seat with CD covers in it for a Rory Gallagher fan."

Prices begin at £200 and go up to £450 for the Time Off In Lieu seat which has wristswatches cast in the Lucite acrylic. Most seats are in limited and numbered editions of 500.

So popular have the designs become, the company is expanding to



produce matching wall tiles and mirrors.

London-based Instrumental Furniture also caters for the musically inclined bathroom designer. It produces a viola-shaped lavatory seat and cover at £92 plus delivery in antique pine, maple or mahogany, or

such individual loos are obviously wasted if you don't spend a lot of time on them. So The Holding Company has thoughtfully designed a magazine rack that fits on to the cistern, only £6.95.

Traditionalists and stately home owners are more likely to head for Sitting Pretty, which produces seats

in mahogany, beech, sycamore, elm and oak, which start at £125 plus VAT. The company has just begun to make a range with a mirror finish for the foreign market, which apparently prefers shiny loo seats. But they also sell the classic Victorian-style thunderbox throne seat and any may be adorned with a monogram or coat of arms.

Too conventional? Well there's always Aquatic Design, the company that can put a fish tank almost anywhere you'd like one. They'll accept commissions to fit a fish tank cistern which uses fresh water from a separate flushing tank. The fish are most likely to be cold-water fish such as goldfish. Depending on the amount of work involved, the cost starts at £600.

Chatsworth Bathrooms 01695 539874; Scruffy Loos 01732 719226; Instrumental Furniture 0171-328 0058; The Holding Company mail order 0171-610 9160; Sitting Pretty 0171-382 0049; Aquatic Design 0171-636 6388.

## THREE TO VIEW GO WITH THE FLOW

MONT ST PIERRE, on Chapel Cliff, above the Cornish fishing village of Polperro, has bay windows in the sitting-room and main bedroom above, both with views across the sea. From the front of the house, the views are of the harbour and village. Its position on the cliff makes it one of the most photographed properties in the popular tourist village where streets are so narrow that cars are banned. The four-bedroom house sitting in terraced gardens has a 17m reception hall, large kitchen-breakfast room, beamed ceilings and some wood-panelled walls. The price guide is £250,000 through Alder King (01632 262271).



ELM CORNER in Dunsfold, Surrey, is a grade II listed cottage overlooking the village pond and green. Built around 1600, the semi-detached cottage was part of the old school house and has a detached office, formerly the village bakery. Dunsfold itself has a 13th-century church, village store and pub. The house has three bedrooms with beamed ceilings, a 23ft drawing room with inglenook fireplace and a pretty cottage garden with a small orchard, working well and pump. Offers around £275,000 through Clarke Gammon (01483 417131).



ROCK COTTAGE, sitting between the village church and the walls of Amberley Castle in West Sussex, has views out across the village pond to wild brooks where Bewick and Hooper swans gather in winter. The grade II listed four-bedroom house has two staircases, having been two homes in the 17th century. The stone, brick and flint house with thatched roof features in local guide books. It has a 20ft sitting room, large kitchen-dining room with open fireplace and exposed brickwork. Outside are gardens with lavender, roses, apple and pear trees. Price guide £280,000 through Guy Leonard & Co (01798 874033).

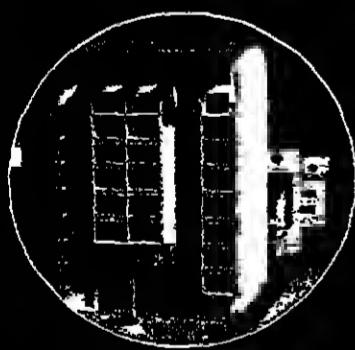


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